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THE
L I F E
OF OUR
Blessed Lord & Saviour
JESUS CHRIST.

AN
HEROIC POEM:
DEDICATED TO
Her Most Sacred MAJESTY.

In Ten Books.

ATTEMPTED BY
SAMUEL WESLEY,
Rector of *South-Ormsby* in the County of *Lincoln*.

Each Book Illustrated by necessary Notes, explaining all the more difficult Matters in the whole History: Also a Prefatory Discourse concerning Heroic Poetry.

With Sixty Copper-Plates.

L O N D O N:
Printed for *C. Harper* and *B. Motte*; to be Sold by *ROGER CLAVEL*,
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THE
LIFE
OF OUR

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JESUS CHRIST.

AN
HEROIC POEM
DEDICATED TO
HIS SACRED MAJESTY

His Majesty

ATTEMPTED BY
SAMUEL WATTS
Rector of St. Andrew's in the County of Kent

Printed for J. and W. Smith, in Strand, near St. Dunstons Church, in the Year 1759.

With Sixty Copper-Plates.

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TO
Her most Sacred M A J E S T Y
M A R Y,
By the Grace of G O D,
Q U E E N
O F

Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c.

T H I S
P O E M

Is most humbly Dedicated

B Y

Her Majesties most Loyal,

Most Obedient,

And most Dutiful Subject and Servant,

S. Wesley.

TO
Her most Excellent Majesty
MARIA

By the Grace of G O D
QUEEN
OF

Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c.
THIS

P O E M

Is most humbly Dedicated

BY

Her Majesty's most Loyal

Most Obedient

And most Dutiful Subject and Servant,

S. Wellesley.

THE
PREFACE,

Being an ESSAY on
HEROIC-POETRY.

A *Just Heroic-Poem* is so vast an Undertaking, requires so much both of Art and Genius for its Management, and carries such Difficulty in the *Model* of the whole, and *Disposition* of the several Parts; that it's no Wonder, if not above One or Two of the *Ancients*, and hardly any of the *Moderns* have succeeded in their Attempts of this Nature. *Rapine* and other *Masters of Epic*, represent it as an *Enterprise* so hardy, that it can scarce enter into the Mind of a *wise Man*, without affrighting him, as being the most perfect Piece of Work that Art can produce. That Author has many excellent Reflexions and Rules concerning it in his Discourse, *Sur la Poétique*; but *Bossu* is the first I've seen who has writ a just and perfect Treatise thereon, wherein he has in a clear and Scholastic Method amass'd together most that's to be found in Antiquity on that Subject; tho chiefly keeping to the Observations of *Aristotle*, which he drew from *Homer*, and who seems the first that reduced Poetry to an Art. That *Faber* defines *Epic*, "An *Artificial Discourse*, in order to form the *Manners* by Instructions, disguis'd under the *Allegories* of some one important *Action*, recited in Verse, in a manner probable diverting and admirable, which he thus himself abridges, "Tis a Fable agreeably imitated on some important *Action*, recited in Verse in a manner that's probable and admirable: In which Definition are contain'd, as he afterwards explains it, the general Nature of *Epic*, and that double, *Fable* and *Poem*: The *Master*, some one important *Action* probably feign'd and imitated: Its *Form*, *Recitation* or *Narration*: And lastly, its *End*, *Instruction*, which is aimed at in general by the *Moral* of the *Fable*; and besides in the particular *Manners* of the Persons who make the most considerable Figure in the Work.

To begin with *Fable*, which he makes included in the general Nature or Essence of *Epic*. This he says is the most essential Part of it; "That some *Fables* and *Allegories* scatter'd up and down in a *Poem* don't suffice to constitute *Epic*, if they are only the *Ornaments*, and not the very *Foundation* of it. And again, "That 'tis the very *Fund* and *principal Action* that ought to be feign'd and *Allegorical*: For which reason he expressly excludes hence all simple *Histories*, as by Name, *Lucan's Pharsalia*, *Silius Italicus's Punic War*, and all true *Actions* of particular Persons, without *Fable*: And still more home; that 'tis not a Relation of the *Actions* of any *Hero*, to form the *Manners* by his *Example*, but on the contrary, a *Discourse* invented to form the *Manners* by the Relation of some one feign'd *Action*, design'd to please, under the borrow'd Name of some illustrious Person, of whom Choice is made after we have fram'd the *Plan* of the *Action* which we design to attribute to him.

Nor indeed is *Bossu* singular in his Judgment on this Matter, there being few or none who have ever writ on the same Subject, but are of the same mind: For thus *Boileau* in his *Art of Poetry*,

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*Dans la vaste recit d'une longue action
Se soutient par la Fable & vit de Fiction.*

Which his *Translator* I think better ;

*In the Narration of some great Design,
Invention, Art, and Fable, all must join*

Rapine too gives his Vote on the same side, *Rien n'est*, says he, *plus essentiel*, au Poem Epique, *que la Fiction* ; and quotes *Petronius* to that purpose, *Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria precipitandus est Liber Spiritus*. Nor is't only the Moderns who are of this Opinion ; for the *Iliads* are call'd in *Horace*, *Fabula quæ Paradis*, &c. And lastly, even *Aristotle* himself tells us, " That Fable is the principal thing in an Heroic Poem ; and, as it were, the very Soul of it. *ἡ δὲ δῖον ἔχει* " And upon this occasion commends *Homer* for lying with the best Grace of any Man in the World : Authorities almost too big to admit any Examination of their Reason, or Opposition to their Sentiments. However, I see no cause why Poetry should not be brought to the Test, as well as Divinity, or any more than the other, be believed on its own bare *ipse dixit*.

Let us therefore examin the Plan which they lay for a Work of this Nature, and then we may be better able to guess at those Grounds and Reasons on which they proceed.

In forming an Heroic Poem, the first thing they tell us we ought to do, is to pitch on some Moral Truth, which we desire to enforce on our Reader, as the Foundation of the whole Work. Thus *Virgil*, as *Bossu* observes, designing to render the Roman People pleased and easie under the new Government of *Augustus*, laid down this Maxim, as the Foundation of his Divine *Aeneis* : " That great and notable Changes of State are not accomplished but by the Order and Will of God : That those who oppose themselves against them are impious, and frequently punished as they deserve ; and that Heaven is not wanting to take that Hero always under its particular Protection, whom it chuses for the Execution of such grand Designs. This for the Moral Truth ; we must then, he says, go on to lay the general Plan of the Fiction, which, together with that Verity, makes the Fable and Soul of the Poem : And this he thinks *Virgil* did in this manner, " The Gods save a great Prince from the Ruins of his Country, and chuse him for the Preservation of Religion, and re-establishing a more glorious Empire than his former. The Hero is made a King, and arriving at his new Country, finds both God and Men dispos'd to receive him : But a neighbouring Prince, whose Eyes Ambition and Jealousie have closed against Justice and the Will of Heaven, opposes his Establishment, being assisted by another King despoild of his Estate for his Cruelty and Wickedness. Their Opposition, and the War on which this pious Prince is forc'd, render his Establishment more just by the Right of Conquest, and more glorious by his Victory and the Death of his Enemies. These are his own Words, as any may see who are at the pains to consult him ; nor can I help it, if either *Virgil* or *Bossu* happen to be Prophets.

When the Poet has proceeded thus far, and as *Bossu* calls it, dress'd his Project, he's next to search in History or receiv'd Fable, for some Hero, whose Name he may borrow for his Work, and to whom he may suit his Persons. These are *Bossu's* Notions, and, indeed, very agreeable to *Aristotle*, who says, that Persons and Actions in this sort of Poetry must be feign'd, allegorical, and universal.

This is the Platform they lay ; and let's now see if we can discover the Reasons whereon they found these Rules, being so unanimous for Fable rather than true History, as the Matter of an Heroic Poem ; and, if I mistake not, these are some of the principal.

1. Because they had observ'd the best Models of Heroic Poems were laid after this manner ; the greatest part of the Action both in *Homer* and *Virgil* being pure Fable. *Homer* beginning, and all the rest following his Steps.

2. Because

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2. Because no single Hero, or true History, which the Ancients knew was sufficient, without Fable, to furnish Matter for an Epic-Poem. History, says Aristotle, treats of particular Things as they really are; Poetry, as they ought to be; and therefore he prefers Poetry as the more grave and more instructive; the Poets being forc'd to follow the same Methods with their Kindred Art, that of the Painters; and gather a great many Beauties together, out of 'em all, to steal one Venus.

3. A third Reason may be, because, supposing they should have found some one Example from whence to enforce strongly any particular Point of Morality, yet it would have mis'd those other Characters of Epic, most of its Agreeableness, and all its Power to raise Admiration. A chaste Historian must not go about to amuse his Reader with Machines; and a Poet that would imitate him, must have been forced to shun his Stage accordingly, and disband all his glorious Train of Gods and Goddesses; which composes all that's admirable in his Work; according to that of Boileau; *Chaque Vertue devient une divinité*.

And these, if I mistake not, were the main Reasons on which the fore-mentioned Rules were grounded. Let's now enquire into the Strength and Validity of them: To begin with Homer, he wrote in that manner, because most of the ancient Eastern Learning, the Original of all others, was Mythology. But this being now antiquated, I cannot think we are oblig'd superstitiously to follow his Example, any more than to make Horses speak, as he does that of Achilles. 2. If a Poet lights on any single Hero, whose true Actions and History are as important as any that Fable ever did or can produce, I see no reason why he may not as well make use of him and his Example to form the Manners and enforce any Moral Truth, as seek for one in Fable for that purpose: Nay, he can scarce fail of persuading more strongly, because he has Truth in itself, the other but the Image of Truth, especially if his History be, in the third place, of it self diverting and admirable. If it has from its own Fund, and already made to his hand those *Deorum Ministeria*, which cost the Poet so much in the forming 'em out of his own Brain. Nor can we suppose Fiction in itself pleases; no, 'tis the agreeable and the admirable, in the Dress of Truth; and such a Plan as this would effectually answer both the Ends of Poetry in general, *delectari & monere*, nay come up fuller to the End of Epic, which is agreeable Instruction; and thence it follows strongly, that a Poem wrote in such a manner, must, notwithstanding the fore-going Rules, be a true and proper Heroic-Poem, especially if adorn'd with Poetical Colours and Circumstances through the whole Body thereof.

Now that all this is not *gratis dictum*, I think I can prove, even from most of those very Authors I've already produc'd, as of the contrary Opinion; and that I can make it appear, Bossu goes too far in fixing Fable as the Essential Fund and Soul of the principal Action in an Epic Poem. To begin with Rapine, who has this Passage, *Sur la Poétique*, Reflex. 5. *La Poésie Heroïque*, &c. "Heroïque Poésie, according to Aristotle, is a Picture or Imitation of an Heroic Action; and the Qualities of the Action are, That it ought to be (among others) true, or at least, such as might pass for true: Thus he. And hence it follows, according to him and Aristotle, that the principal Action in Heroic, not only ought to pass for Truth, but may be really true: For Horace, he does indeed call the *Iliads* a Fable; but then he does not oblige his Poet superstitiously to follow Homer in every thing, owning that he sometimes doats as well as other Men: Further, this may, and I think does, refer rather to the Dress and Turn of the Action, than to the Bottom and Ground of his History, which there's at least as much, if not more reason to believe true than false: And in the same Sense may we take Petronius and Boileau; nay, if we don't take 'em thus, I can't tell whether there were ever such a thing as a true Heroic-Poem in the World; not so much as the *Fairy-Queen*, *Gondibert*, or *Orlando Furioso*; all which have Fable enough in 'em of any reason; but their principal Actions might be still true, as we are sure was that of the best Heroic that ever was written; (I need not say I mean *Virgil*) since few or no Authors ever deny'd that there was such a Man as *Aeneas*, or even that he came into Italy, built Cities there, and erected a Kingdom, which Tully mentions, as a generally receiv'd

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Tradition in those Parts, and which it seems he thought not frivolous, but true and solid; otherwise he'd scarce have given it a place in his *Argument* for his *Client*. Of this Opinion too seems *Horace* himself, in his *Art of Poetry*, namely, That there's no necessity of the principal *Action's* being feign'd; for his Direction is, "*Aus famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia fingere*"; Either follow *Tradition* or *Fame*, "or else feign what's agreeable thereunto. He makes not feigning essential to Heroic-Action, but gives leave to follow *Fame*, who is not so great a *Liar*, but that she is sometimes in the right. Nay, what if we should after all have *Bossu* himself of our side, which I'm mistaken if he be not; for these are his Expressions, *Lib. 1. Cap. 7. Le Fiction, &c.* "The Fiction may be so disguis'd under the Verity of the History, that those who are ignorant of the *Art* of the *Poet*, may believe it not a *Fiction*; and to make the *Disguisement* well, he ought to search into History for the Names of some Persons, to whom such an *Action* has probably or truly happen'd, &c. Hence 'tis evident, that according to *Bossu* own Notion, the main *Action* may be true; which appears even from *Aristotle* himself, as quoted by him, 97. καὶ ἀγ, &c. "An *Author* is not less a *Poet*, because the Incidents he recites have truly happen'd; if so be that which happen'd had the appearance of Truth, and all that *Art* demands, and be really such as it ought to have been feign'd. And this *Bossu* himself illustrates admirably well by an ingenious *Simile*; "A *Statuary*, says he, first forms his Design, Posture, Altitudes which he intends for his *Image*; but if he then lights on any precious *Material*, *Agate*, or such like, where the *Figure*, the *Colours*, and *Veins* will not be accommodated to all he design'd, he regulates his design and *Imagination* according to his *Matter*; nor ought we to believe, at the same time that these singular lucky Hits condemn the *Justness* of his *Art*. From all which I must leave it to the Reader, whether I have sufficiently prov'd what I've undertaken; that *Fiction* is not necessary to the principal *Action* of our Heroic-Poem; on which I've been something more large, not so much on my own account; for 'tis indifferent to me by what Name any Man calls my *Poem*, so it answers the great End of Epic, which is *Instruction*; but because I've heard some Persons have been so conceited as to criticize on our immortal *Cowley* for this very reason, and deny his *Davidic* the Honour of being an Heroic-Poem, because the Subject thereof is a true History.

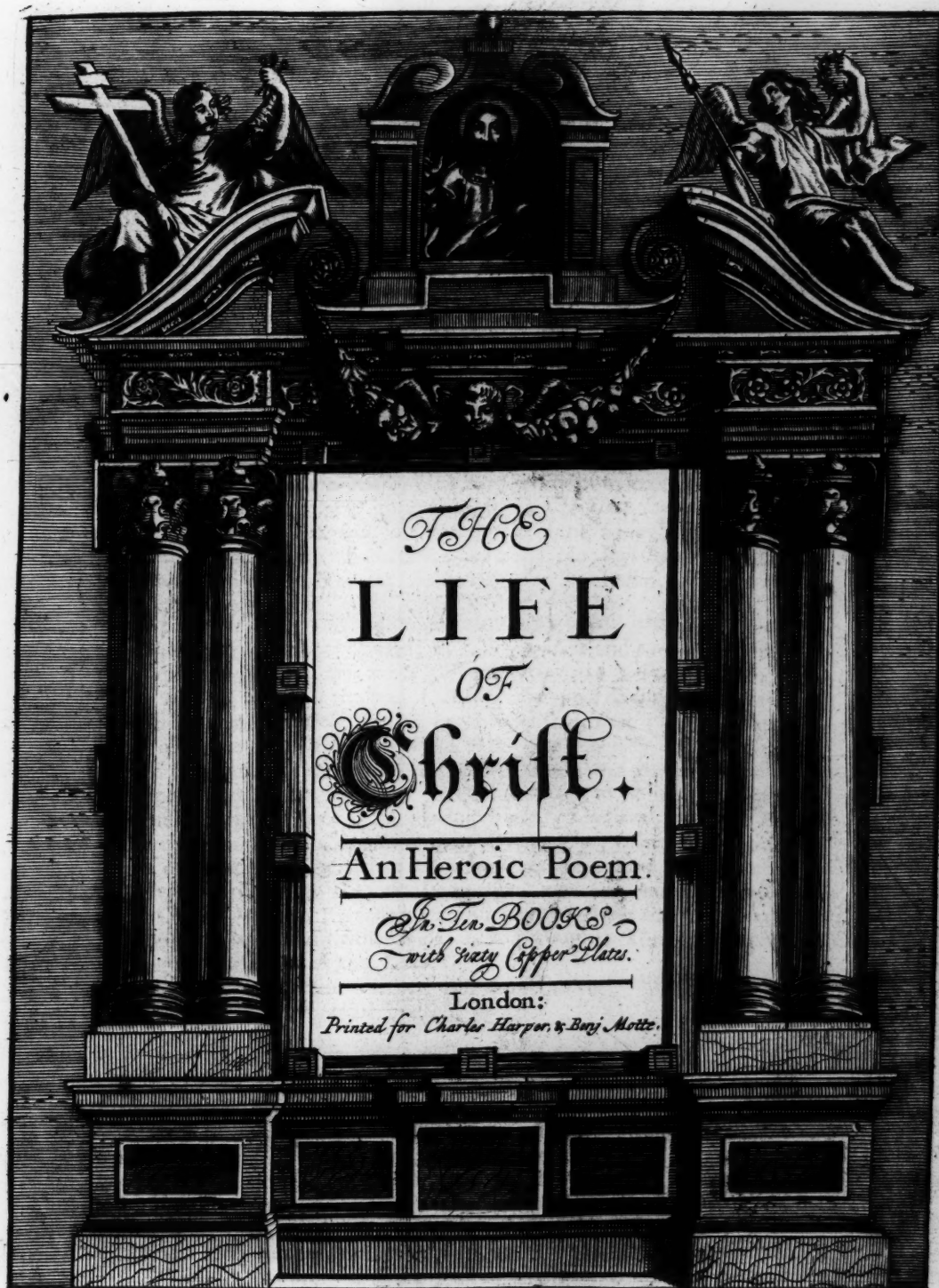
And here I should drop the Discourse of *Fable*, were there not another sort of Persons still to deal with, perhaps more importunate than the former: The first will not like a Piece unless 'tis all *Fable*, or at least the Foundation of it: These latter run into the contrary extreme, and seem unwilling or afraid to admit any thing of *Fable* in a *Christian Poem*; and as *Balzack* in his Critics on *Heinsius* his *Baptista*, are frighted, as at some Magical Charm, if they find but one Word there which was made use of by the old Heathens; which, says he, (unluckily as things have since happen'd) is as preposterous as to see *Turks* wear *Hats*, and *Frenchmen* *Turbants*; the *Flower-de-lis* in the *Musselmens* Colours, or the *Half-Moon* on the Standard of *France*. He's, however, it must be granted, justly angry with *Tasso*, as Mr. *Dryden* since, for setting his *Angels* and *Devils* to *stare* and *tail* at one another; *Alecto* and *Pluto* on one side, and *Gabriel* and *Raphael* o' t'other; as well as with *Sannazarus*, for mingling *Proteus* and *David*, and calling the *Muses* and *Nymphs* to the Labour of the Blessed *Virgin*. Tho the truth is, the *Italian Poets* seem more excusable, at least to a *Papist*, in this Case, than any other Nation, who parted with as little of their *Idolatry* as they could possible, after they had kept it as long as they were able, making the Change very easie, and turning their *Pantheon* into an all *Saints*; much like the good Fathers in the *Spanish Conquest* in *America*, who suffer the *Natives* to keep their *Old Idols*, so they'll but pay for 'em, and get 'em christen'd; by this means making many a good *Saint* out of a very indifferent *Devil*. So far, I say, *Balzack* is undoubtedly in the right, that *Christianity* and *Heathenism* ought not to be confounded, nor the *Pagan Gods* mention'd, but as such, in *Christian Poems*. Of which *Boileau* also says, "They should not be Fill'd with the Fictions of *Idolatry*; tho he tells us just before,



SAVIOR MARY

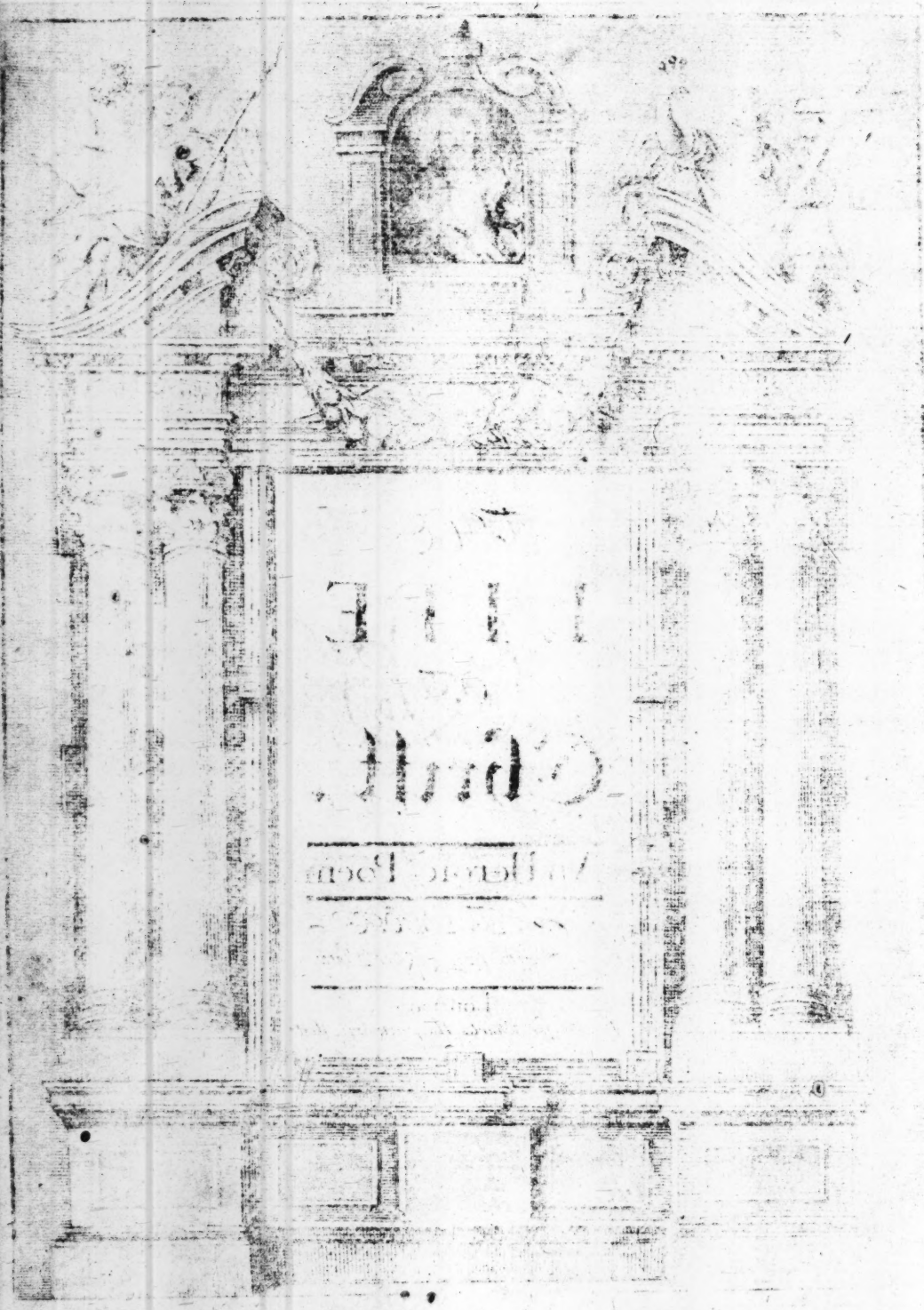


SALVATOR MVNDI.



THE
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Christ.
An Heroic Poem.
In Ten BOOKS
With many Copper Plates.
London:
Printed for Charles Harper, & Benj. Motte.

N^o 2.



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*In vain have our mistaken Authors try'd
Those antient Ornaments to lay aside.*

As tho he were afraid lest all Poets shou'd be forc'd to turn *Christians*, and yet in the next Lines he thinks it full as bad;

*To fright the Reader in each Line with Hell,
And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth and Bel.*

As tho he'd have no *Christian* to be a *Poet*. And much at the same rate is *Monsieur Balzac* very angry with *Buchanan*, for the same reason; nor will he by any means let us substitute *Belzebub*, *Asmodeus*, and *Leviathan*, in the room of *Alecto*, *Tisiphone*, and *Megara*, which is, in his Opinion, perfect *Pedantism* and *Affectation*; and is extremely afraid, lest any of those Barbarous Hebrew Words should disfigure the purity of the *Latin Tongue*; When surely he cou'd not but know, that this pure *Latin Tongue* it self, for which he's so much concerned is nothing but the gradual *Corruption* or *Barbarizing* of the *Greek*; as that of the *Phœnician* and *Hebrew* before, and the *Italian*, and his own *French* too, from the *Latin* afterwards, by the adulterous mixture of 'tis hard to say how many *Languages*: So that between 'em, they'd make it impossible for a *Christian Poet* to write a good *Heroic Poem*, or even a *Tragedy*, on any, but profane Subjects; by taking away all the *Machines*, and therein whatever is admirable. No, says *Balzac*, instead of those hard Words and proper Names, *Appellatives* may be chosen, Words common to all People: As for example, *Ill luck* instead of the *Fates*, and the *Fowl-Fiend* for *Lucifer*; and whether this wou'd not sound extremely *Heroical*, I leave any Man to judge: It being besides certain, that 'tis singulars and particulars which give an *Air* of probability, and the main *Life* and *Beauty* to a *Poem*, especially of this Nature; without which it must of necessity sink and languish. However so much of Truth, I must confess, there is in what he says, that I verily believe *Magor-missabib*, or *Mabershalabsabaz*, wou'd scarce yoke decently in one of our *Pentameters*, but be near as unquiet and troublesome there, as a *Mount Orgueil* itself. Nor can partiality so far blind my Judgment as not to be my self almost frighted at second hearing of such a thundering Verse, as *Balamen Ashtaroth Balam Ba'al*: Which seems as flat Conjunction, as *Zinguegar, Oran, &c.* tho 'tis now too late to mend it. But then there are other Words of a more soft and treatable Cadence, even in the same Hebrew Language, especially when mollified by a *Latin* or *Greek Form*, or *Termination*; and such as these one may make use of and let others alone: tho neither is our bolder rougher Tongue so much affrighted at them, as the *French* and *Latin*.

But *Boileau* pushes the Objection further, and wou'd make it bear against the Things as well as Words, persuading himself,

*Our God and Prophets that he sent,
Can't act like those the Poets did invent.*

Tho he too is short in History, how excellent soever in Poetry. For first, the Heathen Poets did not invent the Names of their Gods and Heroes, but had 'em from *Eastern Tradition*, and the *Phœnician* and *Jewish Language*, tho deflected and disguis'd after the *Greek* and other Forms, as *Josephus* tells us, which the learned *Bochart* has proved invincibly; and I have made some Essay towards it, in my Sixth Book. Nay further, it seems plain to me, that most, even of their best Fancies and Images, as well as Names, were borrow'd from the Ancient Hebrew Poetry and Divinity, as were there room for't, I cou'd I think, render more than probable, in all the most celebrated Strokes of *Homer*, most of the Heathen Poetical Fables, and even in *Hesiod's* blind *Theogonia*. Their Gods or Devils, which you please, were not near as antient as the Hebrews. The

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word *Satan* is as antient as *Job*; nor can they shew us a *Pluto* within a long while of him: *Ashtaroth*, and *Astarte*, are old enough to be Grandmothers to their *Isis*, or *Venus*, and *Bell*, of the same standing with *Idolary*. Lawful it must certainly be, to use these very *Heathen Gods* in *Christian*, since they were us'd in *sacred Hebrew Poetry*, in due place, and in a due manner; *Bel driveth down, Nebo scattereth*, says *Isaiab*. And what a noble Description has the same Prophet of the Fall of *Lucifer*? Nor can I see why it may not be as convenient and agreeable, as 'tis lawful to transplant 'em from *Hebrew Poetry* to our own, if we use 'em as they did. And then for *Angels*, *Propets*, and *Oracles*, it wou'd be strange if they shou'd not strike the mind as agreeably when real and true, as the *Dæmons*, or *Oracles*, or *Propets* of the *Heathens*, form'd, as has been said, partly from mistaken fragments, or *Traditions* of *sacred Story*, partly indeed from the Juggles of the *Heathen Priests*, and crafty *Ambitious Dæmons*. On the whole, we have all the advantages they had, and yet more than they, for *Heroic Poetry* in these matters. As for that Question of *Bollean's*, "What pleasure can it be to hear, the howlings of a *raging Lucifer*?" I think 'tis easier to answer than to find out what shew of Reason he had for asking it, or why *Lucifer* mayn't howl as pleasantly, as either *Utherai*, or *Encecladus*. And let any one read but his Speech, in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, 'twou'd squall'd in Mr. *Dryden's State of Innocence*; and I'm mistaken if he's not of the same mind; or if he be not, and it gives him no pleasure, I dare affirm 'tis for want of a true tast of what's really admirable.

But *Bollean* comes to a stronger Objection, both against the Names and use of these *Dæmons*, by way of *Machine*, I mean, in *Christian Poetry*;

The *Mysteries* we *Christians* must believe
Disdain such *gayer Pageants* to receive.

Thus has his Translator turn'd him; and taking it in that Sence, the meaning must be, that it *disgraces* *Christianity*, to mix its *Mysteries* with stories of *Dæmons*, *Angels*, &c. But sure it can never be any disgrace, to represent it really as it is, with the frequent Intervention of those invisible and powerful Agents, both good and evil, in the Affairs of Mankind, which our Saviour has both asserted and demonstrated in his Gospel, both by *Theory* and *Practice*: Whence we learn, that there are really vast numbers of these *Spirits*; some tempting, or tormenting, others guarding and protecting *Normals*: Nay, a subordination too among them, and that they are always vigilant, some for our Destruction, others for our Preservation, and that as it seems, of every individual Man; and if this be true in general, I'm sure 'tis probable in particular: Nor can it be any disgrace to *Christianity*, to apply *general Probabilities* to particular Cases, or to mention these *Dæmons* in *Poetry* any more than in *Divinity*.

But indeed the Translator has here mended *Bollean's Thought*, or at least made it more plausible and defensible, tho he has mis'd his Sence; for these are his Lines:

De la foi d'un Chrétien les Mystères terribles
D'Ornements gayer ne sont point susceptibles.

The plain English of which, I think is, "That the terrible *Mysteries* of the *Christian Faith*, are not at all susceptible of these *gayer Ornaments*. I'll not be too critical here, tho methinks it's but an odd sort of *Gayer* that's to be found in *Tales of Hell*; agreeable, I own, the most dreadful thing may be, if well manag'd in *Poetry*, but he can hardly ever make 'em gay without a very strong *Catastrophe*. But tho we let that pass; so must not what follows, wherein he further explains his Notion. *L'Evangile*, &c.

The Gospel offers nothing to our Thoughts
But Penitence and Punishment for Faults.

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To which it may be first said, that supposing this true, and the Gospel did present nothing else, yet why mayn't *Angels* be us'd in it, to warn Sinners to that *Repentance* which we know they so much rejoyce in; or *Devils*, to punish and torment the Guilty and Impious; as in the Case of *Scewa's Son*, and others. But yet further, as to the assertion it self, I know not what *their Gospel offers*, nor I believe are they better acquainted with what *ours* does; but we are sure 'tis far enough from being such a *dismal melancholy thing* as they represent it, since *Immortality* and *Life* are brought to *light* therein. We know that it gives us the *noblest Examples*, the most *divine Law*, the strongest, yet justest *Passions*, the most glorious *Combats*, and *Friendships*, and *Sufferings*, such as neither *History* or *Fable* could ever yet equal. It shews us a *God* really *Descending*, disrob'd indeed of all his more dazzling and *insupportable Glories*, as our *divine Herbert*; but yet clothed with what has more of *true Divinity*, with *Humility* and *Charity*, and *Patience*, and *Meekness* and *Innocence*. Here's *War*, here's *Love* indeed; such as never was besides, or will be more. He lov'd our *Dust* and *Clay*, and even for us, single encounter'd all the *Powers of Darkness*, and yet more, his *Almighty Father's* anger. But I'll go no farther, least the Reader should think I forget where I am. I must return to *Boileau*, whose strongest *Objection* is yet behind; *Et de vos Fictions, &c.*

*And mingling Falshood with those Mysteries
Won'd make our sacred Truths appear like Lies.*

But I hope the Critic knew, that there is a fair difference between a mere *Fiction*, or *Falshood*, and an *instructive Parable* or *Fable*, on one side, or a few more lively *Poetical Colours* on the other. To mingle *Falshoods*, or dull *Legendary Fictions*, without either *Life* or *Soul* in 'em, with our *Saviour's Blessed Gospel*, may make 'em, in some Sence, *superiour* to it. This wou'd indeed incline an *Italian* to be of the same Faith with his Countryman, that 'twas all *Fabula Christi*, in the worst Sence of the Word: But certainly expressing the *Truth* in *Parables*, and mingling these with the *Mysteries of the Gospel*, can't be thought to give it an *Air of Fiction*: nor dare any affirm it does so, without *Blasphemy*, since our Saviour has so often done it. Nor only these but deeper *Allegories* are thought to be made use of in the Christian Religion; for Example, the *Throne* and *Temple of God* in the *Revelations*, and the Description of the *New Jerusalem*, with all its *Gates* and *Foundations of Saphires* and *Emeralds*, and that lovely *Scheme of Trees* and *Rivers*, worthy a *Paradise*: All this, I say, will scarcely be granted *literal*, and consequently must be all an *Allegory*; alluding partly to the *Old Jewish Church* and *Temple*, partly to *Ezekiel's Visionary Representation* and *Prophetical Paradise*. Nor can it, I think, be justly reckoned more criminal, where we have any great *instructive Example*, which has been real *matter of Fact*, to expatiate thereon; adding suitable and proper *Circumstances* and *Colours* to the whole, especially when the *History* it self is but *succinctly Related*, and the *Heads* of things only left us. And this some great Men have thought was the Method of the *Holy Pen-man* himself, whoever he were, in that lovely antient *Poem of Job*; which, that 'twas at the bottom a *real History*, few but *Atheists* deny; and yet 'tis thought some *Circumstances* might be *amplified* in the account we have left us, particularly the *long Speeches* between that *Great Man* and his *Friends*; tho the main *hinges* of the Relation, his *Person*, *Character*, and *Losses*, the *malice* of the *Devil*, the *behaviour* of his *Wife* and *Friends*, nay even the *Substance* of their *Discourses*, as well as of that between *God* and him, and the wonderful *Turn* of his *Affairs* soon after: All this might, and did, truly happen. Or, if any *amplification* shou'd be here deny'd, does not the *Divine* however every day, *Paraphrase* and *Expatiate* upon the *Words* of his *Text*, inverting their Method as he sees occasion, and yet is still thought unblamable. All the difference is, that he delivers what's *probable*, as only *probable*; whereas the Nature of Poetry requires, that such *probable Amplifications* as these, be wrought into the main *Action*, in such a manner, as if they had really happen'd; and without this, a man might *Rhyme* long-enough, but n'er cou'd make a

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Poem, any more than this would have been one, had I begun with *Abraham* begat *Isaac*, and so tagg'd on to the end of all the fourteen Generations, much as *Nomius* has done with *St. John*, and yet often mis'd his Sence too, as *Heraclitus* judges.

But enough of *Fable*, and of those who would either reduce all *Heroic Poetry* unto it, or absolutely banish it thence.

Next the *Fable of Epics*, the *Poem* is to be considered; which, after *Bossu*, is the other part of its general Nature, and shews the manner of handling it, comprehending *Thoughts*, *Expressions* and *Verses*; of which there need not much be said, since the most obvious to every Reader. The *Thoughts* must be clear, and just, and noble, and the *Diſſion* or *Expression* suited to them. The chief Difficulty, as *Rapin* observes, is to keep up the *Sublime*, which *Virgil* has done admirably, even in the meanest Subjects; and which *Aristotle* thinks may be best done by the judicious use of *Metaphors*. There ought to meet, according to him, *Proportion* in the *Design*, *Fastness* in the *Thoughts*, and *Exactness* in the *Expression*, to constitute an accomplish'd *Heroic Poem*; and the great *Art of Thought* and *Expression* lies in this, that they be natural and proper without *Meanness*, and sublime without a vicious *Swelling* and *Affectation*.

The Matter is next in an *Heroic Poem*, which must be some one important *Action*; it must be important, *Res gestæ Regumque Ducumque*, with *Horace*. "It only speaks of *Kings* and *Princes*, says *Rapin*, by which he must mean that it chiefly and principally turns upon them: for both *Virgil* and *Homer* have occasion for *Traitors*, and *Cryers*, and *Beggars*, nay even *Swinherds* (in the *Odyssey*) and yet still more, of whose *Armies*, which can't be all compos'd of *Kings* and *Princes*. However, the more there is of these lower Walks in the Plan of a *Design*, the less *Heroic* it must appear, even in the Hands of the greatest *Genius* in Nature. Such a *Genius*, I think, was *Homer's*, and yet the Truth of this Assertion will be plain to any who compares his *Odyssey* with his *Iliad*; where he'll find, if 'tis not for want of Judgment, in the latter a very different Air from the former, in many places much more dead and languishing, and this which I have given, seems one probable Reason on't; not excluding that of *Longinus*, that *Homer* was then grown old, and besides too much of the Work was spent in *Narration*; to which may be added, that he here design'd a wise and prudent rather than a brave and fighting Hero; having wrought off most of the *Edg* and *Fury* of his Youthful Spirit and *Fury* in *Achilles*, as in *Ulysses* he express'd more of *Age* and *Judgment*.

This *Action* must be one and uniform: the Painture of one *Heroic Action*, says *Rapin* from *Aristotle*. It must be, as *Bossu* from *Horace*, *simplex duntaxat & unum*, that is, the principal *Action* on which the whole Work moves ought to be one, otherwise the whole will be confus'd; tho there may be many *Episodic Actions* without making what *Aristotle* calls an *Episodic Poem*, which is, where the *Actions* are not necessarily or not probably link'd to each other, and of such an irregular multiplication of *Actions* and *Incidents*. *Bossu* instances very pleasantly in *Statius's Achilleid*; but he tells us there's also a regular and just Multiplication, without which 'twere impossible to find matter for so large a Poem, when as before it's so ordered that the *Unity* of the whole is not broken, and consequently divers *Incidents* it has bound together are not to be accounted different *Actions* and *Fables*, but only different *Parts* not finish'd, or entire of one *Action* or *Fable* entire or finish'd: and, agreeable to this Doctrine, *Rapin* blames *Lucan's* *Episodes* as too far-fetch'd, over-scholastic, and consisting purely of *Speculative Disputes* on natural Causes whenever they came in his way, not being link'd with the main *Action*, nor flowing naturally from it, nor tending to its Perfection.

And in this *Action*, the Poet ought, as *Rapin* tells us, to invert the natural Order of things, not to begin with his Hero in the Cradle, and write his *Annals* instead of an *Epic Poem*, as *Statius* in his *Achilleid*, the Reason of which seems plain, because this would look more like *History* than *Poetry*. It's more agreeable, more natural, in some Sence, to be here unnatural; to bring in, by way of *Recitation* or *Narration*, what was first in order of time, at some distance from that time when it really happened,

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pened, which makes the whole look unlike a *dull formal Story*, and gives more scope for handsome *Turns* and the *Art* of the *Writer*. Another Reason why a *whole Life* is not ordinarily a proper *Subject* for *Epics*, is, because many *trivial Accidents* must be therein recited; but if a *Life* can be found in which is nothing but what's *diverting* and *wonderful*, tending besides to the perfecting the *main Action*, and the *Order of time* reversed in the whole, the Case would be so much altered, that I think their *Rules* would not hold.

For the *Form of Epic*, which comes next in view, 'tis agreed on all hands to be *Recitation* or *Narration*. *Bossu* says, the *Persons* are not at all to be introduced before the *Eyes* of the *Spectators*, acting by themselves without the *Poet*; not that he'd hereby exclude the *Poet* from introducing the *persons* telling their own *Story*, or some one of them that of the *principal Hero*: for great part of *Epic* is thus far *Dramatic*. And thus *Virgil* manages his *second* and *third Books* by way of *Recitation*, and that by his *Hero* himself, making him give *Dido* a long account of the *Wars of Troy*, and his own *Actions*, tho' thereby he falls into the *Impropriety* of commending himself, with a — *sum pias Aeneas*. *Vida* takes the same way of *Recitation*, wherein he employs two or three of his *six Books*; and *Milton* follows them both, tho' less naturally than either; for he introduces our *Saviour*, in his *Paradise regained*, repeating a great part of his own *Life* in *Soliloquy*, which way of *Discourse* includes, in a *Wise Manner* especially, so much of *Calmness* and deep *Reflection*, that it seems improper for the *great* and *noble Turn* required in such a *Work*, unless in describing a *Passion*, where it may be more *lively*. All that they mean by not introducing the *Parties*, is not doing it as in a *Tragedy*: they are not to be brought in abruptly to tell their own *Tale* from the beginning, without the appearing *Help* of the *Poet*, as *Actors* in a true and proper *Drama*. And this *Narration*, says *Rapin*, should be *simple* and *natural*; but the greatest difficulty is, not to let its *simplicity* appear, lest it thence grow *disagreeable*, and the chiefest *Art* in this, consists in its *Transitions*, and all the delicate *surprising Turns*, which lead the *Reader* from one thing to another without his thinking whither he's going, or perceiving any *Breath* or so much as a *passage* between 'em; after all, the more *Action* there is in *Epic*, still the more *Life* there will be. A *Poet* may, I find, easily fall into *Poorness* of *Thought* by aiming too much at the *Probability* and neglecting the *Admirable*; whereby he loses that *agreeableness* which is a mixture of both. He ought then to take more care than some have done, not to keep himself too long behind the *Scenes*, and trust the *Narration* with another, which, without a great deal of *Art* and *Pains*, will take off much of the *Life* of the *Work*, as *Longinus* has already formerly observed.

And here come in the *Qualities of Narration*, mentioned in our *Definition*, that it ought to be done in a manner *probable*, *agreeable*, and *admirable*; 'tis rendered *probable* by its *Simplicity* and *Singularity*, and *admirable* by the *Grandeur* of the *Subject*, the *Figures* and *Machines*, or *deus ex machinis*, much more lawful here than in the *Drama's*; and lastly *agreeable*, as has been said, by a mixture of both.

The last thing in our *Definition*, is, the *End of Epic*, indeed the *first* and *principal* which ought to be intended, and that's *Instruction*, not only, as *Rapin* thinks, of *great Men*, but of *all*, as in *Virgil's Scheme*, which we have already described; and this either by the *principal Moral* aim'd at in the whole, or the *Manners of particular Persons*. Of *Fable* and *Moral*, I've already discours'd, and whether be the more *lively* and *probable* way to *instruct*, by *chat* or *History*. But here it may be worth the while to enquire, whether the *principal Hero* in *Epic* ought to be *virtuous*? *Bossu* thinks not, the *manners* being formed as well by seeing *Errors* as *Beauties* in the chief *Actors*; but yet methinks it seems too much to form a *Hero* that's a perfect *Almanzor*, with not one *spark* of *Virtue*, and only remarkable for his extraordinary *Strength* and little *Brains*; such was certainly *Homer's Achilles*, of whom I think the *Father* was in the right when he observes, the *Poet* makes him not do one *brave* or *virtuous Action*, all the while he lies before the *Town*: whereas *Virgil's Hero*, is, to tell truth, an *indifferent good Heathen*, and, bating one or two *slips*, comes up pretty well to his own good word. The same however may be said for *Homer*, which our
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present *Dramatists* plead for their *Excuse*; that he copied his *Hero* from those who were esteemed such in the barbarous Age in which he liv'd,

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Fura neget sibi nata, &c.*

Made up of *Lewdness*, *Love*, and *Fighting*: who, had he liv'd in our days, would have made an excellent *Town-Bully*, I wish there were not too much reason to say a *modish Gentleman*. But tho' old *Homer* took this way, *Virgil*, who writes with much more *Judgment* and *Exactness*, and follows him in many things, here thought fit to leave him; making his *Hero*, as I've said, not only *brave* and *prudent*, but for the most part *virtuous*. Which would much better form the *manners* of his Reader, than if they were set to spell out *Instruction* from *contraries*, as *Homer* has done. Whence it follows, the more *virtuous* a *Hero* is, the better; since he more effectually answers the true end of *Epics*. After all, *Rapin* says, the chief Excellency of an *Heroic Poem* consists in the just proportion of the *Parts*; that perfect *Union*, just *Agreement*, and *admirable Relation*, which the *Parts* of this great *Work* bear one towards another; and blames *Tasso* for mingling all the *Sweetness* and *Delicacy* of *Eclogues* and *Lyricks*, with the *Force* of an *Heroic Poem*. But I should think him *mistaken* here, and that this is not the meaning of *Aristotles* *ἀδύνατον*. For if we allow not such a *pleasing Variety*, how shall we excuse even *Virgil* himself, who has his *Dido*, as well as *Tasso* his *Armida* and *Erminia*? nay, how shall we manage *Love*? which is usually one great *Episode* of *Heroic*, if not with something of *Delicacy*. I grant *Love* ought to have a different *Air* in different sorts of *Poems*; but still if it be natural it must have something of *Softness*; and for his *Enchanted Forest*, which this *severe Critic* also blames, I believe there's few who read that part of his *Work*, who would willingly have it omitted, for the sake of a fancied *Regularity*, any more than they would part with Mr. *Dryden's* Improvement on't in his *King Arbur*. However, if it be a fault, 'tis strange so many who have been Masters of the greatest *Genius* should unanimously fall into it; as *Ovid* in his *Palace of Circe*, *Aristo* in that of *Alcina*, and *Spencer* in his *Acastia's Bower of Bliss*, and several others, who have taken the same Method. I should therefore rather think that this beautiful and marvellous *Analogy* which *Aristotle* requires as the best thing in *Epic*, relates rather to the *Harmony* and *Agreement* of the *Parts* with the *Whole*; so that there appears no *Fracture* or *Contradiction*, the different *Parts*, tho' much unlike, yet also gether making one beautiful *Figure* and uniform *Variety*.

And thus much of the *Definition* of *Epic*, containing the main *Rules* thereof, by which the Reader may be able to form a *Judgment* of *this*, or any other *Heroic Poem*. Especially if to these *Rules* be added some *Examples* to render them more plain. In order to which I desire to express my *Thoughts* freely of other *Poems*, as I must expect every one will do of mine, always observing that piece of *Justice*, never to find fault, without taking notice of some *Beauty* to balance it, and giving, where I can find it, the better *Judgment* of other Persons as well as my own. Concluding all with a brief account of my own *Work*.

To begin then with *Grandfire Homer*, this may be added to the particular *Remarks* have been already made. I think none will deny but the *Disposition* of his *Iliads*, is so truly *admirable*, so *regular*, and *exact*, that one would be apt to think he wrote his *Poem* by *Aristotle's Rules*, and not *Aristotle* his *Rules* by his *Poem*. I confess I once thought that he had been oblig'd to his *Commentators* for most of the *Beauties* they celebrated in him; but I am now, on a nearer view, so well satisfied to the contrary, that I can ne'er think his *Poem* writ by *piece-meal*, without any *Connexion* or *Dependance*: wherein *Dionysius* the *Halicarnassian* very justly praises the *Order* and *Management* of the *Design*, as well as the *Grandeur* and *Magnificence* of the *Expression*, and the *sweet* and *passionate Movements*. Nor is it without reason that *Horace*, *Longinus*, and all Antiquity have given him, as the *Model* of just and noble *Sentiments* and *Expressions*. I must confess there's something in his *Numbers* that strikes me more than even *Virgil's*, his *Thoughts* and *Expressions* appear stronger than

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than his, tho' it cannot be denied but that *Virgil's Design* is much more regular. *Rapin* says a great deal of that Prince of the *Latin Poets*, tho' indeed he can never say enough, "He had an *admirable Taste*," says he, of what's *natural*, an *excellence* "Judgment for the Order, and an incomparable Delicacy for the Number and Harmony of his Versification." And adds, "That the *Design* of the Poem is, if we consider it in all its Circumstances, the most judicious and best-laid that ever was or ever will be. There is indeed a prodigious Variety in *Virgil*, and yet the same Soul visible in every Line. His own great Spirit informs his Poetical World, and like that he speaks of,

totas infusa per Arctus
Mens agitat Molave, & magno se corpore misceat.

He's soft with the height of Majesty, his *Marsellus*, his *Dido*, and, I think, above all his *Elegy on Pallas* is very noble and tender. The joints so strong and exactly wrought, the Parts so proportionable the Thoughts and Expression so great, the Comparisons so fine and just, that I could ne'er endure to read *Statius*, or any of the rest of the *Ancient Latins* after him; with whom therefore I shan't concern my self nor trouble my Reader. *Ariosto* was the first of the *Moderns* who attempted any thing like an *Heroic Poem*, and has many great and beautiful Thoughts; but at the same time, 'tis true, as *Balfac* observes, that you can hardly tell whether he's a *Christian* or an *Heathen*, making God swear by *Syn*, and using all the *Pagan Ornaments*; his *Fancy* very often runs away with his Judgment, his *Action* is neither one nor simple, nor can you imagine what he drives at; he has an hundred *Heroes* but you can't tell which he designs should be chief: *Orlando* indeed seems a wild Imitation of *Homer's Achilles*, but his Character is not bright enough to make him the *Principal*; and besides he orders it so, that he does more great Actions when he's mad than when sober. Agreeable to this are *Rapin's* thoughts of him, which, in few words, are, "That he's elevated and admirable in his Expressions, his Descriptions fine, but that he wants Judgment; and speaks well, but thinks ill, and that tho' the Parts are handsome enough, yet the whole Work can by no means pass for an *Epic Poem*," he having never seen the Rules of *Aristotle*, which he thinks *Tasso* had, and therefore wrote much better, when he commands a more correct in his Design, more regular in the ordering his Fable, and more accomplish'd in all parts of his Poem than any other of the *Italians*, whom yet he justly blames, because he has two *Heroes* *Godfredo* and *Rinaldo*, of whom *Godfredo* seems the principal, and yet *Rinaldo* performs the greatest part of the notable Actions. He seems to imitate *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, but then he raises his *Agamemnon* too high, or keeps him too low, for he hardly lets him do one great Action throughout the whole Work. He further criticises upon him as mingling too much Gallantry with his Poem, which, he thinks, is unbecoming the Gravity of his Subject. But whether this Censure be just, I know not; for Love and Gallantry runs through all *Virgil's* *Enids*, in the instances of *Helen*, *Dido* and *Lavinia*, and indeed it gives so great a Life to *Epic*, that it hardly can be agreeable without it, and I question whether ever it has been so. Nor is he more just, I think, against *Tasso's* *Episodes*, which he blames as not proper to circumstantiate his principal Action, nor entering into the Causes and Effects thereof, but seeking too much to please, tho' I think this Charge is unjust, for 'tis in his *Episodes*, if any where, that *Tasso* is admirable. I might here give several Instances, but shall, at present, only refer my Reader to that of *Tancred* and *Erminia*, and I'm mistaken if he does not dissent from *Rapin* in this particular. *Sannazarius* and *Vida* were the next who did any thing remarkable in *Epic*; they both writ in *Latin* on the same Subject, both *Christian Heroics*; *Rapin* says they both had good a Genius for *Latin* the Purity of their Style being admirable, but that their ordering of the Fable has nothing in't of Delicacy, nor is the manner of their Writing proportionable to the dignity of the Subject. For *Sannazarius* he's indeed so faulty, that one can hardly with Patience read him, the whole Structure of his imperfect Piece, *de partu*, being built on *Heathen Fable*; yet he has great and vigorous Thoughts and very Poetical Expressions, tho' therein *Vida* far excels him, whose Thoughts are so noble, and the Air of his

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Stile so great, that the Elogy *Balzac* gives his Countryman *Tasso*, wou'd as well or rather better have fitted him; "That *Virgil* is the Cause; *Vida* is not this "first; and *Vida*, that *Virgil* is not alone. It is true, as *Rapin* observes, that he Fable is very simple, and perhaps so much the better, considering the Subject; tho he forgets not Poetical Ornaments, where there's occasion, if he does not lean a little to *Sannazarian's* Error; for he talks of the Gorgons and *Sphinxes*, the Centaurs and *Hydras* and *Chimeras*, tho much more sparingly and modestly than the other. He has the happiest beginning that perhaps is to be found in any Poem, and by mingling his Proposition and Invocation, has the advantage of placing one of the noblest Thoughts in the World in the first Line, without danger of falling into the absurdity of *Horace's* Author with his *Fortunam Priami*: For thus he sings,

Quimare, qui terras, qui calum numine complex—Spiritus alme, &c.

After the Invocation, in the very beginning of the Poem, he's preparing the Incidents for his Hero's Death; he brings him to *Jerusalem* at the Passover with *Hosanna's*; then raises his Machins, and falls to the Description of Hell. He through the whole, uses his Figures very gracefully; few have bin more happy in Comparisons, more moving in Passion, succinct, yet full in Narration: Yet is he not without Faults; for in the second Book he brings him to his last Supper in the Garden, from thence before *Caiaphas* and *Pilate*; which too much precipitates the main Action: Besides, it seems harsh and improbable to bring in *S. John*, and *Joseph*, our Saviours reputed Father, as he does in the third and fourth Book, giving *Pilate* an account of his Life; nor to insist on the general Opinion, that *Joseph* was not then alive. But notwithstanding these few failures, it can't be deny'd, that his Description of our Saviours Passion in the fourth Book, is incomparably fine; the disturbance among the Angels on that occasion; his Character of *Michael*, and the Virgins Lamentation under the Cross, and at the Sepulchre, are inimitable. And thus much for *Vida*, on whom I've been more large because I've often made use of his Thoughts in this following Work; his Poem being the most complete on that Subject I've ever seen or expect to see. And here han't the English more reason to complain of *Rapin*, that he takes no notice of their Heroic Poems, than *Lopez Vega* of *Tasso*, for not mentioning the Spaniards at the Siege of *Jerusalem*: but since he has been so partial, as not to take any notice of our Writers, who sure as much deserve it as their *Dubartas* and *Ronsard*; We may have liberty to speak of our own, and to do 'em Justice: To begin with *Spencer*, who I think comes the nearest *Ariosto* of any other; he's almost as Irregular, but much more Natural and Lovely: But he's not only Irregular but Imperfect too, I mean, as to what he intended; and therefore we can't well imagine what it wou'd have been, had he liv'd to complete it. If Fable be the Essence of Epic, his *Fairy Queen* had certainly enough of that to give it that Name. He seems, by the account he gives of it to *Sir Walter Rawleigh*, to have design'd one Principal Hero King *Arthur*, and one main important Action bringing him to his Throne; but neither of these appear sufficiently distinct, or well defin'd, being both lost in the vast Seas of Matter which compose those Books which are finish'd. This however must be granted, the Design was Noble, and required such a comprehensive Genius as his, but to draw the first Scetch of it: And as the Design, so the Thoughts are also very great, the Expressions flowing natural and easie, with such a prodigious Poetical Copia as never any other must expect to enjoy. *Gondibert* methinks wants Life; the Style is rather stiff than Heroic, and has more of *Statius* than *Virgil*; one may see every where a great deal of Art, and Pains, and Regularity, even to a fault; nor is a Genius wanting, but its so unnatural, that an ingenious Person may find much more pleasure in reading a worse Poet. Besides, his Stanzas often cramp the Sense, and injure many a noble Thought and Passion. But Mr. *Cowley's* *Davidis* is the Medium between both; it has *Gondibert's* Majesty without his stiffness, and something of *Spencer's* Sweetness and Variety without his Irregularity: Indeed all his Works are so admirable, that another *Cowley* might well be employ'd in giving them their just Elogy. His *Hero* is according to the antient Model, truly Poetical, a mixture

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mixture of some *Faults* and greater *Virtues*. He had the advantage of both Love and Honour for his *Episodes*, nay, and Friendship too, and that the noblest in History. He had all the sacred History before him, and liberty to chuse where he pleased, either by Narration or Prophecie; nor has he, as far as he has gone, neglected any Advantages the Subject gave him. Its a great Loss to the World that he left the Work unfinished, since now he's dead, its always like to continue so. As for *Milton's Paradise Lost* its an Original, and indeed he seems rather above the common Rules of *Epic* than ignorant of them. Its I'm sure a very lovely Poem, by whatever Name its call'd, and in it he has many Thoughts and Images, greater than perhaps any either in *Virgil* or *Homer*. The Foundation is true History, but the turn is Fable: The Action is very Important, but not uniform; for one can't tell which is the Principal in the Poem, the Wars of the Angels, or the Fall of Man, nor which is the Chief Person, *Michael* or *Adam*. Its true, the former comes in as an *Episode* to the latter, but it takes up too great a part thereof, because its link'd to it. His Discourse of Light is incomparable; and I think 'twas worth the while to be blind to be its Author. His Description of *Adam* and *Eve*, their Persons and Love, is almost too lively to bear reading: Not but that he has his *inequalities* and *repetitions*, the latter pretty often, as have more or less, all other Poets but *Virgil*. For his antique Words I'm not like to blame him whoever does: And for his blank Verse, I'm of a different mind from most others, and think they rather excuse his *uncorrectness* than the contraries; for I find it's easier to run into it, in that sort of Verse, than in *Rhyming Works*, where the *Thought* is oftner turned; whereas here the Fancy flows on without check or controul. As for his *Paradise Regain'd*, I nothing wonder that it has not near the Life of his former Poem, any more than the *Odysses* fell short of the *Iliads*. *Milton*, when he writ this, was grown Older, probably poorer: He had not that scope for Fable, was confin'd to a lower Walk, and draws out that in four Books which might have been well compriz'd in one: Notwithstanding all this, there are many strokes which appear truly his; as the Mustering of the *Parthian* Troops, the Description of *Rome* by the Devil to our Saviour, and several other places.

And now I've done with all the rest, I may take liberty to say something of my own.

For the Subject I dare stand by it, that 'tis fit for a better *Heroic Poem* than any ever was, or will be made; and that if a good Poem cou'd not be made on't, it must be either from the weakness of the Art it self, or for want of a good Artist. I don't say the Subject with all its Circumstances is the best for *Epic*, but considered in it self, or with a prudent choice out of the vast Field of Matter which it affords.

The Action is Important, if ever any was, being no less than the Redemption of the World, which was not accomplish'd till after our Saviours Death and Resurrection. The *Ascension* I confess shou'd be left out, according to the common Rules of *Heroic Poetry*, but I had not the same reason for omitting it, as others have for not coming to the End of their History, a little short of which they generally stop, because after the main Business is over, nothing great remains, or however not greater than has already past. And if any thing mean followed, the Reader wou'd leave off dissatisfied. But I've as great and remarkable an Action, as any in the whole story, yet upon my Hands, and which if I had omitted, I had lost many very moving Incidents that follow'd the Resurrection; and besides, *Vida* before me, has carry'd it yet further, to the actual Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Disciples, and the spreading the Christian Name all the World over; which I've done only in Prophecy.

The Action is I think uniform, because all the *Episodes* are part of the main Action, the Redemption of the World; to which his Incarnation, and Divine Conception were absolutely necessary, and so were his Holy Life, Doctrine, Miracles, and especially his Sufferings and Agonies. My principal Hero was perfect, yet imitable, and that both

The PREFACE.

in *active* and *contemplative* Life. He leaves his own *Kingdom* to *seize* and *conquer* another, endures the greatest *hardships*, is reduc'd to the *lowest* *ebb*, nay is at last forc'd to *suffer* *Death* it self. Yet after all, he *emerges* from his *misfortunes*, *conquers* all his *Enemies*, fixes *Law*, establishes *Religion*, *Peace*, and his own *Empire*, and is advanced higher than any *Conqueror* ever was before him.

The other *Persons* are *Heroical* enough, *Angels*, *Kings*, *High Priests*, *Governours*, *Counsellors*, nay even the *Apostles* themselves were more than *Kings*, for they were *thought* and *call'd* *Gods* by the *People*. The *Moral* I find not make it, in a true *Example*, which others are forc'd to *form* in *Fable*; "That we ought to *do* *Good*, to *suffer* *evil*, *submit* to the *Divine* *Will*; to *venture* or *lose* a *Life* for a *Friend*; to *for-*
get our *Enemies*."

Yet further I desire to recommend the whole of the *Christian Religion*; all the *Articles of Faith*; all that *System* of *Doctrines* and *Moralities* contain'd in the *Gospel* of the blessed *Jesus*, to the *Study* and *Practice* of *Persons* of *Learning* and *Reason*; to make his *Divine* *Person*, which is already infinitely *Amiable*, if possible, *actually* more *Ador'd* and *Love'd*; and to *Vindicate* his *Mission*, his *Satisfaction*, and his *Divinity*, against all *Jews*, *Turks*, *Infidels*, and *Heretics*; which sure are the most proper *Ends* that can be propos'd in a *Work* of this *Nature*: Which may be agreeably and admirably done, if 'tis not the *Poem* fault; for here's all the *marvellous* that could be wish'd for, already done to my *Hand*, and all *factually* *True*, *Angels* and *Demons*, and *Miracles*, with *Voices* from *Heaven*.

Now the *Subject* being so fit for a good *Heroic Poem*, I shall have the less excuse, if this be a *bad* one. And here I must ingeniously confess, I had seen none of these *Rules* given by the *Masters of Epic*, when I laid the *Scheme* of this *Poem*, tho I wish I had, for I might probably then have done it *better*, or *not at all*. I knew not the *bounds* of this *undertaking*, but greedily embrac'd it, when first propos'd by some *Friends*, who were ignorant of what they put me upon. Being *full* of the *Design*; wherein, the earnest desire I had to see it accomplish'd, and either a *happy* *Chance*, or the *Happiness* of my *Subject*, may perhaps in some *Instances* have supply'd the want both of *Rules* and *Genius*. All I will say of my own *performance* is, that I now know the *Faults* on't, tho I am not oblig'd to *point* 'em out to my *Reader*, who will but too soon find 'em. That I wou'd have mended much that's now *amiss*, had I liv'd in an *Age* where a man might afford to be *Nine* or *Ten* *Years* about a *Poem*. And in the mean time this *satisfies* me, whatever is the success, that I've done all that could be done by one in my *Circumstances* towards the rendering it more *complete* and *freer* from *Faults*, and only wish that my own *Reputation* may suffer, by the *weakness* of the *Work*, and not the *Dignity* of the *Subject*.

I cou'd plead for my self what *Longinus* says on *Works* of this *Nature*, wou'd it not look like *Arrogance*, "That even the greatest *Genius* may sometimes sink into *meanness*, when the force of their *Spirits* is once exhausted: That its very difficult for *height* of *Thought* to *sustain* itself long in an equal *Tenor*; and that some *Faults* ought to be excus'd when there are more *Beauties*. But if none of these will pass, I hope it will not much mortifie me, since I think the *World* and I have no great matter to do with one another. I'm sensible my *Poem* wou'd have had fewer *Enemies*, had I left out some *Passages* in't. But as mean as the worst of this are, I wou'd not buy their *good Word* at such a rate. I had almost forgot to mention the *Gravers* *Work*, which is not without *Faults*, particularly he has err'd in the *Posture* of the *Disciples* at the *last Supper*, whom he has made *Sitting*, when they were really *Declining*, or *Discumbent*. But its now more than time to conclude my *long Preface*, which I shall do in few *Words*. Since the chief *Design* in this *Work*, is to advance the *Honour* of my *Hero*, and next to that, the *entertainment* of *Pious* and *ingenious Minds*; for the truth of which, I hope I may appeal to the great *Reader* his *applause*. I shall not be much concern'd for the success it may meet with in the *World*.

To Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY on his Divine Poem of the Life of CHRIST.

AS when some Prophet, who had long retir'd,
Returns from Solitude with Rapture fir'd;
With full Credentials made securely bold,
To lifting Crowds do's Charmingly unfold;
What Angels him in awful Visions told;
With wond'rous Truths surprizing ev'ry Brest,
His sacred Mission is by all Confest.
So you, great Bard, who lay till now conceal'd,
Compiling what your Heav'nly Muse reveal'd,
No sooner quit the Shade, but strike our Eyes
With Wonder, and our Mind with *Exstasies*.

Ev'n we, the Tribe who thought our selves inspir'd,
Like glimm'ring Stars in Night's dull reign admir'd;
Like Stars, a num'rous but a feeble Host,
Are gladly in your Morning-lustre lost.
When we (and few have been so well inclin'd)
In Songs attempted to Instruct Mankind,
From Nature's Law wee all our Precepts drew;
And ev'n her Sanctions oft perverted too;
Your sacred Muse do's Revelation trace;
And Nature is by you improv'd to Grace.

Verse is a Tribute due to sacred Writ,
But seldom paid, or, not in curreant Wit;
The Undertakers fail in Zeal or Art,
They want the Genius, or they want the Heart;
To Crown your pious Off ring both combine;
At once your Numbers and your Theme divine.

The Race of Poets, while a virtuous Train,
For Inspiration never call'd in vain;
But fail'd in Wit, their stock of Virtue spent,
And as they grew Debauch'd, grew Impotent.
'Tis in their own, and in Religion's wrong,
When Beauty, Wealth or Pow'r employ's their Song:
But if they trespass who are only Vain,
What Punishment's reserv'd for the Prophane!

How shall the *Panders* scape, who foul *Desire*,
In Poetry's alluring *Charms* attire?
Too guilty, while, like *Emp'ricks* they employ
Their baneful *Skill*, and privately destroy;
But when the publick *Teeming Press* they ply,
Thro' all the *Realm* their poyson'd *Papers* flie;
Not rural *Nymphs* are safe in their *Retreats*,
Th' *Infection* reaches the remotest *Seats*.
Who once the *Poets Function* thus betray,
What *Helicon* can wash their *Saints* away!
Such *Lepers* wou'd make *Jordan's Stream* impure,
But *Jordan's Stream* can ne'er such *Lepers* Cure.

What just *Encomiums*, Sir, must you receive,
Who *Wit* and *Piety* together weave.
No *Altar* your *Oblation* can refuse,
Who to the *Temple* bring a *spotless Muse*:
You, with fresh *Laurels* from *Parnassus* born,
Plant *Sion's Hill*, and *Salem's Tow'rs* adorn;
You break the *Charms*, and from prophane *Retreats*
Restore the *Muses* to their *Native Seats*.

Mr. Milton. Our leading * *Moses* did this *Task* pursue,
And liv'd to have the *Holy Land* in view;
With vig'rous *Youth* to finish the *Success*,
Like *Joshua* you Succeed, and all *Possess*.

Deep *Learning's Stores* to raise this *Pile* are brought,
Bright *Fancy* after *Judgment's Model* wrought:
The *vast Idea* seem'd a subject fit
To exercise an able *Poet's Wit*;
But to *Express*, to *Finish* and *Adorn*,
Remain'd for you, who for this *Work* was Born.
The temper'd *Stile* not too remiss or strong,
But suited to the *Subject* of the *Song*;
Which, varying, always shews a *Master's Skill*,
Sweet as a *Vale*, or lofty as a *Hill*.

Here, *pious Souls*, what they did long desire,
Possess their dear *Redeemer's Life* intire:
Here, with whole *Paradise* regain'd they meet,
And *Milton's noble Work* is now compleat.

June 28. 1693.

N. Tate.

Too

*To the Ingenious Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY on his
Poem of the Life of CHRIST.*

Redeem'd ? It's true ; the happy Muse no more
Can her *Egyptian* slavish Chains deplore ;
No more shall spurious Gods or Heroes rais'd
In pow'rful Numbers, be devoutly Prais'd ;
Verse form'd 'em Idols, while Immortal Verse
Wou'd Fancy's Dreams in weighty Lines rehearse ;
Perverted Poetry cou'd with ease controul
The wiser Passions of the thoughtful Soul ;
And into Mischiefs force the Passive Throng,
Hurry'd by the impetuous Witchcraft of deluding Song.

Thy Muse, a Convert made, in nobler Strains
Sings that great God who in himself contains
This spacious A L L, whose active Word commands
The Prince of Idols with his gloomy Bands
Down to those Deeps, where endless Torture dwells,
Beneath the solid darkness of a thousand Hells.

God's and his *David's* Son, the wond'rous Heir
Of Heav'n and Earth, thy tuneful Rhimes declare :
No Man of Sorrows now, nor meanly Crown'd
With blushing Thorns, nor barbarous Fetters bound ;
But in immense *Eternal* Brightness plac'd,
With all his Fathers ancient Glories grac'd ;
Great, Pure, Immortal, always Blest, Sublime,
Before the *first*, beyond the *last* of Time ;
Where to the Name of their triumphant King,
Hymns sweet as *Thyme*, extatick Angels sing.

What poor Evangelists prescrib'd of old,
And studious Priests still to their Flocks unfold ;
Was, till of late, by pious Crowds admir'd,
Their Tales Authentick as their Minds Inspir'd ;
Now Damn'd as plain and low, tho' mystick all,
Truth must before the Dagon Nonsense fall.

A dull lewd Song to *Celia* dubs the Wit,
When, with his Title proud, the senseless Chit

And

Defies his Maker, and his Dictates scorns,
And Heav'n to ridicule and banter turns:
Truth for his Fancy must be gayly drest,
Like the *May Lady* at some Country Feast.

In thy smooth Verse stands that unchanging Truth,
With Beauties varnish'd and adorn'd with Youth;
Drest in Poetick robes of Flame and Light,
Pleasant as Morning, and as Mid-day bright;
Thy Verse may Charm him who the Preacher flies,
Reform the Brute, and make the Senseless Wise.

So when a Devil malignant *Saul* posselt,
And broke the quiet of his tortur'd Breast;
When Rage and Folly in his Thoughts combin'd,
Diseas'd his Body, and disturb'd his Mind;
His Harp the gay *Jessean Psalmist* strung,
And to his Harp some sacred *Anthem* sung;
So smooth his Voice, so swift his flying Hand
Did trembling Notes and chiding Strings command;
So much of Heav'n did the black Spirit confound,
Nor cou'd his Hell support the charming sound;
But from his Throne the proud Usurper flew,
While Musicks Terrors did his flight pursue,
And *Saul's* rebellious Thoughts and inward Rage subdue.

Sic puer Elkanides Domini resupinus in Æde

Summissâ athereos excipit aure sonos,

Afflatuq; sacro Divinos concipit Ignes,

Et subito in vaturn proruit Ipse modos:

Tu, Juvenis, rapis Arma prior, Musasq; profanas

In pia Christicolûm; maxime, castra refers.

Maecte animis Wesseie tuis, repetitaq; Christi,

Gesta subacta magis pensa secunda dabunt.

Raptim.

L. Milbourne.

To

To my Ingenious Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY,
on his Poem the Life of CHRIST.

Chris't's Life! And sung in English Poetic!
Who of our Bards durst e'er essay't till thee!
Their Pens are idly busy for the Stage,
To humour there the Genias of the Age;
Their cheif design is still to please the Pe,
And there expose the Folly of their Wit;
But every Theme that's Noble and Divine,
With awkward Modesty they still decline:
About the sacred Ark they trembling stand,
But dare not touch with their unballow'd Hand;
They plead, alas! They've too prophane a Muse,
And urge their very Crimes for their excuse.
Dryden alone, swoll'n with a nobler Pride,
Out of the common road once step'd aside;
Bravely went on where Milton broke the Ice,
And sweetly mourn'd the loss of Paradise;
Richly embroyder'd his old fashion'd Ground,
And still refin'd the golden Oar he found;
Each Comeliness up to a Beauty wrought,
Polish'd each Line and beighten'd every Thought;
What Mortal cou'd have been with him compar'd,
As he began had he but Persever'd!
Cowley indeed (his Works sufficient proof)
For this great Theme — }
At once was Poet and was Saint enough.
Had he the blessed Jesus made his choice,
He'd Heav'nly Skill to sing, and Heav'nly Voice;
But on his Type he rather chose to write,
His shadow, yet himself a glorious Light;
David, that mighty Man, employ'd his pains,
He David sung, and sung with David's strains;
Scarce cou'd the Musick of his charming Lyre
Of whom he sang, more please, or more inspire:

But

But ah! While he too nigh to *Heav'n* did soar,
 The *Angels* caught his Soul o'th' *Wing*, and bore
 To their blest *Quire*, whence he return'd no more:
 Around him strait the wond'ring *Seraph's* throng,
 And beg from him a more *Seraphick Song*;
 He sang, their high tun'd *Harps* they higher raise,
 And strive to play a *Consort* to his *Lays*;
 But such high *Notes* immortal *Cowley* sings,
 As stretch'd their low'd, their everlasting *Strings*;
 So his great *Hero's* drawn but to the *Wast*;
 And but the *Scheme* of what shou'd follow cast!
 Yet all must needs *admire*, when it they view,
 Both what he *did*, and what he *meant* to do.
 O that some happy *Muse* wou'd yet go on,
 And *finish* what so nobly is *begun*!
 But *Dauid's* must (*I fear*) remain,
 Wish'd to be *finish'd*, but ne'er *undertaken*:
 Yet thou from *Cowley* hast this *Honour* won,
 He sang but *David*, thou his greater *Son*:
 A bold *Attempt*, yet manag'd so by you,
 We must your *Courage* praise, and *Conduct* too;
 So great the *Theme*, and yet so sweet the *Song*,
 The *God* thou sing'st doth sure inspire thy *Tongue*:
 Thou open'st all the *Treasuries* above,
 And shew'st the *Wonders* of *Almighty Love*:
 How the *eternal Father* made a *Child*,
 With awful *sweetness* in the *Manger* Smil'd;
 The various *bazards* which his *Nonage* ran,
 Until the *Infant God* grew up to *Man*;
 Then drawing o'er his *radiant Head* a *Cloud*,
 To shew the *Man*, a while the *God* you *shron'd*;
 And to a *Scene* of *Sorrow* guid'd our *Eye*,
 The mournful *Glories* of sad *Calvary*;
 They raise him to the *Cross*, and there *deride*;
 The Holy *Jesus* pitty'd them, and *Dy'd*.
 Then how the *World* its *Makers death* bemoan'd,
Heav'n wept, *Winds* sigh'd, *Earth* quak'd, whole *Nature* groan'd;
 Next how that *Death* our *Sins* did *Expiate*,
 How great the *Purchase*! But how dear the *Rate*!
 This, and much more thy *Muse*, great *Wesley*, sings,

Thy

Thy *Flow'rs* are more, and sweeter than the *Springs*;
Which with fresh beauties ev'ry *Verse* adorn,
Sprightly as *Light*, and fragrant as the *Morn*;
Thy lofty *Wit* 's by solid *Judgment* fix'd;
Thy fruitful *Fancy* with deep *Learning* mix'd:
Their mingled *Glories* sparkle in each *Line*,
Each *Word* both speaks thee *Poet* and *Divine*,
Go on, great *Bard*, still let thy tuneful *Lyre*
Strike *Envy* dumb, and teach her to admire.

Thomas Taylor.

c

To

To his Ingenious Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY,
on his Excellent Poem call'd the Life of Christ.

SURE there's some dearth of Wit starves every Age,
And few yet felt the true Poetic Rage.
Each Pagan Clown engross'd the Muses care,
And like his fellow Beasts, was dub'd a Star;
Huge brawny Limbs claim'd all the Poets song,
And 'twas exceeding Virtue to be strong;
But now — The God, the God! — Be gone Prophane!
Nor with unhallow'd Gifts the Altars stain:
Saturnian Days again enrich the Year,
And promis'd Months in golden Orbs appear.
Again the Mantuan Genius charms the Plains
With more than mighty Maro's lofty strains.
Big with prophetick Fury, Virgil taught
Th' astonish'd World, what Wonders shou'd be wrought.
Under dark Types he veil'd the Heav'nly Birth,
And brought the Godlike Infant smiling to the Earth.
Each beauteous Line the future God confest,
At length amaz'd, to Wesley left the rest.
So the bright Guardian Star with pointed Ray,
Shone thro' the East and gilt the dusky way,
And told the Sages where their Saviour lay;
Then conscious of its Trust, withdrew from sight,
That they might pay their Offerings, where that pay'd 'its light.
Here, here, the God to Wesley's Charge repairs,
And with his Presence crowns the Poets Cares:
Wesley! A Name which in just numbers Shines!
A Name immortal as his sacred Lines!
To thee, great Bard, the darling Muses owe
That freedom which on others they bestow.
Touch'd with the Beauties of Seraphick Love,
Unbody'd and unchain'd from flesh they move.
Nor Phyllis now, nor Strephon's Complaints prevail,
The wretched burthen of some whining Tale;
But the chaste Sisters now their Dross refine,
Poets are truly Priests, and Poetry's Divine.

See!

See! How in tuneful Verse the Infant reigns,
 And with soft Looks beguiles his Mothers pains!
 Pleas'd with thy Song, he less Attentive hears
 Th' harmonious Musick of the charming Spheres;
 Bids Angels cease their Notes, that *Wesley's* Lays
 May urge with more effect their young Redeemers praise.
 O more than Man! Whence comes this sacred Fire,
 That doth with sparkling Rage thy Breast inspire?
 Sure thou'st a second Rape on Heav'n perform'd,
 And with arm'd Hands *Ethereal* Forges form'd:
 Nought but the Gods own flames cou'd thus dispence
 So healing and so kind an Influence.

Beauties shine thro' the Work, adorn the whole,
 Chain up the Sense, and captivate the Soul.
 Whether thou sing'st the dying Hero's fame,
 And in loud sighs groan'st forth thy Maker's Name,
 When tyr'd with Flesh, he quits the humane load,
 And Heav'n, and Earth, and *Jews* confess the God;
 Or thy bold Muse with heighten'd Pinnions flies,
 And brings her Charge exalted to the Skies;
 Thy Verse thro' starry Hosts the God convey,
 And with new Glories paint the milky way.

To thy great Name what Altars shall we raise?
 None but the God thou sing'st can give sufficient praise.
 As when of old some pious Saints essay'd
 To please high Heav'n, and annual Off'rings paid,
 Struck with the sacred Horror of the place,
 And prostrate on the Ground, they veil'd their Face.
 With awful distance, and with trembling bows,
 Their Wonder fully paid their promis'd Vows:
 So we amaz'd at thy vast Work retire,
 And where we ought to Sacrifice, admire.

June 23. 1693.

William Pittis,

Fellow of *New-College* in *Oxon.*

To his Reverend Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY,
on his Poem of the Life of CHRIST.

Τὴν Δεῖν, τὴν Ἡρώα, λέγ' ἀνδρῶν, Κελευθόμαρ. Pindar.

W Hilst others write of Criminal Amours,
And how they vainly spend their vacant Hours,
Your Phantasy's more sublime; it soars above
The mean Intrigues of their inglorious Love:
Wretchedly they, debase a noble Art,
And only touch the Ears; but you the Heart.
You, (with Columbus,) not alone delcric,
But conquer (Cortez-like,) new Worlds in Poetry.
Sure 'twas the same great Master of the Quire
That did direct the Royal Psalmist's Lyre,
Who your Seraphick Breast did thus inspire:
A God Incarnate is a Theme to Great,
It shou'd be manag'd at no vulgar Rate;
Nor have you done it. For, in ev'ry Line,
We read (at once) the Poet, and Divine:
The Muses thus to you the Graces be,
And thus Parnassus is Mount Calvary.
You (modestly Ambitious of fair Fame)
Take a sure course to immortalize your Name.
For, till this Fabrick of the World shall end,
And a devouring Conflagration blend
Both Heav'n and Earth together; till we see
Time swallow'd up of vast Eternity;
Till then, your Verse shall be preserv'd alive,
And almost Nature's aged self survive.

June 23. 1692

Henry Cutts.

Fellow of New College in Oxon.

To Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, on his Poem of the
Life of CHRIST.

BLeft are the *Bards* who, fill'd with Godlike *Fire*,
Dare, like its *Flames*, to native *Heav'n* aspire,
Commence here *Angels*, and, in equal *Lays*,
Praise him alone whom *Saints* and *Seraphs* praise;
On sacred *Themes* a sacred *Rage* they use,
Advance their *Art*, and *deifie* their *Muse*.
These, *Poets* are! *Thou*, *Wesley*, than art blest;
No mortal *Beauty* fires thy glowing *Breast*;
Thy *Heart*, thy *Soul* with the whole *God* possessest.
No *Spurious God*, such as at *Delphos* spoke,
And dubious *Answers* sold for impious *Smoke*.
But that bright *infant Son* whose dawning *Ray*
Drove *Shades*, and *Sprights*, and *Gods of Night* away;
Who his true *Godhead* at his *Birth* display'd,
And crush'd, at once, *Hell's* dreadful *Serpent's head*.
Who bears, with ease, this pond'rous *Fabric's* load,
Makes conscious *Nature* tremble at his *Nod*,
And *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and *Hell* confess the *God*.
Who out of *Nothing* swarms of *Worlds* cou'd bring
Of *Light* invisible th' unfathomable *Spring*;
Sole, first, and last, still round himself he rolls
In th' undivided *Triple-stream*, above the reach of *Souls*.

Hold, headstrong *Muse*, nor, in thy scanty *Verse*,
Attempt his boundless *Wonders* to rehearse;
Nor, offering *Incense* with unhallow'd *Fire*,
Like *Nadab* in revenging *Flames* expire.
The *Right*, the *Power* of chanting such a *Song*
To none but consecrated *Bards* belong.
None but *Apelles*, *Alexander* drew;
A nobler *Draught* to nobler *Hands* is due.
So, *Wesley*, when we thought, with pious *Awe*,
No *Pencil* fit thy suffering *God* to draw,
Perform'd by thine the mighty *Task* we see;
Or he, thy *Lord*, has done the *Work* by thee.

Thy

Thy Choice, like pious *Mary's*, is the best,
While Others live with *Martha's* Cares oppress'd;
When once engag'd, unknowing to go back,
Yet doom'd each Hour their wearied Minds to rack,
To sooth a dull, ungrateful, impious Age;
Th' eternal Drudges of the *Press* and *Stage*.
Baffled this Moment, thoughtless of the past,
Still rich in Hopes, and wretched to the last;
Witty by Fits, but oft'ner dull than wise,
And fond of Fame, which yet they sacrifice.

Ah! cruel Fortune! Tyrane of my Life,
To Fools so kind, with Poets still at strife,
Thou may'st constrain thy Slave to lose his Right
To dear-bought Fame, the Poet's best Delight;
But never, never shall my Honor be,
Thou Prostitute, a Prostitute to thee.
Nor will I use a Spark of heavenly Fire
Chast Flames to quench, and kindle loose Desire;
Or, to mean Flattery and worse Falshoods bent,
Poison the Weak, and stab the Innocent.

Ah! must I never, in bold Numbers, sing
Britain's great Rulers and Heav'n's greater King!
Ev'n our wing'd Brother-Poets of the Grove
Strive here below to Rival those above.
Each Morning they their warbling Voices raise,
Inspir'd by Nature Nature's God to praise.
The lab'ring Hind by them beguiles his Cares,
Yet by his Arts their callow Brood ensnares.
Then blinded, taught t' unlearn their native Strain,
And cag'd for Life, the Wretches sing for Grain.

So 'tis with us: Alike by Nature free,
Our Lays were Sacred as our Deity;
But by a selfish World enslav'd, while young,
Blinded by Vice, we're taught a meaner Song;
Kept close and bare, we ne'er enjoy the Spring,
The Town our Cage, where we must starve or sing.

Much happier *Wesley*! wiser grown betimes,
Thou left'st its Hurry, for more peaceful Climes;
Nor, while thy Mind a short Repose enjoy'd,
Was thy chaste Muse on trifling Themes employ'd:

Tales

Tales of an angry Warrior's sullen Grief,
 The tedious Voyage of a crafty Chief,
 Troy, which a Horse could conquer in a Night,
 Or a false Wand'rer's fatal Loves and Flight:
 These ne'er could pay the Poet's Cares and Toils;
 The costly Seeds were lost in barren Soils.
 Nobler thy Choice, and happier thy Essay,
 Modest yet bold, Majestic and yet gay;
 As *Autumn* ripe, yet flourishing as *May*.

But here, my Friend, thou check'st my zealous Muse,
 And bid'st me, for thy God my Incense use;
 Thou shun'st the Praise which thy own Virtue draws;
 And can'st deserve, but can'st not hear Applause.

Know, 'tis beneath thy Friend to make thee vain;
 I praise thee not: Yet must I praise thy Strain,
 I may — Since Men, when they applaud thy Lays,
 The Prophets great Inspirer only praise.

Yet tho' to God alone the Praise belong,
 With him and thee we share the pleasing Song.

Thus *Aaron* Incense on its Altar laid,
 And, while attending *Israel* bow'd and pray'd;
 The balmy Steams, for Heav'n alone prepar'd,
 The Priest, the People, and the Godhead shar'd.

Peter Motteux.

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T H E

THE ARGUMENT OF THE First BOOK.

THE Proposition. The Invocation. Our Saviour's Ascent on Mount Tabor, with his three Disciples; whence they take a View of the Country about it. The Transfiguration. After which our Saviour descends from the Mount; and after having foretold his Passion, going through Galilee approaches Jerusalem. And, in his Passage thither over Mount Olivet, raises Lazarus from the dead: Then being invited by Simon the Leper to a Feast, in whose House the Destruction of Sodom is described on a Suit of Hangings; Mary Magdalen there anoints his Feet. The next day he descends to Jerusalem, and makes his triumphant Entry into the City, attended by vast Crouds of People, bearing Palms, and singing Hosanna's. Whence he retires in the Evening to Mount Olivet; which is described, with the Country about it. The Description of the Garden next Gethsemane, and our Saviours usual Employment there. A Digression concerning Divine Love, and virtuous Friendship. A Character of the three Disciples, Peter, James, and John. Their Descent from the Mount to Jerusalem; where in the Temple, they are met by Joseph of Arimathea, who formerly, in the Country, had seen many of our Saviour's Miracles. Hence he takes em with him to his pleasant Garden on the side of Calvary; where being met by his Friends, Nicodemus and Gamaliel, they put them on a Discourse of our Saviour's Life and Miracles. Which ends the First Book.

THE

THE LIFE OF CHRIST: A Heroic Poem.

BOOK I.



Sing the *Man* who reigns enthron'd on *high*;

* I sing the *God*, who not disdain'd to dye:
Him, whom each *modest Seraph* trembling
sings,

The most *afflicted*, yet the best of *Kings*;
Who from th' *Eternal Father's* side came down,
Stript of his *Starry Diadem* and *Crown*;
From *Satan's Chains*, to ransom captive Men,
And drive him to his own *sad Realms* again.
What *Pain*, what *Labour* did he not endure,
To close our *Wounds*, and *Happiness* secure?

B

He

Proposition.
1 Eph. 20.
21.
Phil. 2. 6, 8.
Acts 20. 28.

John 8. 42.
Rev. 12. 10.
Rev. 5. 9.

He still was doing *Good*, and let us see
 1 Pet. 2. 21. By his *Example*, what we ought to be
 Taught us a *perfect Law*, unknown before;
 Did by his *Merits* the lost World restore,
 1 Pet. 2. 24. And gave his *Life*, when he could give no more:
 Hence a *new* Race of *Times* and Men began,
 And *happy Years* in decent *Order* ran:
 Hence *Faith* and *Truth* again to Earth return,
 And lost *Astraea* we no longer mourn.

Mat. 20. 48. So vast the Work, *Apostate Man* to save!

20

Mar. 10. 45. So great the Price our dear Redeemer gave!

1 Cor. 6. 20. Nor will he his propitious Aid refuse.

7. 23.

The same my God, my Hero and my Muse,
 Who sing his *Life*; a Work immense and rare,
 Too heavy for an Angel's strength to bear:
 The mighty *Masters* of the tuneful Throng,
 Whose numerous *Souls* are struck with sacred Song,
 Whose *Names* the World out-last, the Sun out-shine,
 Immortal Cowley, Herbert all divine
 Beheld the *weighty Task*, but durst not stay,
 And wisely shrunk their *conscious Arms* away:
 How then shall I, a *nameless Thing*, presume,
 Unmark'd, unknown, to fill their sacred room;
 Sunk in the useless Crowd by Birth and Fate,
 Sunk lower by *unequal Fortune's Weight*?

30

Invocation.

O Thou, whose Word this *ALL* of nothing made,
 And when thou hadst each *beauteous Scene* survey'd,
 Pronounc'd it *Good*; Let thy kind Spirit shine
 Gen. 1. 4, 10, 12, 18, 21, Through every part of this *New World* of mine!
 25, 31. Both *Light* and *Being* by thy *FIAT* give,
 Gen. 1. 3. And *This* through *Thee*, as long as *Time* shall live!

40

Two Worlds already did our *LORD* confess,
 And sure the *Third*, his *Own*, could do no less:
 Glad *Earth* and trembling *Hell* just Witness gave,
 Mat. 21. 9. These to *subdue*, and those he came to *save*:
 Mark 11. 9. His ransom'd *Subjects* loud *Hosanna's* sing,
 Luk. 19. 38. His *Rebels* fled, and knew their *angry King*:
 John 12. 13. His *Rebels* fled, and knew their *angry King*:
 Mat. 8. 18. Already he in *Desarts* wast and wild
 Mark 5. 7. In God-like *Innocence* severely mild,
 Luke 8. 27. In God-like *Innocence* severely mild,
 &c.

Mat. 1. 10, Had met the *Tyrant* of the *Realms* below,
 11.

50

And

And conquer'd *Hand to Hand* the mighty *Foe* :
 Curling he fled, as when *transfix'd* he fell,
 With all the doubled *Spite* and *Rage* of *Hell* :
Heav'n does at last in its own *Cause* appear ;
 The *strongest Forces* must maintain the *Rear* :
 Th' *Inhabitants* of those bright *Realms of Day*,
 Must *Homage* to their mighty *Master* pay,
 Tho' veil'd in humble *Robes of Mortal Clay* :

Tabor the Place to prove his *Mission* true,

Mount *Tabor* describ'd,

60 Where *Heav'n* and *Earth* must have an *Interview* :

Exod. 19. 20.

That *Mount of God*, as *Sinai* long before,
 The upper *Worlds* whole *Weight* descending bore :

Lovely it look'd like some *Divine Abode*,

All beauteous as the *Paradise of God* :

Steep is th' *Ascent*, but when the *Top* you gain,

It more than recompences all your *Pain*,

Presenting the pleas'd *Eye* an *even Plain* ;

And underneath, around the spacious *Coast*

The noblest *Prospect* *Jury's Land* can boast :

70 If *East* inclin'd to *North* you cast your *Eye*,

* *Royal Tiberias* thence with *Ease* you'll spy,

Whose wealthy *Citizens* their pleasure take

In numerous *Boats* upon the neighb'ring *Lake* :

While *Ships* of greater *Bulk* with decent *Pride*

Their *Penons* waving, *Sails* extended wide,

Traverse its length, or run from side to side :

Beyond whose *Eastern* bounds far off you see

With pleasant *Horror* *Stony Arabia* :

Kishon to *South*, whose *Banks* new *Waters* fill,

80 When past by *Western Hermon's* gentle *Hill* :

A noble *River* now, tho' not so large

As when the *Stars* on *Israel's* side did charge ;

When o'r its *Crimson Waves* a ghastly throng

Bodies and *Shields* and *Helms* promiscuous roll'd along :

From thence 'twixt *West* and *North* it onward goes,

And near the *Walls* of little *Naim* flows,

Whence *Carmel's Mount* and *Grove* its *Waves* entice

To add new *Beauties* to that *Paradise* :

Where when the *Prophet Baal's* curst *Priests* did *slay*,

90 It wash'd their *Blood*, and *Israel's* *Stain* away :

Judg. 5. 20.
21.

1 Kings 18.
40.

Both hurry'd swift to the great *Western Flood*; *
 Within whose *Arms*, more *North*, rich *Tyrus* stood;
 Her *Walls* so strong, nor *Sea*, nor *Land* they fear:
 And farther on, her *Sister Sidon* near,
 Under fair *Libanus* you might descry
 Where *Clouds* at once and that obstruct your *Eye*:
 Thence back to *South* direct your *Sight* again,
 You'll *Jezreel* see, and rich *Megiddo's Plain*:

1 Kings 21. Proud *Jezreel*, where unhappy *Naboth* fell, *
 6, 7, &c. Whose guiltless *Blood* cost that of *Jezebel*.

100

To this fair *Mount* did our blest *Lord* ascend;
 Mat. 17. 1, Three *Witnesses* must thither him attend,
 2, &c. Two, destin'd *Martyrs*, and the third his *Friend*;
 Mark 9. 2, *Zebedee's* happy *Sons*, whose mighty *Name*
 &c. From awful *Thunder*, scarce more active, came;
 Luke 19. 28. *Cephas* before 'em both in *Zeal* and *Fame*:
 &c. Mark 3. 17. These with his more peculiar *Favour* blest,

He with him takes, and leaves beneath the rest.

Scarce had the cheerful *Harbinger* of *Day*
 Clapt his bright *Wings* and warn'd the *Shades* away,
 E'r our still watchful *Saviour*, who denies
 The *Sun*, his *shades*, before himself should rise,
 Had conquer'd *Tabor's* hoary top, and there
 Yet higher mounts in ardent *Hymns* and *Prayer*:
 No earthly *Thought*, no *sublunary* thing
 Could clog his tow'ring *Souls Seraphic Wing*:
 He pass'd through all the glittering *Guards* on high,
 Who staid their *Songs*, and bow'd as he went by,
 Nor stop'd but at his *Father's* radiant *Throne*,
 "The great *Three-One* —"

110

He ask'd and had, and beckon'd thence away,
 (Gladly all *Heav'n* his lov'd *Commands* obey.)
 Two of the *brightest Saints* which fill the *Place*
 Ay-gazing on the *Beatifick Face*:

120

That faithful *Leader* of the chosen *Band*
 Who Nature sway'd with his *Almighty Wand*,
 Whom quaking *Sinai* shew'd so much before,
 That *Heav'n* it self could hardly now do more:

Exod. 19. 18

Heb. 12. 18.

2 Kings 2.

11.

And him who on the *glorious Wings* of *Morn*
 In a bright *wondrous Car* to *Dis* was born;

130

Whose



St. An.
St. An.
St. An.



Book I. Pag: 5.

*Mat: 17
Mar: 9
Luc: 9*

Nº 3.

Whose Soul of Flames as pure as warm was made,
As those which him to his Reward convey'd:
ELIAS, who to Heav'n triumphing rode,
* MOSES, expiring with the Kiss of God:
* Thus Law and Prophets their Perfection find
In him, the Hope, the Price of lost Mankind:
Meeker than Moses, whilst his Zeal flam'd higher,
Than his who shew'd the Way to Bliss in Fire:

Upon the shivering Mountain's Brow they walk'd,
140 And things unutterable look'd and talk'd:

* Talk'd of his wond'rous Passion, wond'rous Love;
A Riddle pos'd the very Best above:
They knew their L O R D so long enthron'd on high,
They knew he must, yet knew he could not die;
The Light of Light hymn'd by the Heav'nly Quire,
The Coessential Son of his Ambly Sight.

Mat. 17. 1.
to 9.
Mark 29. 2.
to 8.
Luke 9. 28.
to 36.

While thus new Mysteries they still discern'd,
And more than Heav'n it self could teach them; learn'd,
Dull Slumbers the three Winkles surpris'd,

150 And heavy Chamber'd Sleep fast seal'd their Eyes:

Luke 9. 31.

With their short Vigils tir'd, supine they lay,
Till them their Master turning all survey,
From his lov'd Face he shot a piercing Beam,
Which rous'd them all from their inglorious Dream;
They gaz'd a while, but found the Scene too bright,
And fled again th' insufferable Light.

Thus, when at the last dreadful hour of Doom
Th' Arch-Angel's Trump shall wake each silent Tomb;
When God's Pavilion in the Clouds is spread,

160 Keen Rays of Lightning wreath'd around the Head,

O'rburthen'd Nature at the sight would fly,
Again would be encomb'd; again would die.

But now our Lord his Glories part repress'd,
And mildly veils and mitigates the rest:

Again they look'd, what wond'rous things they saw?

Not they themselves the shining Scene could draw,

If yet alive—What Glory and what Grace!

Daz'ling his Form, ineffable his Face:

That Prophet's who from trembling Sinai came,

170 Was dress'd in a far less illustrious Flame:

Exod. 34. 35.

The

The Sun shrunk back his *Head* but newly shown,
Eclips'd with stronger *Splendor* than his own :
 Like those *eternal Youths* which ever dwell
 Near *Light's* and *Beauty's* unexhausted Well :
 Young *Cherubs* look thus glittering and thus gay,
 Adorn'd in all their *festal Robes*, when they
 Some mighty *Message* to the World convey :
 His *seamless Robe* than new fall'n Snow more white, *
 One radiant *Pillar* all of sparkling *Light* :
 Far did it *Mortal Art's* best strokes outline,
 All o'r the *Workmanship of Hands Divine* :
 But *Heav'nly things* we to base *Earth* compare,
 So *Night* like *Day*, *Shades* like the *Sun* are fair :
 So the bold *Painter's Art* pretends to show
 Beauteous as those above, feign'd *Clouds* below.

180

Next him the two great *Prophets* them surprise
 With *modest Glories*, only less than his :
 Such as the twinkling *Stars* clear *Silver Ray*
 To th' stronger *Lustre of the Golden Day*.

An *Heav'nly Joy* seiz'd each *Disciple's Breast*,
 Too big or to be *stif'd* or *express'd* :
Reason at Revelation must *expire* ;
 What wonder if the *Sun* should damp the *Fire* ?

190

Thus when young *Prophets* have a *Vision* seen,
 Or labour with th' *unequal God* within ;
 With *sacred Rage* inspir'd they're now no more
 Mild, calm and peaceful as they were before :
 New *Wildness* in their *Looks* and *Eyes* we find,
 And ev'ry *Mark of a disorder'd Mind* ;

200

Nature does then beyond it self appear ;
 Thus *Cephas* look'd, thus the blest *Pair* look'd here :
 All that they *knew* was *Pleasure* mixt with *Pain*,
 All that they *fear'd* was *losing it again* :

When *Cephas* thus — "Dread *Master*, if we e'r

"Were thy peculiar *Love*, and tend'rest *Care*,

"In this blest *Place* for ever let us stay,

"Rather than *Us*, O take our *Lives* away ;

"Three *humble Tabernacles* soon we'll rear

"For *Thee*, and these *Illustrious Strangers* here :

"Nor has ev'n *God* himself disdain'd to dwell

210

"In

"In the poor *Tents* of his lov'd *Israel*.

Exod. 11. 18.

Scarce from his *Lips*, the last swift *Accent* flies

34

E're still new *Scenes* of *Miracles* arise!

For lo! a *Cloud* wafts through th' enlight'ned *Air*,

Mat. 17. 5.

Those which a *Summer Ev'ning* drefs, less fair;

Mark 9. 7.

A wond'rous *Cloud*, the *Morn* it self less bright,

Luke 9. 34.

Wove from the finest *Threads* of *Heav'nly Light*:

Such as far off in those *blest Regions* stray,

Where *God's* high *Throne* scatters *eternal Day*:

220 Such that *strange Cloud* that made the *World's* first *Morn*, Gen. 1. 3.

Before the *Stars* or *Sun* itself was born:

That *Pillar* such which did from *Egypt* come,

Exod. 13. 21.

And piloted the *chosen Nations* home;

From *Earth* to *Heav'n* did its broad *Top* aspire,

Miraculous *Mixture*! 'twas both *Shade* and *Fire*:

And lo, it *comes*, and lo, they strive in vain;

Their fault'ring *Knees* their *Bodies* can't sustain:

Celestial Lustre ev'n through *Clouds* survey'd

Must sink the strongest *Frame* of *Matter* made:

230 Blunted with *Wonders* and exhausted all

Their *Spirits* forsake their *Task*—so *down they fall*;

So *down they fall*, dissolv'd in reverend *Fear*;

But first a *Voice*, an awful *Voice* they hear,

The *Voice* of *God*, in *Thunder* drest no more,

As when he stoop'd on *Sinai* heretofore;

Thunder and *Darkness* then the *World* did fright,

But now the *Voice* is calm, the *Cloud* is bright:

"Th' *Eternal Father*, First o'th' great *Three-One*

"*Mildly* attesting his *Eternal Son*;

240 "Whate'r he spake, not *Truth* it self more clear,

"*Commanding them* and all the *World* to hear:

They *hear*, but dare not him who speaks it meet,

So *down they fall*; and kiss their *Masters Feet*:

Nor long his kind and speedy *Succour* stays;

He *touch'd*, whose very *Touch* the *Dead* can raise,

Their *lifeless Limbs*, and him they *rising* praise:

Around they look'd, but could no more descry

That *Heav'nly Pair*, whose happy *Company*

They late enjoy'd, return'd to *Bliss*, to show

250 To those *above*, what they had learn'd *below*:

Thus

Thus *Holy Souls* from *dregs* of *Sin* refin'd,
 Whose *Frames* are little less than perfect *Mind*,
 Whose *Converse* and *Acquaintance* with the *Blest*
Commences here, and half their *Heav'n's* possess:
 Thus, when to these through *Sleeps* thin *Curtains* shine
Angelic *Essences*, and *Forms Divine*,
 They sighing wake, and clasp the *empty Air*;
 Thus *Cephas*, thus the *Zebedean Pair*,
 And would have griev'd, had not our *Lord* been there;
 Who, free from worldly *Glories* vain desire,
 Unwarm'd at fond *Ambition's* foolish *Fire*,
 What they had seen commands 'em to conceal,
 Nor to the *World* those *sacred Truths* reveal,
 Till, when he conquer'd *Death*, and broke its *Chain*,
 That *Faith* to *this*, as *this* to *that* might gain.

260

Wond'ring they long revolv'd his deep intent,
 Nor fathom'd what those *strange Expressions* meant:
 How can he suffer sad *Rebuke* or *Pain*,
 How can he either *dye* or *rise* again?
 With a *kind Doubt* they these *sad Truths* receive:
 And what they *must* fain would they *not* believe:
 Till quitting *Tabor* he the same exprest
 To those beneath, with the same *Griefs* oppress:
 His *Pains*, his *Wounds*, and that *sad Scene* of *Woe*
 He for th' *ungrateful World* must undergo:
 How he must enter *Death's* uneasy *Gate*,
 The *Son of Man* must suffer *mortal Fate*:
 How then the *Son of God* must break the *Chain*
 And on the *third* glad *Morning* rise again.

270

Deep was the *Sorrow* seiz'd each *Loyal Breast*,
 When *Truths* so terrible their *Lord* express'd:
 All gladly, if they dar'd, would him reprove,
 As *Cephas* did with his too forward *Love*:
 Mistaken men! your kindness soars too high;
 Or *He*, or *you* and *all the World* must die:
 He knew the *fatal Price* that must be paid
 Long long before the *World's Foundations* laid;
 He knew the *Hour*, and thither did proceed,
 Where *He*, th' *atoning Lamb*, must mildly bleed;
 To proud *Jerusalem*, out-stretching high

280

Mat. 16. 23.
 Mar. 8. 33.

Eph. 1. 4.
 1 Pet. 1. 20.
 Rev. 13. 8.

290

Her

- Her lofty *Turrets*, glitt'ring in the Sky;
 Charg'd with so many a *Prophet's* Blood before
 The Guilt of *his* could only sink 'em more.
 Through *Galilee's* wild Coasts his *Progress* takes,
 But *unproclaim'd* and silent Journeys makes:
 In vain, alas, he strives to be conceal'd,
 He's like the *Sun* by his own *Rays* reveal'd:
 See where from far the *crowding* *Regions* meet;
 And cast th' *infirm* and *desp'rate* at his feet!
- 300 Where these from old *Bethabara* they bring,
 And these from *Father Jordan's* double Spring:
 Nor *Devils* nor *Diseases* longer stay,
 When warn'd by his Almighty Voice away.
 The *Lame* their Feet without their *Crutches* find,
 * His *Word*, as to the World, gives Light to th' *Blind*, }
 Such *Light* as cheers at once their *Eyes* and *Mind*.
 What *Angel's* *Eloquence* cou'd equal prove
 To all the *Wonders* of his *Pow'r* and *Love*? }
 How oft, with the long *Days* *fatigues* oppress'd, }
- 310 His *Works* the *God*, his *pain* the *Man* confest,
 His toilsom *Labour* call'd for gentle *rest*?
 Oft least *officious* *Crowds* shou'd him *surprize*,
 He from the *Sea* seeks what the *Land* denies,
 In a *small* *Boat* of fair *Bethsaida's* *Town*
 * Which *Zebedee* and faithful *Cephas* own:
 These, once when length'ning *Shadows* warn'd away
 From the dim *Heav'ns* the *dying* *Lamp* of *Day*
 He bids forsake the *Galilean* *Shore*,
 And with his *faithful* *Houshold* waft him o'r
- 320 * For *Gadaras* strong *Turrets*, rais'd so high
 As *Heav'n* and *Earth*, they'd both at once *defy*:
 They *lancht*, whilst he his humble *Cabin* takes
 And *sleeps*, tho' all his *Guard* of *Angels* wakes:
 When strait a thick *black* *mist* began to rise
 Still dark'ning more and more the *disappearing* *Skies*: }
 Old *Zebedee* by long experience, wise,
 When first intent he view'd the thick'ning *Air*,
 Calls up his *Mates*, and bids for *Storms* prepare;
 He to the *Helm*, he knew to *guide* it best,
- 330 And to their well known *Quarters* all the rest:
 C

Not

Nor needless was his *Caution* or their *Hast*,
 With one black *Mantle* strait all *Heav'n's* o'rcast :
 Whether the *Enemy* assay'd in vain,
 What he had lost at *Land*, at *Sea* to gain ;
 Or hop'd he by *surprizal* might prevail,
 Where by *fair Force* he durst no more *assail* :
 Mark 4. 38. Or whether *Nature* only sent the *Storm*
 T'experience what her *Master* cou'd perform ;
 Suffer'd by him whose *Word* can *Storms* remove,
 To shew his *God-like Pow'r*, and *God-like Love* :
 But whether it from *Nature's Storehouse* fell,
 Or issu'd from the *balèful Caves* of *Hell* ;
 Still more and more its *threatning Rage* prevails,
 And from the *Mast* soon rends the *Paper-Sails* :
 The *Dead-Sea* roars , and *fulph'rous Vapours* come *
 In rolling *Flames*, from its *Infernal Womb*,
 From *Regions* wide away loud *Ruine* bear ,
 As gathering *Thunders* bellow round the *Air*.
 Old *Jordan* hears, its *Waters* backward run
 (As thrice before) the fatal *Shock* to shun , *
 Against the *Stream* rolls in th' *unnatural Tide*,
 And *should'ring Seas* upon each other ride :
Wind against *Wind*, *Floods* dashing *Floods* arise,
 One *Whirlpool* all the *Waves*, one *Whirl-wind* all the *Skies* :
 Cold *fleet* from every *Quarter* driving comes,
 And *Fear* as much each trembling *Hand* benums :
 While from the *Hollow* of a dreadful *Cloud*,
 Fates angry *Messengers* for passage crowd ,
 And o'r *affrighted Mortals* roar aloud :
 Broad *Sheets* of ghastly *Flame* from thence are sent
 Discovering either *wrathful Element*,
 Whose *Horrors* strike their *Eyes* with cruel *Light*,
 Thro' the dire *Chasms* of interrupted *Night* :
 They saw the boyling *Deep* roll wide away,
 While *Nature's* secret *Chambers* open lay :
 So vast the *Gulph*, it shew'd a *horrid Shore*,
 And *Rocks* and *Sands* and *Paths* unknown before ;
 Aloft black low'ring *Worlds* of *Water* rave,
 And greedy *Death* broods o'r each threat'ning *Wave*,
 Thither on *Surges* tumultuous they rise,

340

350

360

370

And

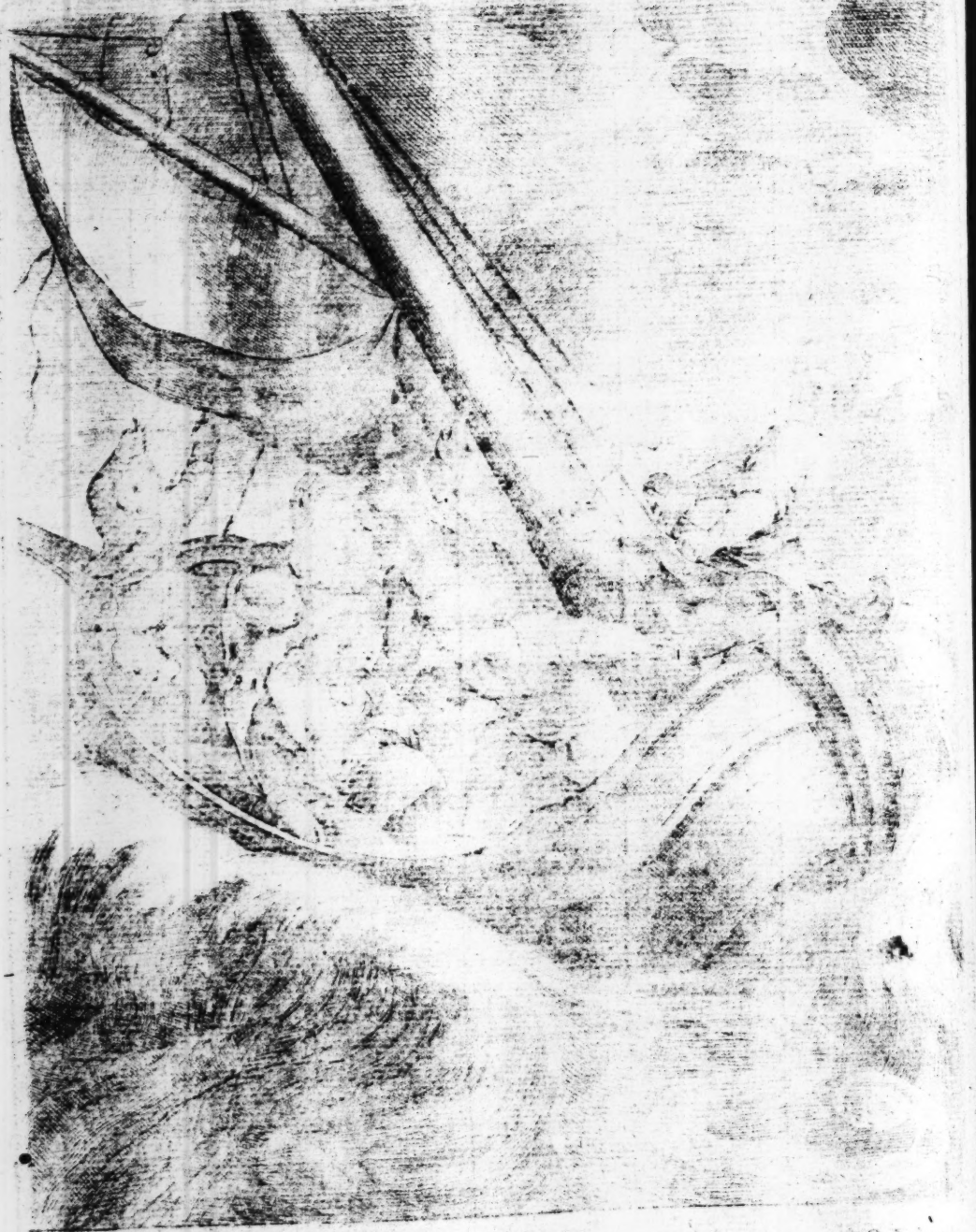


Act: 8

Book I. Pag: 10.

When first Lazarus was I told
 And when at the Fleetside Board,
 With Henry and with William good did see
 Of our journey and the faithful duty
 And now could they get us home, seated in

Nº 4.



- And hang on Pyramids, amidst the Skies.
 Whence they look down on Fate, which will not stay,
 But on the next curl'd Billow hasts away;
 Nor more his Art can the wise Sreerfman show,
 The Helm is gone, and the next staggering blow
 Drives in some treach'rous Plank, and down they go:
 Half fill'd with Waves, they on their Master think
 One dreadful Cry they make — We sink! we sink!
 All pray'd, but Judas most, and dreading Fate,
 380 Invoke the Saviour's Aid, if that not now too late.
 He rose, he came, he hear'd their gasping crys,
 He came with Love and Pity in his Eyes.
 Chid the mad Waves, rebuk'd the blust'ring Wind,
 These gently roll, that murmurs soft and kind,
 The Billows sink, not into a Gulph, but Plain,
 And mild Etesian Whispers on the Main:
 All in a moment hush'd and quiet laid,
 Still'd by his Word, as when the World he made:
 When Sooty Waves did first thro' Chaos roar,
 390 Whose turbid motion knew no rest nor shore:
 Till the Almighty Word its Bosom prest,
 And hovering o'r dispos'd to gentle rest,
 With a fair Birth thence did it pregnant prove,
 * And Light was born to Chaos and to Love.
 Thus here — when reaching strait the wish'd-for shore,
 All trembling kneel, and their dread Lord adore.
 Soon known the guilty Demons shun his sight,
 And sink, confessing, down to conscious Night:
 Yet more illustrious Wonders him attend,
 400 When last to Salem he his steps did bend,
 The Sun looks biggest near his Journeys end:
 For now, o'r lofty Olivet they go,
 And see far off the clust'ring Town below:
 Descending thence, among the Trees they spy
 Thy happy Walls, delightful Bethany!
 A Villa where good Lazarus was Lord,
 And often at his Hospitable Board,
 With Plenty and with Welcom spread did see
 * Our Saviour and his faithful Family.
 410 Nor cou'd they pass his Gates, invited in

By *Martha* and *repenting Magdalen* : *
Wife Martha still kept home, and safer there
 Her Brother's *Household* made her *humble Care*;
 Fair *Magdalena* had at *Court* been bred,
 On *Pleasures* downy *Pillows* laid her *Head*;
 There found her *Virtue* but a weak *Defence*,
 And lost her *Fame*, and lost her *Innocence*.

Her Soul by *Vanity* and *Pride* possess'd,
 And many a blacker soul *Infernal Guest* ;

7. Devils.

All which our *Saviour's Word* expell'd her *Breast*.

430

Each *Hell-bred Fiend* at once he chas'd away,
 Chas'd all the ugly *Mists*, and let in *Day*;

By a *severe Repentance* did restore,
 And made her *Soul* far *brighter* than before:

Thus an *illustrious Penitent* she prov'd,
 And much she *pray'd*, and much she *wept* and *lov'd* :

To *Bethany* then back did *grieving* come,
 By her kind *Brother* gladly *welcom'd* home;

Who now, beneath a *Fever's* mortal *Rage*,
 Beyond the feeble power of *Art* t' assuage,

440

For *Life*, just *gasping* lay; and by his *Bed*
 The *pos'd Physician* sadly *shakes* his *Head*,

Thence with *slow steps* in *silence* walks to th' *door*,
 Gives him for *gone*, his *Skill* can do no *more* :

Tho' first with *Grief* *confus'd* and *hurry'd* all,
 Their *absent Guest* at length to *mind* they call ;

To him in *hast* a *Messenger* they send,
 To come, if not too late, and *save* his *Friend*,

Him whom he *lov'd*. He bids 'em not *despair*,
 "There was no *danger*, and he'd soon be *there*:"

450

John 11. 6.

But whilst he in the *neighb'ring Regions* staid
 And from his *gasping Friend* his help *delaid*,

His *Soul* from *mortal Misery* was *fled*,
 And his cold *Corps* *entomb'd* among the *dead* ;

The *Funeral Pomp* t' his *widow'd House* return,
 And his *sad Sister's* *Loss* *condole* and *mourn* :

While deeply they remain'd *lamenting* here,
 Tidings at length were brought, our *Lord* was *near* :

The *Sisters* rise their *God-like Guest* to *meet*,
 And *prostrate* throw'n with *tears* embrace his *Feet*,

460

And

* B



Book I. Page 13.

Yon
N^o 5

- And tho' they cannot doubt his Love or Care;
Both join in this —
" Their Brother had not dy'd, had he been there;
The Jews, who the two Mourners still attend,
So good a Neighbour, and so kind a Friend
Justly lament, all his good Actions tell,
And own there's few that liv'd or dy'd so well
With such a general Tide of Grief oppress'd,
Our Saviour groan'd and wept among the rest: John 11. 35.
- 470 He own'd himself a Man, his Passions mov'd
Like ours, he wept the Loss of what he lov'd;
Agen he wept, agen did mildly groan;
When at the Grave arriv'd, a pond'rous Stone
After the antient Rite its Mouth secur'd,
(The Body in a spacious Vault immur'd)
This Jesus bids remove, when Martha cry'd,
" 'Tis now so long, dear Master, since he dy'd,
Such putrid Steams must needs infect the Air,
" As neither these, nor you his Friend can bear:
- 480 To whom our Lord in Belief and Wonders sees,
" Believe and leave the rest to Heav'n and Me.
The Stone remov'd, to Heav'n he lifts his Eyes,
And prays a while, then bids his Friend, arise
Tho' dead, the Son of God's dread Voice he knows,
Tho' dead, at his Almighty Voice he rose;
A Shout th' Croud amaz'd around 'em gives,
" Dread Son of God, they cry, he lives, he lives!
Upon his Neck the ravish'd Sisters fell,
And almost need another Miracle
- 490 Them from their furious Transports to revive,
Half dead with Joy, that he's agen alive
Nor here would our meek Saviour longer stay,
But from the faithless Croud withdraws away;
Withdraws the Elders Envy to repress,
And shelters in the lonely Wilderness. John 11. 44.
In doing good his happy hours he spent,
and scatter'd Miracles where e'r he went:
Here liv'd retir'd, till the great Pasch was nigh,
When he, th' immaculate Lamb, was doom'd to die.

Then

Then mildly back returns, devoted still } 500
 To do or suffer his great Father's Will.
 Descending from the Olive-bearing Hill.
 Rich Simon him accosts; nor long before
 Our Lord did him to humane Sight restore,
 A frightful Leper he, recluse remain'd;
 Till by his Word he Health and Ease regain'd
 On his Estate now splendid lives, and great,
 Near Bethany his fair Paternal Seat;
 Nor has he yet forgot how much he owes,
 But due Respect to his great Physician shows:
 Him passing near, he gently did arrest,
 And tells him, he that Night must be his Guest,
 Since he a little Banquet did prepare,
 And Lazarus and his Sisters would be there,
 He and his Twelve: Nor did our Lord deny
 His hospitable Wish to gratify
 Never morose or supercilious he;
 His Converse always open was and free;
 Life's moderate Pleasures taste, if in his way,
 If not, could as content, without e'm stay. } 520
 In a cool Summer Parlor all they found
 Prepar'd, rich Tyrian Carpets spread the Ground,
 Hangings as rich adorn'd the stately Room,
 The dear-bought Work of Sidon's noble Loom:
 On which, whilst on the Couch good Simon plac'd
 Our Lord and his, unsatisfi'd they gaz'd,
 Which Sodom's Fate inscrib'd so lively bore,*

Gen. 19. 24.

It look'd almost as dreadful as before:
 The Workman's Art did here so happy prove,
 You'd think the very Figures weep and move:
 And there so plain the flaming Cities show,
 Spectators fear, lest they should Statues grow;
 Like Lot's Apostate Wife — See where she stands,
 And backward throws her longing Eyes and Hands!
 Her Eyes and Hands, from whence warm Life was fled,
 These with a careless stroke left pale and dead.
 That Cheek that's nearest fresh and ruddy shows,
 T' other, as seems, each moment paler grows.
 Her Hair part hast'ning Fate did slowly bind,

And

530 And part still faintly waver'd in the Wind :
 One Foot seems rais'd, as thence its Load 'twould bear,
 But t' other, like a Statue's rooted there :
 Just half transform'd, as yet an equal Strife
 Betwixt Death's chilling Frost and struggling Life :
 'Till by degrees she seem'd of Sense bereft,
 And still the more you look'd, the less was left ;
 Yet in her Face, Fear, Anger, Pity strive,
 As skilful Artists make their Marble live :
 Not far before the good old Man appears,
 Thence by his Angels hasten'd, and his Fears ;
 The small Remains of Sodom with him bears,
 And moistens with his Tears his Silver Hairs :
 See him scarce reach'd to little Zoar's Walls,
 When from black Clouds the ruddy Vengeance falls :
 (Big drops of flaming Gold profusely spent
 To th' Life the fatal Show'r did represent :)
 See where the curst Inhabitants look pale,
 As down it drives on Siddim's guilty Vale !
 See where with fearful Shrieks they pierce the Sky !

550 Almost you'd think you heard the wretched Cry
 For what they long despis'd ; now all too late,
 Deep swallow'd in inevitable Fate.

Gen. 19.

Next see old Jordan from above prepare
 With Silver Streams, (true Silver Streams they were)
 To wash their Walls ; but when he heard the News,
 As fain he would the hated Task refuse,
 See where a while his Fate and theirs he shuns,
 * And bending back by strong Macherus runs !
 His Fate in vain he shuns by this short stay,

560 Relapsing through the Vale he glides away, }
 * And makes a black uncomfortable Bay :

Here wand'ring Birds above forget to fly,
 And there the glitt'ring Fishes floating lie,
 Choak'd with Sulphureous Fumes they gasp and die : }
 The Fields around, the Regions of Despair ;
 No Beast durst graze, no Shrub or Herb grew there :
 Above, these Words—

Writ in the antient Hebrew Character :

“ Learn, Mortals hence, to dread the Immortal's Ire !

“ Here

"Here fiery Lust was purg'd with hotter Fire.

570

Here gaz'd they till good Lazarus was come
With his fair Sisters to the festal room ;

When thence their Eyes unwillingly they take,
And from the pleasant Ecstasie awake :

The twice-born Youth a low Obeisance made,
And for his Life his Thanks devoutly paid :

Now on their Seats are plac'd each chearful Guest,

All but wise Martha, who directs the Feast,

And Magdalen, who fell with Sighs profound

And plenteous Tears effus'd upon the ground,

At Jesus feet; that Place she'd have or none,

Unworthy ev'n of that herself must own :

A Viol of rich Essence with her brings,

Which once she thought a Ransom ev'n for Kings,

When 'twas her Life, her Heav'n to charm and please,

Diffolv'd in lawless Luxury and Ease :

This o'r his Feet she breaks, thence crowding pour

Of precious Drops a rich, a fragrant Show'r ;

Which with inestimable Sweets perfume

And scatter all Arabia round the Room :

590

Then her bright Hair, which oft in Curls displaid,

At once had Nets and Chains for Lovers made,

She better now employs, whilst from her Eyes

Profusely wash'd, with that his Feet she dries :

Some murmur'ing cry, this Cost had been employ'd

To better use, it by the Poor enjoy'd ;

Iscaiot chief, then did the Fiend begin

In his base Soul to scatter Seeds of Sin :

Not so our Lord, who with an equal mind

Declares, against his Funeral 'twas design'd :

600

And that this liberal kindness on him shown,

Shou'd ever be to after ages known :

Trembling those fatal Words th' Apostles hear,

And deep agen revolve with anxious Fear.

That Night at pleasant Bethany they stay,

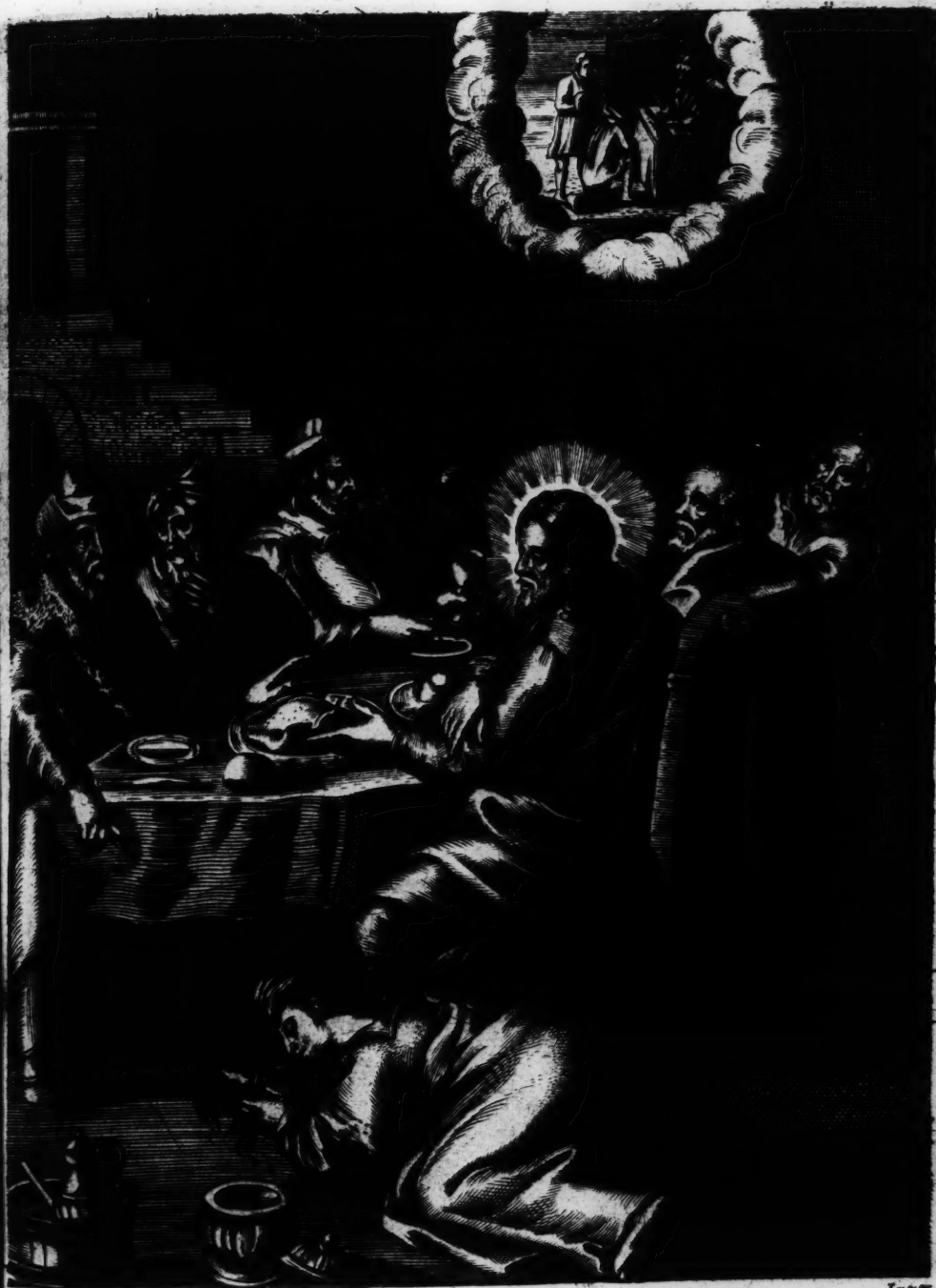
Waiting our Lord, who the succeeding day

T'wards the fair Town his careful Footsteps bends

At Bethphage met by Crowds of wond'ring Friends.

See there the high to which he e'r aspir'd !

See



Lat: 7

Book I. Pag: 16.

N.º 6



Book 1. pag: 17.

*Mat: 23
Mar: 11
Luc: 19
Jo: 12*

Nº 7

610 See there the highest Pomp he e'r desir'd!
 No Horse, no Chariot him to Court must bring;
 But a mean Ass, bear Salems humble King.
 See where the giddy Crowd just Homage pay,
 With nat'ral ease Pomp prepare his way!
 Branches and Clouds through all his Paths are thrown,
 Borro'wing the Palms fair Garments with their own:

Zach. 9. 9.
 Mattha. 21. 8.
 John 12. 15.

* Hosanna all the Cry, Hosanna loud
 Is now the Breath of all the giddy Crowd,
 Which soon they'll change to a far diff'rent Cry;

620 Soon their Hosanna will be Crucifie!
 To him not hid, so well who all things knows,
 His fickle Friends, and firm inveterate Foes:
 Who oft unmov'd had turn'd the Leaves of Fate,
 Who meets unmov'd their Flatt'ry as their Hate;
 When all around he with a Sigh survey'd
 Which in unpity'd Dust must soon be laid,
 And his great Father to avert it, pray'd,
 He back his careful Steps did thence convey
 From the hoarse Tumults of the Town and Day;

630 Behind, the noisie Crowd and Streets he leaves,
 Him, Night approaching, Bethany receives;
 His humble Couch by Innocence prepar'd,
 While his own Menial Angels mount the Guard.
 What tho' all Art, tho' all pure Mind they be,
 Scarce are they earlier at their Hymns than he.

An Hill there is, which fronts with decent Pride
 Illustrious Solyma's bright Eastern side:
 With Groves of Olives crown'd, and thence did claim
 From times unknown its everlasting Name;

640 Whose three Degrees each other higher bear
 Rivalling the three Regions of the Air;
 Whence those who to the third proud Top will go
 May see the City and the Clouds below.

A lovely Vale creeps gently winding down
 And fills the Space betwixt the Hill and Town;
 Or whose green Breast deceitful Kidron flows,
 * A Torrent now, and now a Brook she shows;
 And when the Earth scorch'd by the Dog-stars beams
 Most wants her Moisture, most she hides her Streams.

D

True

1 Kings 21.
4, 5, 7.

(True Map of *worldly Joys*, so short their stay,
So imperceptibly they glide away.)

By *Chemos* and by *Moloch* first it runs,

And the wise *Kings* disgraceful *Follies* shuns :

Weak'ned by *Age*, and by his *Wives* betray'd

Them first his *Idols*, then their *Gods* he made.

Due East from these a little *Villa* leaves,

Which flows with *Oil*, and thence its *Name* receives.

Gethsemane they call't, and by its side *

Full on the Edge o'th' Mountains *second Pride*,

Lies a sweet *Garden*, pleasantly retir'd,

Not for large barren *Walks* and *Art* admir'd ;

No *Beauties* forc'd or *regular* appear,

A lovely *charming Wildness* revels here.

Brown *Walks* and *Allies* green around it ran,

Where *Nature* scorn'd to ask the Aid of *Man* ;

Where the rich *Olives* fruitful *Arbors* grow,

And *Physic*, *Food* and *Ease* at once bestow :

Or the triumphant *Palm*, for *Victors* made

Cross the sweet *Walks* projects its lovely *Shade*.

[" Let others *Laurels* court, the *Palm* be mine,

" Which yields in barren *Wasts* both *Fruit* and *Wine* ;

" Which rises prest, whose faithful *Branches* bend

" O'r *Rocks* and *Floods* to meet its charming *Friend*.]

Here, while the *World* lay drown'd in *thoughtless Rest*,

Nor dreamt of *Joys* which he and his possess,

E'r *Heav'n's* fair *Lamp* did o'r the *Hills* aspire

Powd'ring their *Silver Heads* with *Golden Fire*,

Drawn by *Celestial Love's* far brighter *Flame*

He and his chosen *Twelve* not seldom came :

Celestial Love they think, they talk, they sing,

" And on the *Cherub-Contemplations* Wing

In *Joys* that *Earth* can neither take nor give

Eternal Love's bright *Face* they see, and live.

Love is pure *Act*, its *Task* is never done, *

This and the other *World's* true *Soul* and *Sun* ;

Not that weak *foolish Fire* which rears its *Head*

In mortal *Breasts*, no sooner born than dead ;

But immaterial, bright *Celestial Love* ;

" Kindled on sight of those fair things above ;

Where

650

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680

690 Where holy Souls, all made of *that* and *Fire*,
 "Loud Praise incessant sing, and never tire.
 But ev'n as our *dim Globe* immers'd in *Night*,
 From dregs of *Chaos* made, first robb'd of *Light*,
 Can yet reflect bright *beauteous Beams*, and send
 Those *Rays* to *Heav'n*, which *Heav'n* at first did lend :
 So *Love Divine*, whose *Circles* farther run
 Than that eternal *Wanderer*, the *Sun*,
 From yon, fair *Fund of Bliss*, fair *Realms of Day*
 First throws its *Seeds* around our *humble Clay* :

700 How sweetly thence they *spring* ? how *kindly* rise ?
 Claim their *high Birth*, and mean their *native Skies*,
 Which *humbler* here, and *loftier* there we see ;
 Smile in a *Flow'r*, and flourish in a *Tree*,
 And lend sweet *Philomel* her pretty *Throat*,
 Answer'd around by every *Rivals Note*,
 On *Bushes*, *Trees* and *Plains* their *Voice* they raise,
 And teach forgetful *Man* his *Maker's Praise*.
 The *heav'nly Lark* from yon green *Turf* up-springs,
 How do I envy both her *Voice* and *Wings* ?

710 Mounts like an *Angel*, like an *Angel* sings ;
 But little *Weight* so little *Matter* bears,
 Soft-wafted on her own *harmonious Airs*,
 From thence surveys at the first opening *Dawn*
 Each smiling *Field*, and every gilded *Lawn* :
 With her each *Soul* whom *heav'nly Ardors* please,
 Shakes off base *Slumber* and *inglorious Ease* :
 How *beauteous* the *Creation* now, how *bright* ?
 Thus rose the *infant World* from old *Original Night*,
 And thus look'd *Paradise* —

720 Thus, clearest *Beam* ! that e'r on *Earth* did shine !
 O loveliest *Efflux* of the *Light Divine* !
 Thus didst thou all thy happy *Morns* improve,
 Thou *Height of Heav'nly Power* and *Heav'nly Love* !
 Whether tall *Tabor* stoop'd his *Head* to meet
 And welcom'd thither thy *triumphant Feet* ;
 Or thou by hollow *Kidron's* tumbling *Spring*,
 Didst with thy faithful *Twelve* high *Anthems* sing,
 Hymning th' eternal *Father*, who look'd down
 And his *wing'd Courtiers* sent their *Lord* to own,

EnA

D 2

While

Whilest all around th' attentive *Angels* hung }
 Devouring ev'ry *Accent* of thy *Tongue*,
 And each blest *Ode* in a full *Chorus* sung. }

730

Nor are, great *King*! (thy mighty *Conquests* o'r,
 And thou receiv'd where high *enthron'd* before)
 Sweet *Fields* disdain'd, nor need the *Man* despair,
 Who early seeks ev'n yet to find thee *there*.

Yes, thou art here, my *Master*, thou art here!
 My busie *Heart* foretold my *Love* was near.
 Let *Earth* go where it will, I'll not *repine*,
 Nor can unhappy be, while *Heav'n* is mine.
 Forget not, if that *Freedom* won't offend,
 (O that he could deserve the *Name*!) your *Friend*.

740

Divinest Saviour, of a spotless *Maid*,
 The spotless *Son*, your humblest *Suppliant* aid!
 Who, e'r the dappled *Morn* has dress'd the *Skies*,
 To your blest *Palace* lifts his longing *Eyes*!
 Whether in old *Jerne's* angry *Seas*, *

Near *Monta Isle*, or the blue *Hebrides*;
 Or from the Face of *Men* remov'd away,
 In a mean *Cot* compos'd of *Reeds* and *Clay*,
 Wasting in Sighs th' uncomfortable *Day*:

750

Near where th' *unhospitable Flumber* roars
 Devouring by degrees the neighb'ring *Shores*:
 Or by dear *Mother Isu* stretch'd along,
 Or Father *Time* he twist the *Sacred Song*;
 Which, if your *Name* eternity can give,
 Shall down to *Twenty* long long *Ages* live!

Return, my *Muse*, and *sacred Friendship* sing!
 That most *Divine*, yet most forgotten *Thing*.
 Shadow of *Heav'nly Love*! which thou dost show
 I th' clearest *Type* that we have left below:

760

But where? Ah where is that to th' *Life* express?
 Unfully'd, or by *Vice* or *Interest*?

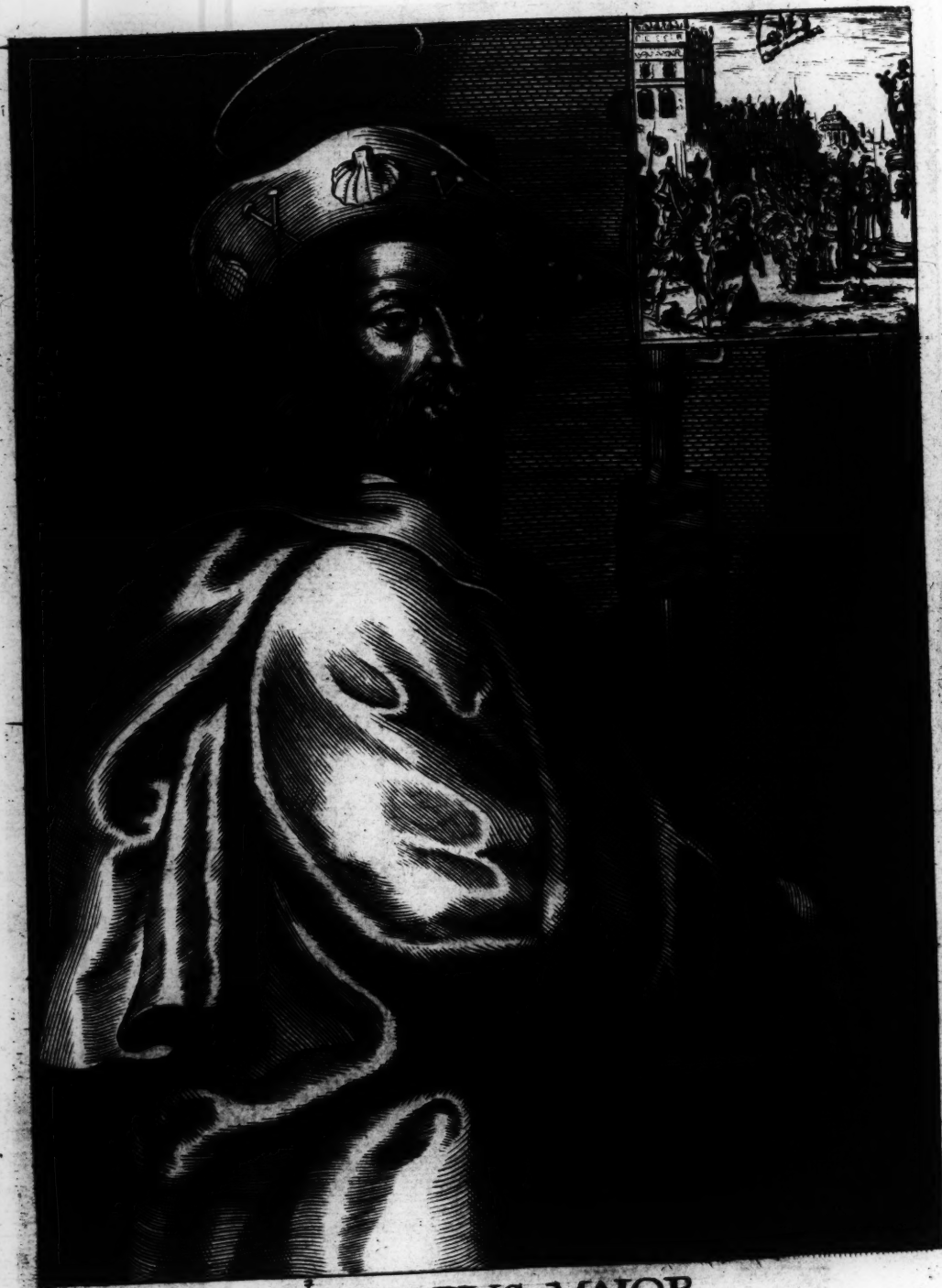
Where, if on *Earth*, but in our *Saviour's Breast*?
 Then we were sure of *Thee*, tho' since unknown,
 Whether with him agen to *Heav'n* th' art flown;
 In him, who far above all *Mortals* blest

John 13 23. Repos'd him soft on *Love's* and *Friendship's Breast*;
 The lov'd *Disciple*, who his *Soul* might see,

And



Portrait of a bearded man in a turban, likely a historical figure, rendered in a woodcut or engraving style.



Book 1. pag 21 N^o 3

S. IACOBVS MAIOR.

N^o 8



2/11/92



Book 1. pag. 2. N. 2.

S. PETRVS.

N. 9

770 And knew his *Heart* almost as well *He*.
 How closely knit? most intimately *one*,
 Next, the *External Father* and his *Son*,
 A *Cesar's* Title less my *Envy* moves,
 Than to be styl'd the *Man* whom *Jesus* loves.
 What *Charms*, what *Beauties* in his *Face* and *Shine*,
 Reflected ever from the *Face Divine*!
 Love in his *Eyes*, Love in his *Face* and *Air*;
 Scarce was the *Mind* within more *sweet* and *fair*.
 Silent and deep as *Crystal Waters* flow,

780 Where *Noise* above *Shallows* are found below:
 Love is not loud, and if he less express'd,
 Yet *Time* will tell h' has more than all the rest:
 The *Service* for the *Leaves* he did not chuse,
 He *Jesus* lov'd, and they the *King* o'th' *Jews*,
 Who might their *Countries Enemies* disperse,
 And triumph o'r the conquer'd *Universe*.
 Of these the *Chief* did *zealous Cephas* hold,
 Oft in his *Masters Cause* too warmly bold:
 Like hasty *Uzzah*, when it seem'd to nod,

790 His forward *Hand* would prop the *Ark* of *God*:
 Thus *Weakness* does *Devotion* oft supply,
 And *Faith's* too low, when the *Pulse* beats too high.
 Tigg'd with the old *Traditions* of their *Land*,
 The *holy Books* they could not understand.
 How bad the best of men, how dark the *Mind*,
 Where heav'nly *Truths* clear *Rays* have never shin'd!
 Mildly our *Saviour* did their *Weakness* bear,
 He knew ev'n his *Disciples*, *Mortals* were:
 He knew 'twas well-meant *Zeal* had them betray'd,

800 And soon forgave those *Faults* which *Love* had made!
 What if good *Cephas* warm and eager be?
 None dar'd, none did, none suffer'd more than *He*.
 So much his gracious *Master* him approv'd,
 None but the lov'd *Disciple* more was lov'd,
 Who, with his Brother *James*, of that great *Three*
 Blest *Witnesses* of his *Divinity*,
 Made the first *Rank* of *Worthies*, grac'd to stand
 I'th' head of *David's Son's* immortal *Band*.
 An active Principle inform'd their *Breast*,

John 18.15,
19, 26.

2 Sam. 6. 6.

2 Sam. 23. 8,
&c.

The

The Love of *Jesus* would not let e'm rest, 810
 Let *Thirst* of *Glory* meaner *Souls* inspire,
 And haunt their *Dreams* ! these, nobler *Things* desire ;
 Nor envy such as *Bodies* only bind,
 While they in *Truth's* soft *Chains* secure the *Mind*.
 Thus when their *Annus* were o'r, and they came down
 From *Olivet* to view the *Sacred Town*,
 (Nor would their *Master* always *private* dwell,
 Or rob the *World* t' enrich a *lonely Cell*,)
 Like him, the only business they design'd,
 Was th' universal *Good* of all *Mankind* : 820
 Their *Charity* no narrow *limits* pent,
 Open and free, as *Light* or *Element* ;
 And as their *Lord* himself did not disdain
 The *Sinner* and the humble *Publican*,
 So would their *Conversation* often be
 With worse than both, the haughty *Pharisee*,
 Vain, *Supercilious*, damning all beside,
 Yet oft as full of *ignorance* as *pride*,
 Oft did his *Saint-like Face* fowl *lewdness* hide ;
 But, as some *Tares* mix with the purest *Grain*, 830
 Their *Heaps* of *Dross*, some *Sparks* of *Gold* contain :
 Such as not *obstinately* clos'd their *Eyes*,
 When the bright *Sun* of *Righteousness* did rise
 Some glimm' rings in their *Souls*, some *whispers* there
 Would *Jesus* the *Messias* oft declare :
 Or, if their *Infant-Faith* but *dawning* be,
 They wish'd tho' they could scarce believe, 'twas *He*.
 Weak *Nicodemus*, nor his *Saviour's* *fight* 840
 Could make his *bashful Faith* endure the *Light* :
 Yet him a *Teacher* sent from *God* confess'd,
 And gladly from his *Lips* wou'd learn the rest.
Gamaliel in the *Sacred Pandects* read,
 By which a *Life* unblamable he led ;
 Severely wise, and would known *Truths* receive,
 But *Truths* well weigh'd, before he'd them believe :
 Both in the *Sanhedrim* of *Name* and *Nore*
 Both us'd to sway the *Senate's* weighty *Vote* :
 To these was *Joseph* join'd —
Joseph, for *Wisdom* and for *Counsel* fam'd,

John 3. 2.

Ibid.

OF

- 850 Of his fair Birth-place, antient Rama, nam'd :
 Rama of old, but Time which changes all,
 The Place does now *Arimathæa* call,
 Who near the Town had a convenient Seat,
 Still and retir'd, 'twas pleasant all and neat,
 Tho' not with pompous Statues proudly great :
 Nor poorly mean, but proper to supply
 The wants of Nature, not of Luxury :
 * There borrow'd Streams from Siloam's neighb'ring Well,
 In artificial Showers rose and fell ;
- 860 With unknown Spring still blest the happy Ground,
 And spread eternal Verdure all around.
 * There antient Gilead's odoriferous Balm ;
 (Mixt with tall Cedar and triumphant Palm)
 * Rich Balm, Judea's Native, frequent grows,
 And with big fragrant Tears inestimably flows.
 A few choice Friends, with modest Mirth and Wine,
 * From Gaza's or Sarepta's noble Vine,
 Here would he sometimes meet, and wear away
 In no unactive Ease the scorching day :
- 870 Nor Vices fly Intrusion could they fear ;
 Intemperance could not hope to enter here ;
 For, as the wise Egyptians at their Feasts,
 * Serv'd up a Skull before their chearful Guests,
 Around 'em they the same grave Objects see :
 The Garden's on the side of Calvary,
 Won from the Wast of Death, and wisely there
 Good Joseph built himself a Sepulcher.
 Who e'r like him is virtuous, wise and brave,
 Dares to be chearful, tho' he sees his Grave :
- 880 Who sees his Grave, all Thoughts must needs disdain,
 Unworthy, Eternity to entertain,
 Here Joseph did his happy Hours employ,
 And, here himself, and here his Friends enjoy :
 Their Conversation noble and refin'd,
 Fit to divert and yet improve the Mind.
 The Rules of Just and Right, their Weights and Bounds,
 And fix'd eternal Truth's eternal Mounds ;
 What known of God by Reason's darker Sight,
 And what by Revelation's noon-day Light ;

Matth. 27:
 60.
 Mark 15.
 46.

What

What of *himself* the divine *Plato* knew,
 What from the sacred *Hebrew Fountains* drew;
 How short of their great *Legislator* came,
 Who ev'n to *Genile Worlds* extends his Name,
 * By ancient *Orpheus* sung; ———
 What *Rules of Life*, couch'd in their *Sacred Law*,
 What distant *Truths* their ancient *Seers* saw,
 Chiefly the promis'd *Prince*, so oft foretold
 By all the *Holy Oracles* of old.

890

Vid. Lib. 2. That great *Prophetic Shiloh* long design'd
 His groaning *Countr'y's* heavy *Chains* r' unbind;

900

If this the *Age* of his *Appearance* be,
 Or if already come, and *Jesus* He:
 Whose *Miracles* they *uncontested* saw,
 Greater and more than what confirm'd the *Law*; *
 Who spake as never *Mortal* did before,
 Yet all his *own* pure *Doctrins* liv'd and more.
 All speak their *Sense*, no angry *Bigot* there,
 Less for themselves than *Truth* concern'd they were,
 And that and *Reason* only held the *Chair*.

Them thus employ'd the lov'd *Disciple* found
 In the still *Limits* of their happy *Ground*,
 Who with the other *Two*, the *Cause* the same,
 Not *uninvited* nor *unwelcome* came;

910

Whom near fair *Rama* or old *Gibeons* Wall
 By *Gilgal*, *Jericho*, or *Jordan's* Fall
Joseph had seen the trembling *Fiends* obey,
 And crouding *Regions* *Jesus* own, while they
 In sacred *Water* wash'd their *Sins* away;
 These in the *Temple* met he with him brought
 To teach his *Friends* what then their *Master* taught;
 His *Birth*, his spotless *Life*, his *Sacred Law*,
 And all the wondrous *Things* they heard and saw;
 For now the *Fourth* swift *Year* declining ran *
 Since He his weighty *Office* first began.

920

The End of the First Book.

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK I.

* [Sing the God] I must expect an Attack from the Criticks on account of my Proposition, who may complain, that it speaks too advantageously of my Subject, representing it as an immense Work, too heavy for an Angel; and that nothing more can be found in the whole Book, when I talk of — *Singing the God*, &c. even in the second Line. To the latter I may answer, That I had injur'd my Heroe had I describ'd him other than God as well as man; but yet even there, I make him, as he was, a suffering God: and indeed the greatest part of the Proposition is taken up with his Examinations and Humiliation, his Troubles and his Sufferings, which the Masters of Epic Poetry recommend as the most proper matter for that part of a Poem. Nay, I have carried him lower than ever any Poet yet did his Heroe, and yet all agreeable to Truth, in that Verse, "And gave his Life when he could give no more." For the former Objection, giving so great an Idea of the whole Work, as well as the principal Hero, I hope that too may be easily defended, since 'tis in order to two Advantages, the first in the Proposition itself, viz. mentioning the Author of the Poem with that Modesty which both Truth and Decency require, "How then shall I, &c. The second in the natural Connexion of the Proposition with the Invocation, by introducing the Divinity to my assistance, "O thou whose Word, &c."

* By his Example] One great End of our Saviour's coming into the World, was undoubtedly to set us a good Example, that his Followers might learn from him to do good, and suffer evil: But to say, that was the chief or only End, or that Man could be sav'd, or God aton'd by his Example; that his Example could be a Propitiation, an atonement for the Sins of Mankind, is just such Reason as those who pretend so much to be Masters of it frequently put upon the World. I therefore instance in the other Ends of our Saviour's coming, teaching a more perfect Law, the Law of Faith; as S. Paul styles it; and principally redeeming Mankind, and appeasing his Father by his inestimable Merits and painful Death; whereby, as our Church expressly asserts in the Consecration Prayer at the Communion, "he made a full, perfect and sufficient Sacrifice, Oblation and Satisfaction for the Sins of the whole World."

* And happy Tears in decent Order ran.] This with those following, "Lost Africa, and the End of the Proposition, "So vast the Work, &c. are all Imitations of Virgil, as any that ever read him might easily discern.

* Immortal Cowley, Herbert all divine, Beheld the weighty Task —] Cowley in his beautiful Description of the Angel's Annunciation, and Incarnation of our Saviour, in David's Dream or Vision: and Herbert in his excellent Sacrifice. I might have added more, as Crashaw, Milton, and others, but all that I've seen are no better than Fragments; a compleat Work of this Nature having never yet, that I know of, been attempted in our Language.

E

* The

The Mount of God] The Mount of the Transfiguration is called the *Holy Mount* by S. Peter in his Epistles. Nor is there any great doubt but that this was Mount Tabor, the *Taberyum* of Josephus, since most of the *Moderns* and *Antients* are of that Opinion. The *Primitive Christians* undoubtedly believed it, which they might easily have, by Tradition, from the *Disciples*: and accordingly the Empress *Helena* built three *Oratories*, as 'tis suppos'd, in the very place of the Transfiguration, of which more below.

** Lovely it look'd.*] Most of *Palestine* is, even now, described, by those who have seen it, as so beautiful, that it's impossible for Poetry to mend it; particularly this Mount Tabor, which all Travellers represent as one of the most delicious Places in the World. Among many see *Surin's Pious Pelerine*, p. 316. "*Le Sommet de ce Sacre Mont, Fort agreable, &c.*" The Top of this *Holy Mount* is extremely "*agreeable and pleasant.*" 'Tis situated in the great Plain of *Esdraelon*, about three Leagues from *Nazareth*, in form like a *Sugar-Loaf*, with a curious pleasant Plain on the Top, from whence to the Foot of it, 'tis all cover'd with *Flowers, Trees, and Shrubs* (*qui sont toujours verdoyants*) which are always green or flourishing, as *Balsom-Trees, Olives, Lawrels, Roses, &c.* the very natural Beauty of the Place, as it were, inspiring a Man with Devotion. And Lower, "This Mount seems to have one of the most beautiful Prospects in the World: to the East you may see the *Sea of Galilee*, part of *Stony-Arabia*, and the Mount of the *Beatitudes*. To the West, *Mount Carmel*, and the *Great Sea* (the *Mediterranean*). North, *Bethulia*, and *Mount Libanus*. South, the Plain of *Esdraelon*, Mountains of *Gilboa, Hermon, Endor, Naim, &c.*"

** Royal Tiberias.*] Then a New Town, built by *Hered* on the West side of the Lake, which bears its Name (see next Note) in honour of the Emperor *Tiberius*, whence 'twas called, as *Cæsarea Philippi* in *Ananitis*, by his Brother *Philip*.

** In numerous Boats upon the Neighbouring Lake*] The Lake of *Gennesareth*, so famous in the New Testament for many of our Saviour's short Voyages; for which reason we'll here once for all give a full account of it. It has several Names both Proper and Common. 'Tis called a Lake for the most part in S. Luke, because a Conflux of fresh Waters, *Jordan* falling into it about the North-East Corner by *Chorazin* and *Capernaum*, and, as Travellers report (which the Reader may, if he please, believe to prevent further Trouble) passes unmixed through the midst. It's called a Sea by the other Evangelists, not only for its Largeness, as our great Lakes in England are stiled *Meers*, which seems much the same; but according to the Idiom of the Hebrew Language, which gives the name of Sea to all gatherings together of Waters, as the Sea of *Fazer* East of *Jordan*, nay even the *Braxen Sea* belonging to the Temple. It has Four Proper Names in the Scriptures, one in the Old Testament, the Sea of *Cimmeroth*, either from a Town so called on its Borders, or from its Form, something like a Harp, in the Hebrew *Cinner*. In the New Testament 'tis stiled the Lake or Sea of *Gennesareth, Galilee*, and *Tiberias*; *Gennesareth*, either from *Gan Hortus*, and *Nazar* a Flower; or compounded of two Languages, a thing common enough, from *in Terra*, and *Nazareth*, a famous neighbouring Town, or perhaps some small District thereabout: Lastly, the Sea of *Galilee*, from the Country so called, washing most of its Eastern side, and especially the Towns of *Tiberias*, standing between *Jotopasa* and *Tarichea*, the latter of which Josephus says had much Shipping. At the North-West Corner of this Sea or Lake stands *Babſaida*; on the East side *Gadara*, which made such a desperate Defence against the Romans; and near that *Gerasa* or *Girgase*, which names that whole side of the Country, being all the Remains of the old Nation of the *Girgashites*, destroyed by *Jehoa*. Josephus makes this Lake an hundred Furlongs in Length, and six in Breadth, describing at large thereon the famous Sea-Fight of that Country-People with the Romans. Our *Biddulph* says 'tis twenty four Miles long and fifteen broad; my Pilgrim twelve long and six broad; measuring it, I suppose at different places.

** When pass'd by Western Hermon's, &c.*] *Kisbon*, here described, is reckoned by Geographers the noblest River in *Palestine* next *Jordan*. It has two Heads and two Falls, unless my Authors are mistaken; its largest Head rises South of *Tabor*, near

near *Sebaste* or *Samaria*, and passing this *Western Hermon*, a small Mountain so called on the West of *Jordan*, not far from *Gilboa*, just at the foot of *Tabor* it joins the other Stream which comes from the North of that Mountain, called by some little *Kishon*. Its two Falls are one into the Lake of *Tiberias*, South of *Tarichæa*, the other into the *Mediterranean*, called in the Scriptures the *Western Sea*, and the *Great Sea*, to distinguish it from their Inland Seas, and the great *Mare Eoûm*, behind *Arabia*.

* *Bodies and Shields and Men promiscuous roll'd along.*] An Imitation of that noble Image in *Virgil*,

— *Ubi tot Simois correpta sub undas
Scuta Virum, Galeasq; & fortia Corpora voluit.*

* *Whence Carmel's Mount and Grove its Waves entice,
To add New Beauties to that Paradise.*]

'Tis indeed described like a Paradise by *Fuller* and others: for thus he in his *Pisgab*, *Lib. 2. p. 161.* "As for Carmel in general, 'twas so delicious a Place, that more Pleasure was hardly to be fancied than here to be found. It consisted of *Highb Hills*, a fruitful *Vale*, the pleasant River of *Kishon*, and a goodly *Forest*. From which Carmel, as the Platform of Pleasure, many other delightful Places are so named.

* *Within whose Arms, more North, rich Tyrus stood.*] *Palatyrus*, or Old *Tyre*, was built on the Sea-shore, which was destroyed by *Nebuchadnezzar*, as *Sir W. Raleigh*, after thirteen years Siege, tho he got nothing by it but the bare Nest, the Inhabitants flying by Sea to their Colony at *Carthage*. After which New *Tyre* rose like a *Phoenix* out of its Ashes; whence some have thought both Name and Fable take their original. 'Twas built within the very Arms of the Sea, the *Mediterranean* coming quite round it, by the Advantage of which Situation it sustain'd a Siege of some time even from *Alexander* himself, who at last took it with almost infinite Pains and Labour, being forc'd to make a Causeway into the Sea to get at it, tho well paid for his Labour by the incredible Riches he found therein: tho now 'tis well alter'd, nothing of all its proud Buildings being left, besides about an hundred miserable Huts of *Turks* and *Moors*, among vast Heaps of Ruines.

* *You'll Jezreel see.*] From a Corruption of which Word I suppose 'tis that the large Champaign Country thereabouts is called the Plain of *Esdraelon*.

* *Two destin'd Martyrs.*] *S. Peter*, crucify'd at *Rome* with his Head downward; *S. James*, beheaded by *Herod*.

* *From awful Thunder.*] So 'tis interpreted by the Evangelist himself, "*Boanerges*, that is, *Sons of Thunder*. Because, says *Walker* oddly enough, "they had more Mettle and forth-putting than any of the rest.

* *As-gazing.*] Here once for all I tell the Reader, that 'tis not out of necessity I make use now and then of some of those old Words, whether out of a vicious Imitation of *Milton* and *Spencer*, I amn't so proper a Judge. All I'll say of 'em is, That I own I've ever had a fondness for some of 'em, they please me, and sound not disagreeably to my Ear, and that's all the Reason I can give for using 'em.

* *Almighty Wand.*] 'Tis a bold Epithet, but 'tis, I think, *Mr. Cowleys*, and therefore I'm not to answer for't, nor, if he writ it, can it need defending.

* *Moses, expiring with the Kiss of God.*] 'Tis a pretty Tradition of the *Rabbies*, That God came to *Moses* in Mount *Pisgab*, and took away his Soul in a Kiss.

* *Thus Law and Prophets their Perfection find, &c.*] 'Tis an Observation of some of the Fathers, That by the Appearance of *Moses* and *Elias* to our Saviour, was figured the Harmony betwixt the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel which he then came to deliver. And indeed there seems to be more of Solidity in this than in most of those Allegorical Fancies.

* *Talk'd of his Wondrous Passion.*] See this most clearly *S. Luke 9. 31.* "They appear'd in Glory, and spake of his Decease, which he should accomplish at *Jerusalem*. The Word we render *Decease*, is in the Original *ἔξω*, which may also relate to his Resurrection and Ascension into Glory, alluding perhaps to the Children of *Israel's* *ἔξω* Passage or Departure out of *Egypt*, the Book which is so

called describing their *Conquests* as well as *Hardships*, till they were at length led by *Jeshua*, or *Jesus*, into *Canaan*, the *Type of Heaven*.

* *His seamless Robe, than New-fall'n-Snow more white.*] In *S. Matth.* 17. 2. 'tis, *his Face did shine as the sun, and his Raiment was white as the light*. There's little doubt but the same *Splendor* or *Glory* with which his *Face* shone, was also communicated to all his *Blessed Body*, from whence he *shin'd* through his *Cloaths*, they receiving *Light* from him now, as *Virtue* at other times, whence they must needs appear *white*, as *Mr. Boyle*, and common *Observation* tells us the *Clouds* do when the *Sun* pierces 'em with his *Rays*.

* *Three humble Tabernacles.*] One wou'd as little expect to find the *Relics* of those *three Tabernacles* that *S. Peter* would have made upon the *Mount*, as to see *Joseph's Hem*, or the *Archangel's Feather*. But there is a certain *Communion* in the *World* which has many of these *Advantages* to *elevate* and *surprize*, beyond all *Faith*, *Sence* or *Reason*. Agreeably to which *plenitude* of *Power* amongst 'em, one *Breidimbachius*, a *Writer* of theirs, quoted both by *Walker* and *Fuller*, having travelled up the *Mountain*, tells the *World* very gravely, "*Ibi etiam bodie ostenduntur*, &c. Even "to this day are shown there the *Ruines* of those *three Tabernacles*, built according to *S. Peter's* desire, &c. But our honest *Pilgrim* explains all the *Mystery*, and says, they were only the *Remains* of *three Oratories*, built by *S. Helen* in that place, once cover'd with a *Magnificent Church*, and afterwards erected into a *Bishoprick*.

* *Such the strange Cloud that made the World's first Morn.*] 'Tis generally thought that this *Light* which was created the *first Day*, and distinguish'd *Day* and *Night* by its *Circumvolution*, till the *fourth Day* when the *Sun* was made, was no other than a *Body of Light*, collected out of the *Chaos*, of whose *Creation* we read before in *Gen.* 1. 2. and after distributed into *Sun*, *Stars*, and perhaps other *lucid Bodies*.

* *That Pillar such which did from Egypt come,*
And Piloted the chosen Nations home, From Earth to Heaven, &c.] It may properly be said *Piloted*, because of those vast *Seas* of *Sand* they were to pass, far more uncertain in their *ebbing* and *flowing* than the *proper Sea*, and sometimes, as *Historians* tell us, *swallowing whole Armies*. Of this *Cloud Philo* gives us a very beautiful and noble *Description*, much to this purpose, "That it rose up over the " *Tabernacle* or midst of the *Camp*, in form of a glorious *Pillar*, mounting to such an *Height*, and spreading to so vast an *Extent*, that it gave a *cool* and *comfortable Shade* to the whole *Army*.

* *Which Zebedee and Cephas.*] If I should be mistaken in the joint *Owners* of this *Ship*, I hope none of their *Heirs* and *Executors* will call me in question for't. But 'tis probable enough the *Ship* might belong to either of 'em; they were fishing very near one another when our *Saviour* first called four of his *Disciples*, *S. Matth.* 4. 18, 21. two of which were *Zebedee's Sons*, and in a *Ship* together with him.

* *The Dead-Sea roars.*] I confess 'tis a pretty way off the *Lake of Genesareth*; but I don't affirm the *Seamen* heard it thither. There's an odd *Story* in *Kircher's China*, of a *Lake* somewhere in that *Country*, on the *Top* of a *Mountain*, of a *black Colour*, into which if any thing is thrown, a *horrid Tempest* immediately arises. However *Nitro-sulphureous Vapours* which form *Thunder* and *Lightning*, could not be fetch'd any where more probably than from this *Lake of Sodom*.

* *Or whether Nature only, &c.*] We are sure that there are *natural Storms*, even in *Inland Meers*, or *Lakes*: thus *Harlem Meer*, as I've been inform'd by *Eye-witnesses*, will sometimes be as rough as the *Sea* it self.

* *As Thrice before.*] Once to *Jeshua*, *Josh.* 3. 16. once to *Elijah*, *2 Kings* 2. 8: then to *Elisha*, *ibid.* 14.

* *And Light was born to Chaos and to Love.*] *Love* was the *eldest* of the *Gods*, in *Hesiod's Genealogy*.

* *Our Saviour and his faithful Family.*] They might be all *faithful* yet, though *Judas* afterwards corrupted: or if not, the old *Denominatio a majori*, will be a sufficient *Plea*.

* *By Martha, and repenting Magdalene.*] I know it's controverted whether this *Mary* were the *repenting Magdalene*; 'tis enough for me that some have been of that *Opinion*.

* Our

* *Our Saviour groan'd and wept among the rest.*] Groan'd, Joh. 11. 33. Wept, 35. And here I need not tell any judicious Reader that I feel my self fall infinitely short of the History, which I think has the most *Tenderness* in it of any in the whole Bible, excepting perhaps that of our Saviour's commending his Mother to his Friend from the Cross, in the ninth Book, the Description of which I'm more satisfied with than this here. Nor can any thing be a greater Argument of our Saviour's Kindness and Goodness to Mankind than his being thus concerned at his Friends Misfortunes, even when he knew he should so soon remove them.

* *Rich Simon him accosts.*] He's called *Simon the Leper*, Mar. 14. 3.

* *Which Sodom's Fate inscrib'd.*] 'Tis impossible to furnish a Poetical House well (I don't mean a Poet's) without a Suit of Hangings; and if it be objected against mine, that the Jews were against Pictures, much more will it bear against Mr. Cowley's Colossus over Saul's Gate; but his Excuse will serve so well for both, that I'll borrow it in his own Words, in Notes on lib. 1. where speaking of the civil use of Images among the Jews, he adds, "Whether it be true or no, is not of importance in Poetry, as long as there's any appearance of Probability."

* *Bending back by strong Macherus runs.*] Near Jordan's fall into the Dead Sea, stands the strong Castle of Macherus. West of which the River passing toward the Lake of Sodom, makes a considerable Flexure, bending backwards to the North-East; which Pliny seems to hint at, when, speaking of Jordan, he says, "*Innotius Asphaltiten Lacum, &c.* He falls unwillingly into the Asphaltite Lake, for which Nature it self seems to have an Aversion and Horror."

* *And makes a black uncomfortable Bay.*] This is excellently described by Solinus, cap. 38. "Longo ab Hierosolymis recessu tristis finis panditur, quem de cælo tactum testatur humus nigra & in cinerem soluta. Duo ibi oppida, Sodomum nominatum alterum, alterum Gomorrhum, apud quæ Pomum gignitur, quod habeat speciem, licet maturitatis, mandi tamen non potest, nam fuliginem intrinsecus favillaceam ambitio tantum extimæ cutis cohibet, quæ vel levi tactu pressa, fumum exhalat, & fatiscit in vagum pulverem."

* *Borrowing the Palm's fair Garments with their own.*] A custom among the Jews to spread their Garments under Great Persons, as an high token of Honour; and, as it seems, a Ceremony of Inauguration, and due only to Regal Dignity: for thus did the Captains to Jesus, when they agreed with God's way of Disposal, and acknowledg'd him King. 2 Kings 9. 13.

* *Whose three Degrees, &c.*] Mount Olivet consists of three Degrees or Risings; which, I think, Fuller, for 'tis much after his way, compares to Chancel, Church, and Steeple.

* *O'er whose green Breast, deceitful Kidron flows.*] Those that write of Palestine, tell us, the Brook Kidron, or Cedron, is nothing but a Mass of Waters made out of Rains which descend from Mount Olivet and Mount Moria, between which it runs, separating 'em from each other, and falling thence into the Vale of Jebosaphat; that 'tis ordinarily quite dry unless in very wet Seasons, and about two or three days in the year, when there are violent Rains, and hardly any else, when the People make provision of Water, which they preserve in Cisterns a long time in its Freshness and Purity.

* *By Chemosh and by Moloch.*] See the melancholy History of Solomon's Apostacy and Idolatry, in 1 Kings 4. 5, 7. This Hill fronts the Temple, and is before, or to the East of Jerusalem, touching upon the North; being called to this day the Mount of offence or scandal; of Chemosh we have little in Scripture, but that he was the Abomination of the Moabites, as Milcom or Moloch (of whom vid. Lib. vi.) of the Children of Ammon.

* *Which flows with Oyl, &c.*] That Etymology is generally given of it: and the Pilgrim says 'tis call'd to this day the Garden of Olives, from nine great Olives still growing in it, tho he places it on the lowest Hill, and East of it, Fuller on the second to the North-West thereof, whom I follow.

* *Love is pure Act, &c.*] If this Digression of Divine Love be thought too long, 'tis easily turn'd over, tho I could not persuade my self to strike it out, because it may please a pious Mind.

* *Whether*

Whether in old Ierne's angry Seas, &c.] The Irish Seas, about Anglesey, Man, &c. Where the Author began this *Work*, since compleated in several parts of England.

Gamaliel in the Sacred Pande&s read.] 'Tis certain our Saviour himself as well as his Disciples, convers'd with several of the Pharisees, nay he did sometimes eat with one of the chief of them. 'Tis as certain Gamaliel was not very averse to his Doctrine, from his Discourse in the Acts concerning it. From whence 'tis probable he might be present at those Conferences concerning our Saviour, and I'm oblig'd to take care for no more.

** From his fair Birth-place, ancient Rama nam'd.]* Ramatbaim Zophim, in Ephraim, where Samuel liv'd, and whence most agreed Joseph was nam'd.

** There borrowed Streams from Siloam's neighbouring Well.]* The Well or Fountain of Siloam rises at the North-West Corner of Jerusalem, if the Scale and Maps are right; not above five hundred Paces from the foot of Calvary.

** Rich Balm, Judæa's Native.]* *Uni terrarum Judæa concessum*, says Pliny of this Balm, that is, it only grew there originally, for 'twas afterwards transplanted to Rome and other places.

** From Gaza's, or Sarepta's noble Vine.]* Famous among Heathen Authors, whence Sidonius,

*Vina mihi non sunt Gazetica, Chia, Falerna,
Quaque Sareptano palmitis missa bibas.*

** What of himself the Divine Plato knew.]* Vid. Notes on Lib. vi.

** By ancient Orpheus sung.]* That his *Trojan* is Moses, few question, and that the Verses which bear his Name contain at least his Traditions, is, I think as generally granted.

** For now the fourth swift year.]* An Imitation of that of Virgil, in the Conclusion of his First Book,

— Nam te jam septima portat
Omnibus errantem terris & fluctibus ætas.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Second BOOK.

ST. Peter begins the Relation of our Blessed Saviour's Life, which he opens with the Prophecy of the Messiah's Birth, the Accomplishment of Daniel's Weeks, the Sceptre's departing from Judah, and the Tyranny of Herod; where St. John reminds him of the Preparations for our Saviour's Birth, the Angel's Salutation &c. which he thereupon repeats at large, as Joseph, the Husband of the Blessed Virgin, had formerly done it to Zebedee and him. Joseph's Character of her before their Marriage, whom having obtain'd of her Father Heli, before they came together she was found with Child of the Holy Ghost. His Passion thereupon, and Resolution to be divorc'd, till admonish'd by an Angel of her Purity and Innocence and the manner of her Conception: on which he asks Pardon for his unjust Censures, and desires her to give him an account of that miraculous Transaction. The Virgin relates the Appearance of the Angel, his Ave or Salutation, and her conception by the over-shadowing of the Holy Spirit. Joseph goes on and gives the Character of a good Wife in the Blessed Virgin, and the History of his travelling with her to see their Cousin Elizabeth, who tho old and barren, the Angel had told her should shortly have a Child. The Way to Geba, near which liv'd Zachary and Elizabeth. The Description of Zachary's pleasant Seat, whom they find dumb at their Arrival. The Salutation of Elizabeth to the Blessed Virgin. Two Digressions, to the Virgin Mary and her present Majesty. The Birth and Circumcision of John the Baptist: his Father Zachary recovers his Speech, and gives an account of the Occasion of his strange Silence, and the Angel's Prophecy concerning his Son: his Song from the first of St. Luke. Joseph and the Virgin return to Nazareth, and make Preparations for her Son's Birth: whence being recalled by the Edict of Augustus, they go for Bethlehem: a Description of the pleasant way thither, and of the most remarkable places on the Road, Rachel's Tomb, David's Well, &c. They arrive at Bethlehem late at Night, and can find no Lodging. Her Travail approaches. Joseph's concern for her. He conducts her into a Cave without the Town. Our Saviour's Birth. The Angels attend him. The Shepherds come to the Cave early in the Morning to adore him; and on Joseph's wondring how they heard the News, two young Shepherds, Strephon and Claius, give him the Relation, after they had sung a Caroll on that Subject. The Angel's Song at the Nativity. The Presentation of our Saviour at the Temple, where old Simeon finds

finds him. His Song or the Nunc dimittis. The Testimony of Anna the Prophetess: the Journey of the three Kings, conducted by a Star to Jerusalem, and enquiring of the place of our Saviour's Birth, which Herod, pretending Devotion, asks of the Sanhedrim; Gamaliel remembers the passage and repeats their Resolution in the Prophecy of Micah, and that 'twas to be at Bethlehem. Thither Herod directs the Kings, desiring they'd let him know as soon as they found him, on pretence he'd follow and worship him. They find the Infant, adore and present him; but warn'd by a Vision, return incognito to their own Country, not calling at Jerusalem. Herod being disappointed and enraged, orders the Murder of the Innocents. Joseph is warned by an Angel to fly into Egypt with the Child and his Mother. As they are going by Night they look back from a Hill near the Town, and, by the Light of Torches in the Streets, discover the Massacre of the Infants: whence they hasten to Egypt. The Way thither, Sydon Lake, Tomb of Pompey: They pass by Memphis, and the Pyramids, and fix at Babylon. The Death of Herod. Their Return, and Retirement to Nazareth, for fear of Archelaus Herod's Son. Our Saviour's Carriage in his Childhood: his going to Jerusalem at the Passover with his Parents, and Disputation in the Temple with the Doctors and Heads of the Sanhedrim, which Nicodemus calls to mind, and that he presided in the Schools at that time, giving a Character of our Saviour. St. John tells 'em how much he was since advantageously altered, and so affectionately describes him, that Nicodemus is desirous to wait on him, and St. John offering to conduct him thither, the Company break up, having appointed to meet again the next Morning, in order to hear the rest of our Saviour's Actions.

THE

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
A
Heroic Poem.

BOOK II.

* **A** L L silent flood, when Rama's Lord had done,

Till in the midst Bar-Jonas thus begun:

Mat. 16. 17.

* So, when our Prince shall Israel's Throne regain,

So may I by his side for ever reign,

As nought but chaste and sacred Truths I tell;

Chaste as that Virgin-womb wherein he once did dwell:

Luke 8. 28.

Admir'd by Friends; by Enemies confest,

* Which these, which Fame, which all the World attest:

By Reason voucht, and many a mighty Sign,

10 By Humane Faith and Oracles divine;

John 1. 43.

Acts 3. 18.

& 10. 43.

F

To

- To you not *hid*: for *Israel's Masters* can't
 Of what all *Israel* knows, be ignorant:
 Nor can we doubt, but clearly you discern
 Those sacred Truths which from your Lips we learn;
 That now the promis'd happy Days appear,
 That the *Messia's Kingdom* must be near.
- Dan. 9. 24. This *Heav'n lov'd Daniel's mystic Weeks* contain,
 Vid. Mede Whose end begins th' anointed *Princes Reign*,
 in Loc. From whose wise Books his sacred Name we gain: *
 Ibid. v. 25. That Period past, our *Rabbies* all declare, *
 And come he is, or we must now despair.
 This *Israel's Groans* confess, their freedom broke,
 And *shoulders* worn beneath a foreign yoke;
 By that fell *Idumean Wolf* oppress'd, *
- Gen. 25. 25. Who red with blood his savage Sire confest,
 Who did revenge old *Esau's* shame and stain,
 Gen. 27. 35, And his supplanting Lord supplant again
 36. Dissembling Piety; our Temple rais'd; *
 But that himself, not God, might there be prais'd:
 With human blood the blushing pavement dies,
 And makes th' *High Priest* himself a Sacrifice! *
 And big with crimes, O shame, O deep disgrace!
- Vid. Joseph. Destroy'd the *Hasmonean Royal Race*:
 Antiq. & de By him our total Bondage did begin;
 Bell. Judaic. He first inviting the fierce *Romans* in;
 Their *Idol-Eagle* to our Temple brings, *
- Antiq. Lib. Who perch'd on proud *Antonia*, claps his Wings:
 17. cap. 8. Juda no more gives Laws, no more is *Israel* free; *
 Gen. 49. 10. Nay, scarce enjoys the Name of Liberty: *
- Luke 2. 1. Enroll'd and tax'd, and humble *Clients* made, *
- Vid. Joseph. Our Substance seiz'd for the *Imperial Aid*, *
- Antiq. Lib. All that the Tyrant left, we had our share,
 18. Cap. 15. Which my fierce Country could not raimely bear.
- Acts 5. 37. You know the rest, Our unsuccessful fight
 And slaughter under the bold *Gaulonite*:
 Not so our *Princes* humble Parents, they
 Had learnt, like him, to suffer and obey:
 Tho' both deduc'd from *David's Royal Stem*,
 And the true *Flour* of *Israel's* *Diadem*.

20

30

40

- 50 And either *House* their clear *Succession* brings
 From a long *Race* of *Prophets* and of *Kings*;
 So great a *Change* by *Fate* and *Time* is made,
 From *David's* glitt'ring *Throne* toth' meanest *Trade*,
 For such good *Joseph* us'd, with honest pain
 His small, yet sacred *Household* to sustain,
 'Till thence by th' *Edict* call'd ——— But first declare
 Says *John*, what our great *King's* *Forerunners* were,
 (If all our words for credit may prevail ;)
 The wond'rous *message*, and the wond'rous *Hail* !
- 60 Well interrupted, fervent *Cephas* cries,
 None better can relate those *Prodigies* ;
 Which oft I've heard the *Good old man* repeat,
Joseph himself, as on an *Odzy Seat*
 Against the *sounding Beach* repos'd we lay,
 To taste the gentle *Breeze*, after a *scorching day* :
 What *wonders* did the rev'rend *Sire* declare ?
 Once I remember *Zebedee* was there :
 We prest him both to tell us what he knew,
 He yields, and vows by the great *Name* 'twas true :
- 70 Then thus began ; — When *Youths* fresh *Bloom* was past,
 * And brought of seven *Sabbatic Years* the last
 Advis'd by *Friends*, I sought a *virtuous Wife*,
 To share and soften the *Fatigues* of *Life* :
 From all that *Nazareth* accounted fair ;
 (And many a *blooming Beauty* triumph'd there)
 Old *Heli's* *Daughter* did the *Garland* bear :
 * From the same *Spring* our *kindred blood* we drew,
 And what's our *Rise* can be unknown to few :
 From *David*, he by *Nathan* brings his *Line*,
- 80 And I, by *Soloman*, deducing mine }
 As did the *Root*, so now the *Branches* join :
 Gladly he gives, what I as gladly take ,
 Agreed, we soon the solemn *Contract* make :
 All envy'd me, all thought divinely blest,
 When of the charming *heavenly Maid* possest :
 For she was fair beyond all *Mortal Race* ,
 And something more than human in her *Face* :
 Endu'd with all her *Sexes* *Charms* and more,
 Which yet without their *Vanity* she wore.

Matth. 1.
 Luke 3.

Vid. *Enseb.*
Eccl. Hist.
 Mat. 13. 55.

Matth. 1. 18.
 Luke 1. 27.

Never a *Mind* so humble and so great,
Since *Eden's* loss, so fair a *Body* met: 90

Nay, had ev'n *Eve's* been such, our *Sire* had been content;
And scarce cou'd *Eden's* Loss it self lament: *

"Tender, not fond, prudent, yet not precise; *

"Tho' wise, not thought her self for me too wise:

"Content with our low state, nor vainly stood

"Upon her *Royal Race*, or antient *Blood*:

"Secrets in hers, as safe as in my *Breast*;

All form'd beyond my wish, to make me blest.

But what did most of joy and triumph bring, 100

Th' illustrious *Gem* in her bright *Virtues* ring

Was her *Angelic Chastity*, not *Eve*

Gen. 3. 1, 2, E're she did *Adam*, her the *Fierd* deceive,

3. 4. 5. 6.

Gen. 2. 22.

When first she sprung from our great *Parents* side,

Not she her self a puter *Virgin-Bride*.

Guess but how strangely then I was amaz'd,

Nor could believe my eyes ——— agen I gaz'd,

When in my *Arms* the trembling *Fair* I claspt;

But started back agen ———

As one who in green *Herbs* a *Serpent* graspt: 110

When on the first triumphant *Nuptial* Night

Matt. 1. 18. I found her pregnant; now 'twas plain to sight. *

When she was false ———

Whom all did above all her *Sex* prefer,

What did I then, blaspheme of them and *Her*?

What *Vengeance* for my injur'd *Love* debate?

And yet that *Love* deny'd to let me hate.

Resolv'd, tho' yet I knew not how, to part;

"And, if I could, free my unlucky heart: 120

Resolv'd to tear the perjur'd *Charmer* thence,

Ibid. v. 19. Divorc'd from her, as she from *Innocence*.

Thus, stung with *Indignation* and *Despair*,

Not ev'n her *Tears* could longer keep me there:

Far from the *Nuptial* Room, I rush'd away;

"And on the ground a widow'd *Bridegroom* lay:

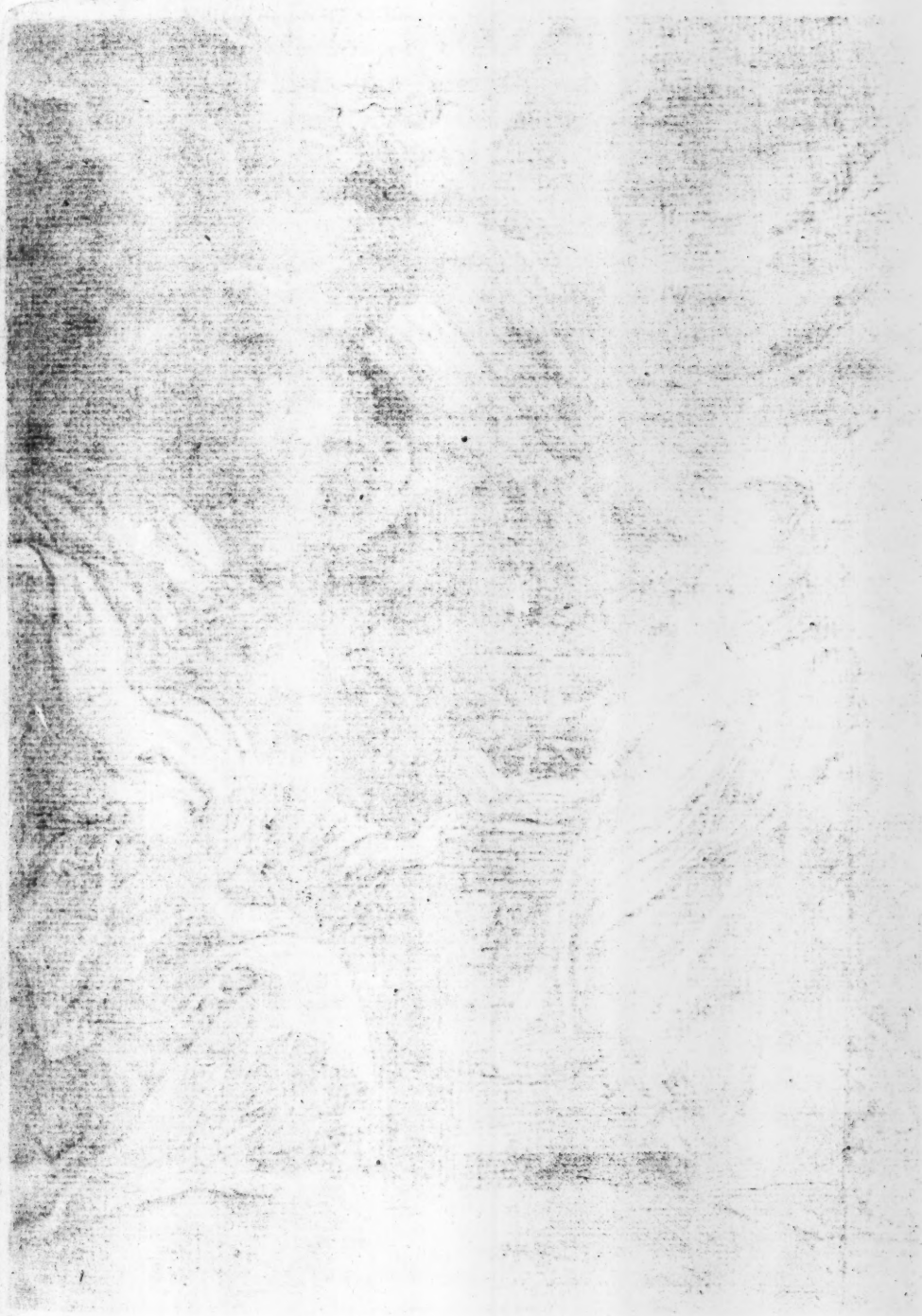
Where gentle sleep, tho' call'd, long from me fled;

My restless thoughts uneasy as my *Bed*:

And twice the cheerful *Harbinger* of *Day*

Had clapt his *Wings*, and warn'd the *Shades* away;

Warn'd





Book 2. pag: 39.

N.º 10

- 130 Warn'd me, as usual, but in vain to rise,
 E're watchful Grief once let me close my Eyes ;
 'Till sudden slumbers me at last surprize.
 I dreamt, — but sure 'twas more, as by th' Event
 Appear'd, I saw a glorious Watcher sent,
 Glorious as e're to Man glad news did bring ;
 He touch't and rais'd me with his Purple Wing,
 Then thus began, — " Great Branch of Jesse's Stem !
 " Heir of thy Father David's Diadem ! Matt. 1. 20:
 " What restless thought, or what unhand'som Fear,
 140 " From thy unspotted Bride, detains thee here ?
 * " On whose fair Soul no thought of Ill's impress ;
 " Pure as the Flame that warms an Angels Breast.
 " As for the root of all thy jealous cares,
 " That wond'rous sacred Burden which she bears ;
 " The divine Spirit alone, did that infuse,
 " And I my self was sent to tell the news
 " To her, as now to thee, and e're the Moon
 * " Five Courses more thro' her short Orb has gone, Luke 1. 30.
 " She shall be blest with a miraculous Son ;
 150 " Jesus his sacred Name long since design'd, 35.
 " The mighty Saviour he of lost Mankind.
 He said : I trembling wake : no more h' appears.
 But his last words, methought, still sounded in my Ears :
 Rouz'd from my humble Couch, I softly come
 With sacred Horror to the Nuptial Room ;
 Fix'd more than half a Statue at the Door
 I saw and lov'd far fiercer than before,
 And gaz'd and sigh'd, but dar'd attempt no more.
 Her Beauty fed, but reverence checkt my Fire ;
 160 And still I lov'd, but durst nor still desire. Matt. 1. ult.
 Heav'n's ! how she looks ? how lovely still appears !
 For still, methinks, I see — how charming, ev'n her Tears !
 * (Thus the sweet Rose new paints its heav'nly bue,
 When bending with big drops of morning dew)
 Nor cou'd I guess, till I approacht more nigh,
 Whether they sprung from Grief or Extasie :
 She blusht and in my Bosom hid her face :
 (The modest Blush, confess't not guilt, but Grace)

Conjuring me, by all I once thought dear,
 E're I condemn'd her, her defence to hear : 170
 Insist no more, I cry'd, on thy defence !
 Heav'n has already clear'd thy Innocence :
 An Angel-Form, not you your self more fair,
 Did late th' indubitable Truth declare :
 Bright, injur'd, lovely Maid ! no longer grieve !
 Dry those vain Tears, and, if you can, forgive !

Then Heav'n has shewn, she said, what I conceal'd ;
 The mighty Secret, is at last reveal'd : 180
 A Secret, which who e're attempts to tell,
 Wou'd need r' oblige belief another Miracle.

By our chaste Lover I cry'd, much injur'd Fair !
 And by that sacred Barthen which you bear,
 Conceal not ought, nor my suspicions fear,
 Since nothing now, but I'm prepar'd to hear.

She yields, and thus begins—

Three Moons are gone,
 And now the fourth swift Orb is rolling on,
 Since in my Father Heli's house I fate
 Revolving deep those dark Decrees of Fate 190
 Our sacred Books contain, that wond'rous year,
 Which all our learned Rabbies think so near ;
 Above the rest then claim'd my thoughts and care,
 Our promis'd Prince, and Heav'n's Almighty Heir ;
 Who Faith and Truth and Justice shall maintain,
 And bless all Nature with his peaceful Reign :
 While from the Rocks live streams of Honey flow,
 And voluntary Palms and Roses grow :

Psal. 85. 10, Thrice happy oft I call'd and counted her, *
 Isa. 9. 6. & Who at her Breast the Infant King should bear ; 200
 11. per tot. As oft I thought what humble Gifts I'd bring,
 65. 25. What Presents to adore the Infant King :

How bless'd, if in my Arms I might but hold,
 Or in his Cradle, innocently bold
 Cant. 8. 1. Seize the young Conqueror, and by sweet surprise
 Might kiss his lovely Cheeks and heavenly Eyes !
 Thus musing, sudden Glories me surround :
 From the cleft Skies a youth with Sun-beams crown'd

- 210 More lovely far, than all the Race of Man,
 Descending swift, bow'd low, and thus began :
 * " All hail ! belov'd of Heav'n ! and full of Grace ! *The Annun-*
 " More blest, more lov'd than all thy charming Race ! *ciation.*
 " Who, thou, thy self must that great Mother prove, *Luk. i. 28.*
 " Which was so late thy Envy and thy Love.
 " Nor startle at the Message I declare ! *v. 30.*
 " Thy Virgin-womb an Infant God must bear : *31.*
 " That promis'd Prince who shall the World regain, *32, 33.*
 " And over all his Father's Empires reign :
 220 " The Divine Spirit, Author of Joy and Love *35.*
 " Breathing Conception on thee from above :
 " Jesus his sacred Name long since design'd :
 " The Mighty Saviour he of lost Mankind : } *Ibid. &*
 " Th' Eternal God in mortal mould confin'd : } *Matt. i. 23.*
 " And if thy Infant Faith wants Evidence,
 " Indulgent Heav'n has sent thee proof from Sense :
 " Aged Elizabeth, who did despair *36.*
 " Like Sarah, ever to embrace an Heir,
 " Six Moons already past, is pregnant grown,
 230 " And shall be blest with a miraculous Son !
 " Believe me, Sacred Maid ! My words are true,
 " For he who sent me here, can all things do. *37.*
 He said, and, whilst an Answer I prepare
 He wings his way to Heav'n thro' trackless Air :
 I after gaz'd, as o're the Clouds he trod,
 And cry'd — O loveliest Form i'th' Host of God !
 * My Faith I not refuse, nor yet suspend
 To what my Reason cannot comprehend :
 Be thy great Masters words without delay
 240 Fulfill'd — 'Tis his to order, mine to obey. *38.*
 Scarce had I said, and he no more appear'd,
 When strait a still small whispering sound I heard,
 Like that a solitary Ear perceives,
 When gentle Zephyr stroaks the velvet leaves :
 With this, celestial fragrances perfume,
 And scatter Paradise around the room :
 Emwrapt i'th' od'rous Cloud, a while I lay,
 Whilst a soft air thro' all my veins did stray,

Conception.

Thro' my warm Heart in new strange pulses move,
 And melt my ~~ravish'd~~ Soul with heavenly Love: *
 Hence this strange Burthen now so plain to view,
 Which ~~Heav'n~~ its Author has reveal'd to you;
 And from that moment, I a Mother grew.

250

She said, new ~~Ades~~ I almost prepare,
 Nay, hardly Adoration cou'd forbear:
 Thence to my wishes and my arms deny'd,
 A Virgin-Mother and a Virgin-Bride,
 She grac'd my humble Roof, and blest my Life,
 Blest me by a far greater Name than Wife: *

260

"Yet still I bore an undisputed sway,
 "Nor was't her task, but pleasure to obey:
 "Scarce thought, much less cou'd act, what I deny'd;
 "In our low house there was no room for Pride: *
 "Nor need I e're direct what still was right,
 "Still studi'd my Convenience and Delight.
 "Nor did I for her Care ungrateful prove,
 "But only us'd my Pow'r, to shew my Love:
 "What e're she askt I gave, without reproach or grudge,
 "For still she Reason askt, and I was Judge: *
 "All my Commands Requests at her fair hands,
 "And her Requests to me, were all Commands:
 "To others Thresholds rarely she'd incline!
 "Her House her pleasure was, and she was mine;
 "Rarely abroad, or never, but with me,
 "Or when by Pity call'd, or Charity;

270

Luke 1. 39.

These did to old Elizabeth invite,
 Friendship's and Kindred's Bonds with these unite:
 O'repowr'd at length she yields, and my consent
 And company obtain'd, we onward went: *

280

Judith.

The fam'd Bethulia soon behind us leave,
 And Kishon's Ford's our weary Feet receive:
 Thence fatal Gilboa's high Cliffs we cross, *

2 Sam. 1.

Where David's much lamented Friend was lost:
 Thro' Ephraim's Lot our course directing down

1 Kings 16.

Near the new Walls of Shechem's ancient Town, *

24.

See Gen. 34.

By Shechem where good Jacob once did dwell,

1.

Near Dothan's Plain and Sychar's ancient Well, *

John 4. 5.

And

And





Book 2. pag: 41.

N^o 11

- * And Gerizim's proud *Altar*, rais'd in *State*,
 290 Accurs'd by every faithful *Israelite*;
 By *Jericho* and *Bethel* next we pass,
 The first went thro', and near us leave the last;
 * And the third *Noon*, where *Siloam* gently falls
 Discover ancient *Salem's* sacred Walls,
 Which leaving on the left, our course we bend
 * To *Geba-Town* our little Journeys end.
 Near which, upon an easie *Hill* we see
 * The pleasant *Seat* of aged *Zacharie*;
 'Twas neat, not proud; for *Use*, not *Pomp* or *Pame*;
 300 * Such as an humble *Country Priest* became.
 He saw rich *Fields* below, which should be his,
 Detain'd by *Sacrilege* and *Disgrace*;
 For *Geba* did of right to *the Priests* belong,
 Tho' *Power* and *Time* must justify the wrong.
 He saw, more griev'd than angry at their *Crime*,
 And only pity'd those who injur'd him:
 With his own small paternal *Fields* content;
 Enough for *Want*, not *Luxury* they sent;
 Blest by their *Masters Prayers* and watchful *Eye*;
 310 And honest *Servants* careful *Industry*.
 * A *Crystal Stream* which from the *Mountains* stole,
 Whole waters o'r the healthy *Gravel* roll
 Before the *Gate* did gently murmuring run,
 Gilt by the kindly *Beams* o'r the rising *Sun*.
 The *West* a fair and spacious *Prospect* yields,
 Where the pleas'd *Eye* is lost in *Woods* and *Fields*:
 From the bleak *North* the *Mountains* *Summit* shields;
 An *Olive-Grove* the Southern *Heats* defends,
 Which *shade*, and *Fruit*, *pleasure* and *profit* lends;
 320 Beyond whose *Borders*, where the *Hill* inclines
 'Tis richly cover'd o'r with clust'ring *Pines*.
 Thither arriv'd, old *Zach'ry* both embrac'd,
 And at his hospitable *Table* plac'd,
 All signs of welcome wanting words were shewn,
 Nor had he those, this Reason only known,
 H'had some strange *Vision* in the *Temple* seen,
 * And ever since as strangely silent been:
 Not so *Eliza*, who to meet us ran,

2 Sam. 5. 23,
24

Josh. 21. 17.

Luke 1. 22.

G

And

Elizabeth's
Salutation.
Luke 1. from
39. to 45.

* And to the *Virgin* thus inspir'd began:

"Blest above Women shall thy Title be 339

"And yet more blest, thy wondrous Child than thee

"Whence is't the Mother of my God should grace

"With her high presence such an humble place

"Nor sooner did my pleas'd and ravi'd Ear,

"Blest *Virgin*! the melodious accents hear

"Of thy lov'd Voice, but my prophetic Boy

"Perceiv'd and bounded in my Womb for Joy

"And blest is she, whose noble Faith like thine,

"Expells all doubt of Truth and Power divine:

"Speedy performance shall thy wishes crown, 349

"And future Ages spread thy high renown.

The *Virgin* heard, Heav'n not her self she rais'd,

Kind Heav'n in everlasting Numbers prais'd.

Amidst these holy Hymns, which all around

From Saints and Angels in thy praise resound,

Thrice blessed Maid! may there be room for me

To throw my Mite into the Treasury?

As Heav'n did thine, my humble Gifts approve!

And since I have no Lambs, accept my Dove!

"Hail Mary! may thy Glories still prevail! * 359

"Great Mother of my God and Saviour, Hail!

"More blest than all our lost Forefathers Line!

Luke 1. 28, "Blest above all our Sex, as well as thine! 42.

"Above all mortals, only not divine!

"Only below thy Son I thee confess,

"And those who make thee more, but make thee less.

"Midst your triumphant Lauds, if ought you know,

"Ought that concerns our weary World below,

"Permit these praises far beneath your due,

"This humble Verse to be inscrib'd to you! 360

"Still wear they your lov'd name as their defence,

"And borrow Immortality from thence!

"And after thee, O full of Charms and Grace!

"Let our great Mary fill the second place!

"For other Queens long maist thou look in vain,

"Others like her, to fill thy glorious Train.

"Humble like thee, like thee of Royal Line,

"Her Soul to Heav'n submits, and bow'd like thine!

"Heav'n,

"Heav'n, which Immaculate her Form design'd,
 "As a fit mansion for so fair a mind.
 "(Sure none can e'r be Traitors, but the blind)
 "Which gave her Eyes that Love and Love inspire
 "And cheer the World like the Sun's vital Fire:
 "O may they—but that fancy wish must dye;
 "He melts his Plumes, who dares attempt so high:
 "Yet I'll wish on, Retreats are now too late,
 "And, Icarus, I court thy noble Fate——

470 "May they on thele my humble Labours shine
 "With their kind Influence gild each happy Line,
 "Indue with purer Forms the coarser Ore,
 "And stamp it Bullion, tho' 'twas dross before.

Sweet Muse return! to nobler strains aspire!
 And touch, with utmost art, the heav'nly Lyre!
 With Seraphs sing his glorious humble Birth,
 Who rais'd the beauteous Pile of Heav'n and Earth!
 What reverend Joseph on his Oozy Seat,
 What zealous Cephas did from him repeat;

480 Attent and pleas'd his Auditors appear;
 The more they heard, the more they wish'd to hear.
 He fervent, thus goes on——

These, more than Friendly Salutations paid,
 With old Elizabeth a while we staid,
 * Till thrice we saw the Silver Cynthia's wane,
 And thrice she fill'd her various Orb again;
 When the good Matrons welcom pains begun,
 Who in her Arms soon held a wond'rous Son:

Luke 1. 56.

* Her kindred most, around admiring late,

58.

490 And her so rare a Bliss congratulate;
 And when they saw the eighth blest Sun arise,
 Prepare the wond'rous Child to circumcise:

Gen. 17. 12,

His Father's Name they gave, with kind presage,
 As Hope and Staff of his declining Age:
 And add their Prayers, that he as well might be
 Heir of his Virtues, as his Family.

Luke 1. 59.

Well-pleas'd Eliza bow'd, and wish'd the same,
 With thanks, to all agreeing, but the Name,
 All wond'ring, thus did she inspir'd proceed,
 It must be John, for so high Heav'n decreed:

60.

62. His *Father* askt, with speaking *Eyes* and *Hands*
 * Of those around *Tablet* and *Style* demands;
 And when i'th' *ductile Wax* he'd stamp't his *mind*,
 63. The *Name* his *Mother* gave, surpriz'd we find:
 64. Yet more, his *Lips* unloos'd when *Hymns* he sung,
 And all the *House* with *Hallelujahs* rung:
 Trembling we ask, on his *reply* intent,
 What his *strange Speech*, and *stranger Silence* meant!
 He thus—

- Luke 1. 10, As I with *Incense* did attend,
 11. &c. I saw great *Gabriel* in the *Flame* descend:
 Of all who dearly *love* and *guard* mankind,
 There's not a *mightier* or a *fairer mind*:
 One *hand* he on the *trembling Altar* laid,
 The other *rais'd* me from the *ground* afraid;
 Th' *All-wise*, says he, has hear'd thy *pious pray'r*;
 And thy *Eliza* shall embrace an *Heir*:
 13, 14. *John* be his *destin'd Name*, and *joy* and *Mirth*
 Shall fill thy *House* at his *miraculous Birth*:
 Still dear in the *Most High's* impartial sight,
 15. Devoted an *abstemious Nazarite*.
 Ibid. *Divine Illapses* daily he'll receive,
 As much as *he* can *take*, or *Heav'n* can *give*:
 T'illuminate his *pure* and *piercing mind*,
 For that *great work* to which by *Heav'n* design'd.
 His *word* like *Thunder* shall the *World* affright,
 Exposing *guilty Souls* to *conscious Light*:
 While *crowds* of *penitents* their *Crimes* shall mourn,
 16. To *God* at once, and to *themselves* return.
 The *Prophet* who prepares the *Saviour's* way,
 17. The *Morning-Star* to the *bright Prince* of *day*.
 To this *strange news* I heard the *Angel* tell
 18. When *wonder* made me yet an *Infidel*:
 On his *lov'd Face* a *Frown* he quickly wore,
 Which never sure was so *disguis'd* before;
 Then thus, "Since *Heav'n* it self must *speak* in *vain*,
 Nor *Credence* to its *Oracles* obtain;
 At once experience *Truth* and *Power* divine
 And be thy *self* unto thy *self* a *Sign*!
 Till thy *despair'd* thy *promis'd blessing* come,

I seal

440 I seal thy Lips, and bid thee—thus be dumb!

Luke 1. 26.

Trembling I kneel'd, and wou'd have mercy cry'd,
But 'twas too late—my fault'ring Tongue deny'd
T'express my lab'ring thoughts abrupt intent:

The Angel nods, as knowing what I meant,
And back in Clouds of Incense smiling went.

082 With mental Pray'r I strait address th' All-high,
Nor cou'd those adamantine bonds unty;

22.

Which voluntary now fall off again:

And since kind Heav'n at once has broke my Chain,

450 And giv'n such Joys, I'll that attempt to raise,
And thee, O never ending Goodness! praise.

Awake my Lyre, I'll strain each tuneful String!

Awake my Voice which he has taught to sing.

Zachary's Song.

Great God of Israel! how shall we thy Laud express, Luke 1. 67.

“And, never satisfi'd with praises blest?

Unutterable Goodness! how shall we

For all th' unutterable Blessings pay.

Of this triumphant happy day,

68.

And what so largely we receive, restore to thee?

460 Who hast thy chosen Flock with gracious Eyes survey'd,

And visit'd with thine Almighty Aid!

A great Redemption for us wrought,

69.

Surpassing our Desert or Thought,

Surpassing those when wand'ring wide

By Nilus and Euphrates side,

You sav'd from Egypt, and from Babel's pride.

Those only Types of this have been,

Those only were from Slavery, this from Sin.

I I.

470 Thee will we praise, thee will we sing,

We'll sing with ardent Love and awful Fear;

Who hast to Sion brought a great Deliverer,

A mighty Saviour, and a mighty King!

That promis'd Branch of Jesse's Sacred Stem,

Zach. 6. 12.

Heir

Isai. 11, 1.
Luke 1. 69.
70.

Heir of his Father's Diadem;
Whom many an ancient Seer did descry
Thro' the mysterious Glass of Prophecy,
In the vast Heav'n of dark futurity:
They saw his Day, tho' far remov'd,
And seeing smil'd, and smiling lov'd:
They saw great Juda's Kingly Lion, rouse,
And his lov'd Nations Cause espouse,
Vainly whole Troops against him rise,
This vainly fights, and that as vainly flies;
From their stern Jaws he tears away
Th' already half-devoured Prey,
71. And rends and tramples all our Enemies,

I I I.

Which of you shall my lofty Numbers grace,
72. Ye great Fore-fathers of the chosen Race?
73. Thine Father Abraham, first I'll sing,
From whose blest Loins so many Nations spring,
The Favourite, the Friend of Heav'n's Almighty King!
He gave his Oath, and thou thy Son,
When the eternal League begun:
Offensive and Defensive 'tis,
His Enemies are ours; and ours are his:
His sacred Truth he did to witness take
While his strong Words the solid Center shake,
While Heav'n and Earth remain'd, he would not us forsake;
74. But guide us thro' fair Vertue's Paths, wherein
For ever walk sweet Peace and Innocence,
All mischief ever banish'd thence,
All Guilt and Danger far remov'd,
All that by him is disapprov'd,
75. And Fear, the Child of Sin.

I V.

76. Nor thee, thou strange prophetick Boy,
By Heav'n inspir'd e'r thou didst come
From forth the Closet of the Womb,
Thy aged Parents Wonder, and their Joy:
Thee, tho' unsung, unbred yet,

Midst

'Midst Crowds of Heroes will the Muse forget!
Thee who the happy News shalt bring,
The Harbinger of Heav'n's high King;
The Banners of his Grace display,
And scatter Pardons all the Way.

520

He comes, he comes! I see him swift advance,
He comes to our Deliverance.

* I see his *Orient Light* arise.

Scatt'ring ten thousand Suns around the Skies;
It flash'd thro' Chaos, whose wild Surges fell,
As when the first strange Day was made;

The Fiends were all of a new World afraid,
As wide it glar'd thro' all the inmost Caves of Hell.

If there it mov'd their Dread, though not their Love;

530

What Wonders shall it not perform above?

Sin to th' Abyss shall sink again,

"Death the great Slayer, shall himself be slain,

And Truth and Heav'n-born Peace for ever reign.

Thus sung the Holy Sire entranc'd, and we

Who heard, were little less in Extasie:

These triumphs finish'd, back we hast'ning come

To pleasant Nazareth, well weary'd home:

There fixing our abode, still now the Sun

Thro' three bright Signs his glorious Race had run,

540

Since we Judea left, and all our care,

Apply'd our homely Cottage to prepare

For the great Prince, and Heav'n's Almighty Heir;

Whose Birth approach'd, which now we knew so near,

Each Hour his Virgin Mother's Hope and Fear:

Enough we had for Need, though not for Pride,

Yet ev'n that small convenience soon deny'd;

The Roman Edict would not let us stay,

But to our Birth-place, Bethlehem call'd away;

The antient Seat of David's Royal Line,

550

Whence the bright Maids Original and mine:

And when for our new Journey we prepare,

Hush'd were the churlish Winds, serene the Air,

* Departing Winter's self grew calm and mild,

And as it went, put on smooth Looks and smil'd:

Whilst

ibid.

77.

78.

79.

Luk. 2.1, 4, 5

Whilst in our way officious Nature strows
 The blew-ey'd Violet, and the blushing Rose
 Does, to oblige us, all her Glories bring,
 And all the pretty Flowers that dress the Spring; *
 Narcissus, who too well himself did please,
 The Iris proud, and rich Anemone's: 560
 From Nazareth's odoriferous Fields got free,
 Hermon and beauteous Tabor soon we see:
 Then o'r Kedron's Streams our passage take,
 Which lose themselves in the Tiberian Lake;
 And thro' the well-known Road came joyful down:
 On the third Night to Salem's sacred Town:
 And our Devotions at the Temple pay'd
 The next glad Morn, when there a while we stay'd,
 We leave our Friends in the declining day,
 And with discourse beguil'd the tedious Way: 570
 Till when sweet Bethlem at a distance spy'd,
 A secret Joy thro' all my Soul did glide; *
 Encreasing still, as still we came more near,
 And Rachel's Tomb toth' right began to appear: *
 Each noted place around, the Maid I show'd,
 What e'r our Eyes could reach on either side the Road:
 'Tis there, said I, still flows that precious Spring,
 Which his three Heroes did to David bring!
 'Twas there a Youth, he kept his Flock, and there
 Met the curl'd Lyon and the rugged Bear. 580

2 Sam. 23.
 16.
 1 Sam. 17.
 34-

She shriekt and clasp't me to her trembling Breast,
 Then begg'd me that I would not tell the rest!

And now the Night her sable Veil had spread,
 Each little Bird coucht in its mossy Bed,
 And Fowls of stronger Wing to distant Regions fled;
 As we to Bethlem's Walls well weary'd come,
 And hear the busie Towns tumultuous Hum;
 Whole Drowes like us we see, who came too late,
 Crowding to enter e'r they shur the Gate:
 And there so long we for admittance wait,
 Till we i'th' Windows glim'ring Lights descry,
 Extinct in some, discovering Midnight nigh:
 With Fears o'th' Night, and Toils o'th' Day oppress'd,
 Long did we seek a Place for welcom Rest. 590

The

The Streets and Suburbs sought, but sought in vain,
New disappointments still increase our Pain.

And now new Grievs my much lov'd charge o'erpow'r,
Who fast approaching found that fatal hour
Of which her Sex so justly is affraid,

600 No more than that of Death to be delay'd:

"O my distracted Heart! forlorn and poor,
"Repell'd at each un hospitable Door,
"Strangers, benighted, tired, and yet far more
"Still more than all, and what I could not bear,
"What more than Life I lov'd must feel the largest share.
"How false th' opinion that it gives relief

"To have a sad Companion in our Grief?

"Afflictions stroaks more thick and heavy fall
"When both each others feel, and both bear all.

610 "Yet quiet still her Breast; to Heaven resign'd;

"In an uneasie Body calm her mind;
"Not one impatient sigh or word let go,
"These only from her Lips divinely flow
"It must be best for Heav'n will have it so.

"We may not murmur, tho' we justly give,
"And spite of clam'rous sence let's still believe!

Sham'd with the kind reproof I soon repress
My wayward Thoughts, and calm'd my murmur'ing Breast;

* This done, I to a well known Cave repair

620 Which her might shield, for whom my chiefest care
From the moist Heav'ns, and Nights unwholsom Air.

In storms a refuge to the panting Swains
When sudden Sleet came driving cross the Plains.

* Whether by Art hew'd in the living Stone
Or Mother Natures ancient work, unknown:
Short stubble and light reed, which our low state
Did best become, I gather'd at the Gate;
These to the Virgin for her Couch I gave,
Plac'd in the inmost Corner of the Cave:

630 Such pomp did David's Royal Heir assume,
Such was the Furniture, and such the Room:
The rest a Choir of modest Angels brings,
But veil their Faces with their purple Wings.

And now thro' liquid Air the silent Moon

H

In

In *silver Chariot* mounts to her *pale Noon* :
 Still was the *Night* as *Innocence* or *Fear*,
 Nor *humane Sounds*, nor *grazing Beasts* we hear ;
 Faint did the *Lamp* on neighb'ring *Edar* burn, *
 By snatches shin'd awhile, then sunk into its *Urn*. *
 The very *Stars* with *drowsie motions* roll,
 The *Bear* walks heavily around the *Pole* :
 When spite of all my *Cares* I *slumb'ring* lay
 Tir'd with the *Toils* and *sorrows* of the *day*.
 Till a *strong light* thro' my clos'd *Eye-lids* shin'd,
 As the *Sun's mid-day glories* chear the *blind* :
 Wond'ring I wake, and strait surpriz'd behold
 The *Cave* all *delug'd* with *etherial Gold* :
Glories almost too *fine* for *grosser sence*,
 And num'rous *shining Forms* departing thence :
 The *Virgin* too I saw, so *brightly drest*
 I hardly cou'd discern her from the *rest*.
 "In her *chast Arms* the *eternal Infant* lies : *
 What an *illustrious goodness* in his *Eyes*?
 Which soon alike both *Lights* and *Shades* o'erpow'rs,
 And all the modest *Beams* around devours :
 I kneell'd *adoring*, and my *Eyes* employ
 T' assist my *fault'ring Tongue*, and *speak* my *joy* :
 Tho' from my *pleasing Trance* soon rais'd by *Fear*,
 For nigh the *Cave* I *humane Footsteps* hear
 And *rustic sounds* confus'd, which as they grew
 More *loud*, before the *Gate* my self I *threw*,
 With feeble *force* my *precious charge* to shield
 From the *rude Swains* returning from the *field* ;
 For such I *thought 'em*, till at length I *spy*,
 As the *fair morn* began to *gild the Sky*
 A *Troop* of *harmless Shepherds* mild and *good*,
 Who near me on their *sheepbooks* leaning stood,
 And bowing low, for the *bright Babe* inquire,
 The hope of *Israel* and the *worlds desire* :
 Wond'ring from whence so soon they heard the *news*
 I askt, nor they to clear my *doubts* refuse.
 Two *sprightly Lads*, who could relate it best,
 With *Chaplets* crown'd leapt forth from all the *rest*;
Claius, who lately the *leud Town* had left

640

650

660

670

Of



Book 2. pag: 50

N^o 12^o

Of all his long his foolish Hopes bereft,
 Tho' bounteous Heav'n whate'er he now thought dear
 Indulg'd, in Peace and his *Urania* here:
 Strephon, a jolly youth, who did pretend
 To be, and was, *ever* Love bred Hate, his Friend:
 680 Tho since too oft, on many a vain pretence
 He left the Plains and left his Innocence.
 His Soul no track of Modesty or Grace
 Retains, as steel'd and harden'd as his Face:
 Foul as those loathsome Brands his Body bears,
 685 And black as that dissembled Robe he wears:
 For now he do's in other Garments shrowd
 His ugly Vice. I saw him late, too proud
 Claim his Friend, or ev'n himself to own,
 In Town by Malebi's nobler Title known;
 690 Where with those Priests he bans, whose daily Theme
 Is their still patient Saviour to blaspheme:
 Not so ere while when innocent and young
 With *Claius* thus his Birth he sweetly sung.

Christmas Carol.
 Strephon. **H**OW *Claius* are we dumb with Joy?
 Come tune thy Pipe to Carols sweet!
 Let's welcom the celestial Boy,
 And throw our Garland at his Feet!
Claius. I have a Lamb as pure as Snow
 Which my *Urania* smiling gave;
 Yet shall he to his Altars goe
 Nor shall her Eyes the Victim save.

700
 097
 Strephon. Mistaken Swain! he ne'er requires
 That with such off'rings we should part:
 Go give him pure and fair desires,
 And praise him with an humble heart!
Claius. Then all my hopes and all my fears
 I'll to their ancient Lord restore,
 And all my sighs and all my tears,
 His Love obtain'd, I ask no more.

From

H 2

When

- When thus each others rural skill they'd try'd 710
 To my desire young *Clair* thus reply'd :
 As in yon Plain that stretches wide away
 Near *Edars* Tow'r to guard our Flocks we lay,
 The Night, as honest *Shepherds* use, we spent,
 In Tales and Songs and harmless merriment :
 On antient *Heroes* stories some proceed,
 Who not disdain'd to touch the tuneful reed.
 Gen. 28, 29. Old Father *Jacob's* Travels these relate,
 31, 32, &c. And these unstable *Ruben's* crime and fate :
 Gen. 35, 21, Others that valiant *Ephraean* Swain 720
 22.
 1 Sam. 17. Who vast *Goliath* quell'd on *Elah's* plain ;
 2, 49. How with his Praises all the Valleys ring ;
 How well he fought how well he lov'd and sung.
 While thus, on *Earth's* soft Couch employ'd we lay
 From neighbouring Cottages the Bird of Day
 Loud sounds his first alarm, and every star
 Revolving swift thro' *Heav'n's* high Arch declare }
 Their Noon was past, and Night began to wear :
 When on a sudden aged *Egon* cries
 See *Shepherds* see, descending from the Skies 730
Ion light ! Kind *Heav'n* ! What mean these Prodigies ?
 The Sun it cannot be, for Night's not done,
 And almost half his Under-Day to run ;
 Besides, it mounts not, but oblique descends,
 And hitherwards its wondrous Journey bends —
 — He trembling said, but soon no more cou'd say ;
 For the next moment all around was day,
 The *Ewes* disturb'd arose and scatter'd wide,
 The little *Lambs* ran bleating by their side :
 Our faithful Dogs coucht on the ground affraid, 740
 And none besides my old *Lycisca* bay'd :
 Profound we prostrate lay, long groveling there,
 Nor cou'd th' unsufferable Splendor bear :
 Till a fair Youth, as my *Urania* fair }
 Luke 2. 9. Sweet Peace and *Heav'n*-born Joy descending brings,
 As soft he touch'd us with his purple wings.
 10. Blest Swains, let no vain Terrors you affright !
 Believe 'tis no Illusion of the Night !
 To you, he cry'd, I happy tidings bring

From

- 750 From yon fair place, and Heav'n's Almighty King.
 To you, the Lamb of God, this happy morn
 To you, the Saviour of the World, is born
 In Ephrætan Bethlem, where of old
 The Royal Swain so well did guard his Fold;
 You'll find him wrapt in feeble Infants bands
 Who grasps all Nature with his mighty hands.
 A Cave and homely Stable claim his birth *
 Who rais'd the goodly Pile of Heav'n and Earth.
 — He said and strait we saw the welkin wide
 760 Throng'd with the Heav'nly Host from side to side;
 Thick as those glittering notes that ever stray
 And dance in the resplendent Beams of day;
 Night and our Fear they both from us remove,
 And thus repeat those Hymns they learn'd above.

Luke 2. 11.

12.

13.

Song of the Angels.

- G**lory to our great King on high!
 To Heav'n's Imperial Majesty!
 To him that sits upon the Throne,
 "The ador'd Three-One!"

Luke 2. 14.

II

- Peace from the Prince of Peace we bring;
 770 An Amnesty from Heav'n's high King.
 Who at his First-born's welcome birth
 Scatters pardons round the Earth.

III

- Thunders we must use no more
 In which the Law was preach'd before,
 But strive ingenuous Men to move
 With mild Good-will and Heav'nly Love.

Exod. 19. 20.

- Thus Hymning, by degrees they leave our sight
 And hitherward direct their parting Light.
 Here, Father, we arriv'd —

On

On that *bright Babe* desired to feast our *Eyes*, 780
 The *subject* of so many *prophecies*!
 They said, to their request consent I gave
 And introduc'd 'em to the *well-known Cave*;
 With greedy *Eyes* when his *lov'd Face* they spy'd,
 On his *lov'd Face* they gaz'd *unsatistf'd*,
 Still more *surpriz'd* more *miracles* behold
 Each humbled *Straw* induces the *form of Gold*.
 Thro' the *dark Cave* they see *new day* arise,
 Projected round from his *illustrious Eyes*,
 These o'er the *Gates* their *rich Garland* hung, 790
 These *Flow'rs* and *Herbs* around *profusely* hung,
 And these the *Child* and these the *Mother* sung:
 While others from the *Rock* live *Hony* bear,
 Or fragrant *Balm* inestimable *Tear*:
 Their *humble presents* paid, they part again,

Luke 2. 17. And spread the joyful news o'er all the *Plain*.

Seven times bright *Hesper* now had clos'd the *Day*,

As oft sweet *Phosphor* warn'd the *Stars* away.

Luke 2. 21. The eighth glad morn arising, when we bear

The *Holy Infant* to the *House of Prayer*; 800

Whence, as the *Law* directs, that mark he wore

On all our pious *Fathers* stamp'd before;

Inscrib'd in *Blood* upon his tender skin,

Altho' he knew no stain of guilt or sin,

And the next *Moon* claps'd, as custom calls,

Agon we speed for *antient Sabe's* walls;

Our dear first-born, so *Holy rites* require

Levit. 12. 4. To dedicate to his immortal *Sire*.

Nor sooner to the *Temple Gates* we came

But th' *Incense* with a clear and generous flame

Shot strait to *Heav'n*. — The pious *Mother* went

Her off'ring to his *Father* to present;

Exod. 2. 12. And her two *Turtles*, innocent as they,

Levit. 12. 6. Did near the *Sacred Altar* trembling lay

But scarce the double *Sacrifice* was done;

To purge the *Mother* and present the *Son*;

Luke 2. 25. When the *admir'd Croud* of *Simeon* came

Of noted *Virtue* and unblemish'd *Name*,

To whom when cold decrepid *Age* had pass'd

no

The



Book 2. pag. 54.

Luc: 2

N^o 13



Book. 2 pag. 55.

N.º 14

- 820 The Snow of *fourscore Winters* on his head,
 As he one *Evening* in the *Temple* stay'd
 And for sad *Israel's* wish'd *redemption* pray'd,
 A *Heav'nly* Youth of those who waited there *
 Indues a thin-spun *Robe* of *ambient Air*
 And bids the aged *Father* not *despair*,
 For tho' too short his *Thread of Life* were spun
 Too many *precious Sands* already run,
 838 Him vainly *threatning Death* shou'd not surprize 26.
 Till the *Messa* blest his *longing Eyes*:
 830 The same bright *Form* appear'd this happy day
 As on his *face* in *pray'r* he *prostrate* lay;
 And from his *Closet* beckon'd him away:
 With *Joy* the good old man the *signal* takes,
 And, all *extatick*, to the *Temple* makes:
 In *hast* he *cheerful* came, *erect*, alone,
 His *useless Crutches* now *aside* were thrown:
 Thro' all the *crowd* of *Priests* and *suppliants* press'd,
 Then seiz'd the *Child* and laid him at his *Breast*;
 With his *dear burden* to the *Altar* ran
 840 And thus, with *sacred rage* inspir'd, began.

Simeon's Song, or the Nunc Dimittis.

Luke 2. 29.

YES, Now thy *Servant* dies, he *gladly* dies!
 This *Life*, dear *Lord*! prolong no more,
 But as you *promis'd* me before
 In *peace* now close mine *Eyes*!
 Mine *Eyes* which that dear *object* now has met
 For which so long they gaz'd in vain,
 For whole *delay* so long I did *complain*:
 I've seen the *Sun* of *Righteousness* arise;
 'Tis time my *glimm'ring Lamps* forsake the *Skies* 30.
 And in the *shades* of *Death* for ever set.

I I.

- 850 The *World* already *hails* his *welcom birth*:
 Already *humble Gifts* prepare
 To meet and *bless* th' *Almighty Heir*
 The *King* of *Heav'n* and *Earth*:

31, 32.
 Matth. 2. 1.
 11.

Him

Him the lost *Gentiles* shall their *Saviour* find,
 Him *Heathen Lands* their *Lord* shall own,
 Their *Lord* and *God*, him who alone
 Not only giveth sight but *Eyes* toth' blind.

III.

34. Ah stupid *Nation*! Wilt thou still refuse
 Still hate thy *Saviour*? Ah thrice barden'd *Jews*! 860
 (Grant *Heav'n* these boding fears may not be true!)
 Rejected by your *Prince*, as he by you!
 But Ah! What cruel *Truths* I see
 In the dark *Womb* of future days?
 To what a cursed *Throne* will you your *Saviour* raise?
 How will you crown with *Thorns* and *Infamy*?
 35. What wounds, what swords, Great *Mother*, are prepar'd for thee?

IV.

- But with our sufferings *Heav'n's* at last inclin'd
 For see a glorious *Scene* behind!
 He comes he comes, agen these *Eyes* shall see, 870
 Agen, dear *Saviour*, welcom thee!
 The *Cloud* thy *Chariot*, and thy *Wings* the *Wind*,
 In *Zion* shall appear
 The great deliverer.
 My stubborn *Nation* then shall strive no more,
 But him whom once they peirc'd, adore:
 32. 34. Now *Israel's* *Glory*, as their *shame* before.

- He said, when strait to bliss his soul retir'd, *
 36. And slumb'ring soft he with a smile expir'd.
 New wonders still arise as these are past, 880
 Like *Waves*, the first confounded in the last.
 Each *Sex*, as well as *Age*, their *Lord* confess,
 A *Prophet* first, and now a *Prophetess*.
 Luke 2. 36. *Anna*, a *Matron* Sage, and whilst a *Wife*
 For spotless *Faith* renown'd, and holy *Life*,
 11. Old *Phanuels* *Heir*, of *Abel's* fruitful *Race*,
 Fam'd in her *Youth* for matchless *Mind* and *Face*,

Sought

- Sought by a hundred *Woers*, nor deny'd,
 To bless the *happiest* by the name of *Bride*;
 890 Seven Years they liv'd and no *Dissension* knew;
 Tho' One at first, yet still more one they grew:
 Their *Thoughts*, their *Wishes*, nay their *Souls* the same,
 In nought they differ'd but in *Sex* and *Name*:
 So intimately close the *knot* was ty'd,
 That *Death* it self cou'd hardly them divide:
 And when th' untimely *Grave* had him receiv'd,
 And her of more than her own *Life* bereav'd,
 She wonder'd how, and scarce believ'd she liv'd;
 All thoughts of any *second Love* defies,
 900 And to all worldly *Joy* and *Pleasure* dies,
 Within the *Temple* waiting the blest *hour*,
 Which her might to her much-lov'd *Lord* restore:
 Her earthly *Frame* by *Fasts* so far refin'd,
 That little now was left but perfect *mind*:
 Oft her pure *Soul* to *Heav'n* wou'd take its flight
 Lost and absorb'd in *Glory* infinite:
 Retir'd as oft, no *Look*, no *Thought* abroad,
 Nothing she knew besides her self and *God*;
 Nay sometimes scarce distinct her self cou'd call;
 910 * *Abstracted* from her self, for *God* was all.
 What darling *Visions*, not to be express'd,
 Her constant fervent pure *Devotions* blest!
 What *Beatific Glories* warm'd her *Breast*!
 What crowds of beautiful *Seraphs* left the *Choir*,
 At once, to imitate her and admire!
 What mystic *Truths* by them to her reveal'd,
 To all, but them and *Heav'n* it self, conceal'd!
 From these she learns what strikes weak *Reason* dumb,
 What tries ev'n *Faith*, that *God* shou'd *Man* become:
 920 She learn'd the *time*, the *day*, the *hour* precise,
 When we approach'd to bring our *Sacrifice*:
 What *Joy*, what *Exultation* she express'd,
 And hail'd her Saviour at the *Virgins breast*?
 Nor half content that him her self she h'd found;
 How gladly spread she the glad *News* around
 * To all the *Just*, by her and *Heav'n* approv'd,
 To all who a *Redeemer* wish'd and lov'd?

Luke 2. 37.

- Thus much, tho' what remains did more surprize,
 For Fame reports three Princes great and wise,
 Matth. 2. 1. Were late arriv'd, from near the Suns uprise;
 From the fair Fields of happy Araby, *
 Judea's strange expected Prince to see;
 Conducted safely by a wondrous Star
 Cross all those sandy Worlds, outstretching far
 Thro' the wide Wilderness, until at last,
 To Moab's pleasant Plains and Hills they past;
 Near Edom's Mount to Jordan's doubtful Brim, *
 'Twixt Selah and the cloudy Abarim:
 Crossing the Flood, as it by Gilgal falls,
 They soon arriv'd at antient Salems Walls;
 2. And boldly for the new born King enquire,
 The hope of Isr'el, and the Worlds desire!
 Matth. 2. 3. Proud Herod heard, and trembled at the news,
 Whose heavy Tyranny the injur'd Jews
 So long had sighing born; nor they alone,
 His very Friends beneath his Axes groan,
 With his own blood he dyes his slipp'ry Throne. *
 Not all his sordid Flatt'ers now avail'd;
 Their Hearts, as well as their fierce Tyrants fail'd;
 Tho' him so late they their Messia hail'd: *
 Howe'er that Savage Wolf the Fox indu'd,
 Awkwardly pious seem'd, and strangely good:
 The Sages to his stately Palace brings,
 And plac'd 'em in Apartments fit for Kings:
 Dissembling Hospitable Piety,
 Aloud he prais'd their Zeal and Industry:
 Blest be th' unutterable Name! Said he,
 Who ev'n to Gentile Worlds, so long conceal'd,
 At last has our great promis'd Prince reveal'd!
 O might we but the Royal Infant greet,
 And throw our Crowns and Scepters at his Feet?
 How much, how infinitely blest we were,
 If to his Fathers House we him might bear?
 How happy, might we wait and serve him there?
 Thus close his Nets the sanguine Tyrant plac'd,
 (For when our humble Roof the Sages grac'd,
 They all repeated,) thus did them deceive,

- So easily will *Immacence* believe;
 So firmly on his *Royal word* they lean'd;
 970 Who instantly the *Sanhedrim* conven'd:
 Sollicitous he askt that happy place,
 Which the *Messia's* glorious birth shou'd grace?
 If it their ancient *Sacred Books* declare;
 ---As I remember, you, learn'd Sir, was there;
 * Fair *Rama's* Lord to wife *Gamaliel* cry'd,
 When this propos'd, 'Tis true, the Sage reply'd,
 That morning in the *Sanhedrim* I sat,
 And 'twas by all resolv'd, on the debate,
 That humble *Bethle'm*, *David's* ancient seat,
 980 Must by his God-like Off-springs birth be great:
 As thus, inspir'd, the fam'd *Morasthite* sung,
 While with his lofty sounds fair *Salems* Mountains rung.

Michah's Propbesie.

LET *Salem* boast her ancient Kings,
Salem, which Princely *David* sings;
 And *Shem's* vain Apostate Town,
 Her Gods, her strength, her pleasure and renown!
 Bethle'm alone's my noble choice,
 That claims my Lyre and claims my Voice;
 In that shall *Israel's* Land and *Gentile* Worlds rejoice;
 990 Tho mean thou art and humble now,
 Wide shall thy spreading Glories grow,
 And all around, like fruitful *Jordan*, overflow:
 For if a Kings or Heroes Seat,
 Must by his Residence be great,
 All others infinitely this o'erpow'rs,
 Where Heav'n's high King is born, as well as ours.
 Already I the Royal Infant see,
 How long his Rule, how vast his Realms shall be?
 Thro' boundless Space and Time he Reigns eternally!

- 1000 — The same, my Friend, says *Cephas*, did repeat
 The same to him, the *Magi*, wise and great,
 (Tho' that before, and much beside he knew,
 Which from the *Sacred Oracles* he drew.)

Nor they the humble Beth'lems Walls disdain'd,
Nor long in Herod's glittering Courts remain'd ;
Thence hasten'd, ev'n by him, that Prince to find,
For Isra'ls Scepter and the Worlds design'd ;
Tho' e'er they went, by strictest bonds enjoyn'd,
When him they found they the glad News should send,
That he with adoration might attend.
This his fair Semblance tho' his black Intent,

Match. 2. 8. Was but too plain discover'd by th' event ;
For they no sooner safely enter'd were
Under the Convoy of their first bright Star,
Our lowly Roof, the rev'rend Sire goes on,
Whither, not long before, our Off'rings done,
We from the Temple came-- no sooner they

9. Did Gifts at once and Adoration pay
To th' Infant King- but by a Vision warn'd,
To their own happy Country they return'd ;
Nor call'd at Salem, as their first intent,
But round, by secret winding ways, they went.
What said not Herod when the Truth he found ?

12. 16. The Air how did his fruitless Curses wound,
Which all were lost in Wind, or on his Head rebound.
But tho' they soon were past his rage and pow'r,
The Thunder ended in a bloody Show'r
On Mourning Beth'lem, which at first hung high,
And at a distance gather'd in the Skie:
'Twas just descending when an Angel came ;
'Twas he who first from scandal and from blame
Clear'd the chaste Maid, aloud he bids me rise,
(I saw concern and pity in his Eyes ;)

13. Rise e'er too late and our dear pledg convey,
With his unspotted Mother, wide away
To Egypt's distant Fields ; nor thence remove :
'Till he receiv'd Commission from above,
As now he Convoy'd out to guard us home.
— An hours delay was Death, the Guards were come
From bloody Herod, eager to destroy
His dreaded Rival in the God-like Boy.
Arriv'd already at the City Gate,
And only there did for Admittance wait.

Starting



Book 2 pag: 60.

Int. 2

N.º 15



Book 2 pag. 61.

Plat. 2

N.º 16

Starting I rose, for my lov'd Charge afraid,
Nor in the Town one precious moment stay'd,
Scarce had I time to tell the Sacred Maid,
What my concern and this strange hurry meant,
But silent thro' the Southern Gate we went;
Nor many paces from the Wall had gone,
1059 When all the busie Streets with Torches shone,
Crossing from House to House, which we espy
* From a small Hill, and strait a dismal cry
Of Blood and Murther did our Ears affright,
With doubled Horror thro' the silent Night
Loud Shrieks we sometimes heard, nor that alone,
Oft we distinguish'd some deep dying Groan,
These of their barb'rous Foes for Mercy pray'd,
These, desperate grown, with fruitless arms invade.
How gashly must that Scene of Horror be,
1069 Entire, which we did thus by piecemeal see
Here mangled Infants from the Windows fall,
And Herod's bloody Banner on the Wall;
There Children dash'd on Marble pavements lie,
There gor'd aloft on Pikes or Halberds die.
The Virgin shriek'd with Fear almost oppress'd,
And clapt the Royal Infant to her breast;
Nor dar'd we more of the sad sight partake,
Trembling lest we our selves a part shou'd make;
But we e'er morning, in our speedy Flight,
1079 * Had reach'd the Forrest of the Tekoite;
Beth-haccerem we shun with cautious fear,
For Herod's Garrison we knew was there;
And past the Woods, and Siddim's Plain came down
---On the third morn, to Sheba's bord'ring Town:
---There leaving Palestine, our Course we take,
* O'er the vast Sands by Syrbon's waining Lake
* And Casius Mount, with Palms and Cedars crown'd,
For mighty Pompey's Fate and Tomb renown'd:
There entring on proud Mizraim's fruitful Soil,
1080 * Which asks no Rain, and knows no God but Nile;
* Near old Bethshemesh we the River crost,
Which both its antient Name and Gods has lost,
Now Heliopolis; advancing on

To

Matth. 2.
18.

To the proud Walls of neighb'ring Babylon; * I gain'd
 Nor dare so near our dreaded Foe abide;
 But still pierce further, and at last reside
 At Royal Noph; now Memphis, Egypt's pride;
 (Near those vast Pyramids which wound the Sky;
 Whilst at midway the empty Clouds go by;
 Vain Monuments of Pow'r and Luxury;
 Huge useless Wonders; Wens on Nature's face;
 The Younger Brothers of the Babel-race;) *
 And there in with'd obscurity remain'd,
 By an old Friend with kindness entertain'd.
 — But the day wears, nor need I now relate
 What's known so well, proud Herod's dreadful Fate;
 An end he did, worthy his Crimes, receive:
 Nor must I say how we did Egypt leave;
 By the kind Angel warn'd, how a new fear
 Surpriz'd us, when, our happy Birth-place near,
 We heard, to our uneasiness and pain,
 The Tyrant's Son did in Judaea reign.
 How by divine Direction guided, we
 Still Northward went to distant Galilee;
 Till to fair Nazareth again we came,
 That thence the Royal Child might bear his name,
 As ancient Prophets sung: how great his state
 What Angels on his Infancy did wait;
 How he encreas'd in Age and Piety;
 How still t' his Holy Mother, and to me,
 Exact Obedience paid —
 What Wonders we from those that past presage,
 From Youth and Childhood measuring Manly Age.
 In ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry State compleat;
 This only of his Actions I'll repeat,
 Tho' many more I must in silence pass,
 Well worthy Marble Piles or Leaves of Brass.
 Three Lustres scarce compleat, e'er the soft down,
 His Nectar dropping Lips began to crown;
 We to the Pasch ascending, with us he
 Observes with Joy the glad Solemnity,
 Which now in festal Songs and Offerings past,
 T' our own sweet Nazareth again we hast.

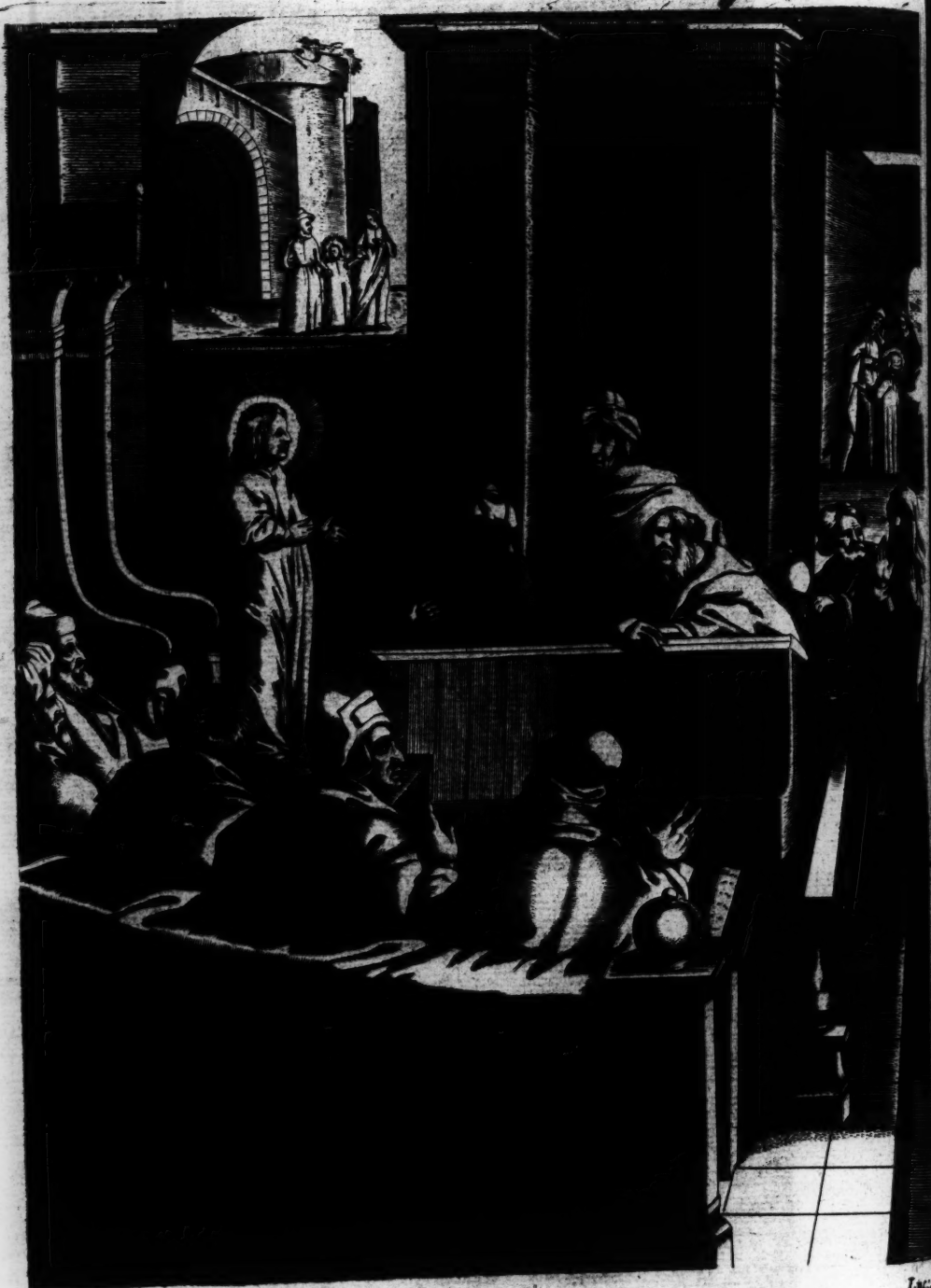
But



Book 2. pag: 61.

Act: 2

Nº 17



Book 2. pag: 63.

N.º 18 •

- But missing him, we both began to fear,
Nor tidings cou'd from all our Kindred hear;
We search each Troop, returning from the Pasch,
Zebedee and his Grandfire Heli ask,
Ask o'er and o'er, but cou'd no comfort gain.
As a fair Hind who wand'ring o'er the Plain,
1130 Or some thick Wood, her tender Fawn has lost,
So look'd the Virgin, so lamenting crost
Each Street and Road, in vain she sought and mourn'd,
Nor less when to the Town next morn return'd:
Two days, alike, in fruitless search we spent,
Two Nights in Tears, and him, as lost, lament:
Her Feet ne'er rest by day, by night her Eyes,
Which delug'd saw the third sad Morn arise:
Humane endeavours vain, to Heav'n she flies,
Resolv'd to seek him in the House of Pray'r,
1140 And from his Father ask Direction there:
We sought, and him amidst the Scribes we found,
A pleas'd, a numerous Audience seated round,
His Words admiring, on his Lips they hung,
And blest'd each sound of his harmonious Tongue:
How far his Sence his tender Age outran!
Beyond a Child, he spake beyond a Man!
--- Heav'ns! was it he? Good Nicodemus cry'd:
Then in the Schools, as chanc'd, I did preside,
And heard it all; the wond'rous Youth admir'd,
1150 Nor thought him less than by high Heav'n inspir'd!
So lofty, yet so evident and clear,
All his surprizing Thoughts and Notions were:
Each look, each word, such a peculiar Grace;
So modest, and so grave his heav'nly Face,
Envy it self, his Foe, cou'd hardly prove;
He shar'd at once our Wonder and our Love.
If then, with Zeal, the happy Friend rejoyn'd,
So justly you admir'd so great a Mind,
How wou'd you then, if him you now wou'd see?
1160 How Fathers! wou'd you all soon rival me?
He now excels himself, as others then,
He's fairer far than all the Sons of Men:
Mild Mercy mixt with awful Goodness shine

Luke 2. 44.

45.

46.

Ibid.

47.

All

All o'er, confessing Love and Pow'r divine:
 Each Look, each Line, bespeaks immoderate Grace,
 And shows his Fathers Image in his Face:
 --- Yet he but injures, who like me commends,
 The best of Masters and the best of Friends.
 Ah, had you once, like me, his Goodness prov'd;
 Were he but known he cou'd not but be lov'd.
 --- A warmth like yours, success can never fail,
 So strongly you persuade, you must prevail,
 Wife Nicodemus cries, for your great Friend,
 Whom I my self desire this Night t' attend,
 To find if Truth will these Encomiums bear,
 Or heighthen'd you present his Character.

Gladly I claim the word, the Saint reply'd,
 And for the honour pres to be your Guide:
 They joyn, tho' all the Company divide;
 When Joseph first saluted every Guest,
 And the next morning fix'd to hear the rest.

1170

1180

The End of the Second Book.

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK II.

* **A**LL silent stood when Rama's Lord had done.] As I ended the First Book, so I begin the Second, with an Imitation of Virgil's, *Conticuere omnes*, and *Interceat Aeneas*. By Rama's Lord is meant Joseph of Arimathea, Vide Notes on the First Book.

* So when our Prince shall Israel's Throne regain,
So may I by his side for ever reign.] It's too plain to need any great matter of Proof, that S. Peter especially, and I believe the greatest part or all of the other Disciples, did expect at that time the Temporal Reign of the Messiah. As for S. Peter's Wish here, to reign by his Side, on his Throne, the same with that of Zebedee's Sons afterwards, a Modern Critic tells us, 'twas the Custom for the ancient Throne to be made of a great Capacity, able to contain several Persons. As for the Form of the Asseveration, So when our Prince, &c, 'tis not unlike that which Grotius quotes out of their Chetub, "Ita videam consolationem Israel, So may I see the Consolation of Israel: which, he says, was an usual Affirmation among the Jews.

Which these, which Fame, which all the World attest.] These, the two other Disciples: Fame, for we read of the Fame of Jesus, Matth. 4. 24. Luke 4. 14, 37. & 14. 1. Herod heard of the Fame of Jesus, and in several other places. All the World here is no more than Jew and Gentile, or all the Roman World, which every one knows was at that time called the *mon oikoumenē*. Nor were his Miracles only known to the Syrians, Matth. 4. 24. The Phœnicians, Mar. 7. 26. and afterwards the Grecians, John 12. 20. but to the Romans also, as the Centurion, and probably many others. Vid. plur. infra.

* From whose wise Books his Sacred Name we gain.] See our Learned Mede, on Daniel's Weeks, which he proves must be accomplished about the time of our Saviour's coming, whichever of the assigned Epoches we take for their beginning. And 'tis his Observation, that we have the very Name of the Messiah from that Prophet, Dan. 9. 25, 26. where he's called Messiah the Prince; and 'tis added, Messiah shall be cut off, but not for himself. See more in Notes on Lib. vii.

* The Period past our Rabbies all declare;
And come he is, or we must now despair.] Malachy having foretold, that the Lord should suddenly come to his Temple; the Jews having lost their Legislative power; the Weeks of Daniel being now accomplished; the Baptist also appearing in the Spirit and Power of Elias, and indeed all other Prophecies of the Messiah completed, and all centring in this very time; it would be but very reasonable to suppose the Rabbies did at that time publicly declare their Expectation of him, tho we had no positive proof for such an Assertion. But yet further, 'tis not only

K

plain

plain from the *Evangelists* that he was then generally expected by the whole Nation of the *Jews*, (whence I say *Of what all Israel knows*) and even the *Samaritans*, that Woman who was none of the best, nor, 'tis to be presum'd, the wisest among 'em, yet speaking on't as a thing out of Question, *the Messiah cometh*, &c. with a present signification; not only this is notorious, but even their great Men express'd themselves freely to the same Sense; thus old *Simeon*, whom some suppose a great Rabbi amongst them, and *Caiaphas*, who prophesied very clearly even of the *Messiah's* Sufferings. And *Josephus* confirms the same, plainly acknowledging, that at that time, some great Prince was, by an antient Tradition or Prophecy, expected in the East, which, according to his usual Flattery, he applies to *Vespasian*. With all which the modern *Jews* find themselves so press'd, that they have been forc'd to own the time when we know the *Messiah* did really come, was indeed that appointed for his coming, but 'twas delay'd, they say, for the Sins of the People: 'tis answered, the Promise of the *Messiah* was absolute, and he was to come to save his People from their Sins, when the World was in a desperate Condition, and, as one of the Rabbies says, "filled with Dogs, Wolves, and Goats instead of Men. Others of 'em say he did then really come, but is not yet declared or revealed, remaining all this while incognito. And a third fort, as I find it quoted by a learned Person from their *Bab Berachoth*, that the *Messiah* was really born, and that of poor Parents, and in the time of the latter Temple, but was snatched away again for the Sins of their Nation; which is true enough, tho not in the sense they intended. Nay I find one of their Rabbies, *Sam Marochianus de adventu Messiae*, who goes further than any of these, "I dread and fear, O Lord, says he, lest that *Jesuw* "who was slain by our Fathers, and whom the Christians worship, should be that "Righteous one, sold for Silver, according to the Prophet *Amos*.

24. *By that fell Idumean Wolf oppress'd.*] *Herod the Great*, generally suppos'd an *Edomite*, tho some make him of *Ascalon*.

28. *Dissembling Piety our Temple rais'd.*] He enlarg'd, adorn'd, and as good as rebuilt the second Temple, as *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 15. cap. 14.* which tho some learned Men have denied, as *Eckius* and *Villalpandus*, yet one would think *Josephus* should best know, having so often officiated in it, and perhaps seen part of it building with his own Eyes; nor does he at all flatter *Herod*, who was dead many years before, whatever he says of *Vespasian*. This Temple was in truth a very magnificent Structure, tho, by the leave of our Master *Cowley*, much inferior to that of *Solomon*, as shall appear more largely in Notes on *Lib. vii.* The main body of it was finished by *Herod* himself in eight Years and an half, employing about a thousand Carriages and eleven thousand Men, but 'twas forty six years before the whole was compleated by the *Jews*, as they told our Saviour.

31. *And makes th' High-Priest himself a Sacrifice.*] *John Hircanus*, who was, if I mistake not, his Father-in-law into the bargain. See *Joseph. Antiq. Lib. 6, &c. 7.*

36. *Their Idol Eagle to our Temple brings.*

Who perch on proud Antonia clapt his Wings.] *Antonia* was a Castle built by *Herod* in honour of his Friend *Anthony*, near the Temple, at the North-West Corner, on an inaccessible Rock fifty Cubits high, and the Castle upon it forty Cubits more; which was four square, with four Towers at the Corners, commanding all the Temple, into which there were also secret Passages from it. See the Description of it *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 6. cap. 7.* But not only the Roman Banners, which the *Jews* lookt upon as Idols, and perhaps they were not mistaken, might offend the Zealots, when waving on the Towers so near their Temple; but *Josephus* tells us in his *Antiq. lib. 17. cap. 18.* "that *Herod* did really erect a Golden Eagle, of an almost inestimable value, on the very Portal of the Temple, which *Judas* and *Mambrias*, two "brave young Men, and zealous for their Law, were so much offended at, that "they got their Friends together, and cut it all to pieces with their Swords and "Axes, tho it cost many of their Lives.

38. *Judah no more gives Laws.*] this seems the most natural Interpretation of the Sceptre's departing from *Judah*, that is, the Legislative Power, which till now remain'd with those two Tribes returning from Captivity.

41. *Our Substance seiz'd, &c. Which my fierce Country could not tamely bear.*] See a large account of the Insurrection of the Galilean Jews against the Romans under Judas Gaulonitis, (so called from the City Golan in Bashan) on occasion of this Taxation, in *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 18. cap. 1.*

41. *And brought, of seven Sabbatic years, the last.*] *Joseph* 'tis probable was a middle-ag'd person at the time of his Marriage. The *Sabbatic Year* is either the seventh Year, or seven Years, a Week of Years: suppose him then born either in the last year of the first Sabbath, or the very seventh or Sabbath year, he might be now something above forty.

46. *Old Heli's Daughter did the Garland bear.*] *Heli* is said to be the Father of the Blessed Virgin. See *Eusebius* his *Ecclesiastical History*, who, from the relation of some Christian Jews, gives one of the clearest Solutions of the difficulties in Genealogies that I've ever seen; tho' 'tis true his Scheme is liable to some Objections, and I should be glad to see any that was not.

93. *And scarce could Eden's Loss it self lament.*] The Harshness of this Thought, I've endeavour'd to soften by the word *scarce*, at the beginning of the Verse, and if there needs any more to do it, the Reader is desired to consider that *Joseph* speaks here as a Lover, and therefore must be allowed to think more extravagantly than another Person.

94. *Tender, not fond, &c.*] The Ideal Character of a good Wife. See the rest below, *Yet still, &c.*

112. *I found her pregnant, now 'twas plain to sight.*] This was the best way I could think of to manage so nice a point with that Gravity the Subject requir'd.

141. *On whose fair Soul no thought of Ill's impress.*] Not that I think her Immaculate in the Popish sence, but only as to the Opinion *Joseph* had entertained concerning her.

148. *Five Courses more through her short Orb had gone.*] The Remainder of nine Months must be allowed before, for obvious Reasons.

163. *Thus the sweet Rose, &c.*] The Thought's too good to be my own, I had it from that of *Vida*,
Rore velut demissa caput Rosa matutino.

199. *Thrice happy oft I call'd and counted her.*] In this Thought all Writers that I've yet seen on this Subject, either Prose or Verse, have agreed: for Verse *Vida*, thus,

*Illam felicem tacite mecum ipsa vocabam,
Quam Pater omnipotens tanto cumulare't honore.*

And *Sannazarus*, I think beyond him here, which he is not often.

— *Oculos dejecta modestos
Suspirat, Matremque Dei venientis adorat
Felicemque illam, humanâ nec lege creatam
Sæpe vocat, necdum ipsa suos jam sensit honores.*

213. *All hail! belov'd of Heav'n, and full of Grace.*] Wherein I include both Sences of the *χαῖρε μακαριώδη*.

237. *My Faith I not refuse, &c.*] I chose to take all the *Angel's* Discourse, and *Virgin's* Answer together, which makes 'em more entire, and I think more Poetical than if with many Interruptions and Interrogations.

251. *And melt my ravish'd Soul with heavenly Love.*] Not unlike *Vida's*,

Visaque prædulci mihi corda liquefcere amore.

260. *A far greater name than Wife.*] That of a Friend.

261. *Yet still I bore an undisputed sway.*] Undoubtedly the Blessed Virgin was endu'd with all Conjugal as well as Solitary Graces and Virtues, and accordingly from her I here draw the Picture of a good Wife; more defensibly I'm sure than the contrary is often done by the Italian Painters, who from their Wives, and sometimes Mistresses,

usually draw their *Madonnas*, or Pictures of the Blessed Virgin; nay, I'm credibly informed, something very like it was done some few years since in Ireland, where they borrowed the Face of a very lovely Person of Quality to put upon the Virgin; I suppose, that they might have some Excuse for their Idolatry.

264. *In our low House, &c.*] *Vida* bestows many Marble Pillars on't, and makes it a famous business, indeed more like the Palace of her Ancestors; than an Habitation for Persons of their low Fortunes; I think therefore my House is better than his; a mean low-built thing agreeable to their way of living, suppose like one of our Cottages in Lincolnshire.

286. *— my Consent — And Company obtain'd.*] I think it more probable that her Husband Joseph went with her, than that she should wander by her self quite alone the Country.

283. *Fatal Gilboa.*] The Reason of that Epithet is assigned in the next Verse.

286. *New Walls of Shemir's antient Town.*] *Samaris*, first nam'd from *Shemir*, of whom its Ground was bought: long after rebuilt by *Herod*, and called *Sebastæ*.

288. *Near Dothan's Plains.*] I am not ignorant that most of our modern Travellers, especially the Catholics, make *Dothan* far enough from *Shechem* and *Samaris*; nay, they describe it, *Relicks* and all (the Pitt that *Joseph* was put in, and 'tis a wonder they ha'n't a small parcel of his Coat too) about two hours journey from *Magdala*, some scores of Miles from the true *Dothan*; which 'tis plain must be near *Samaris*, for when *Jacob* sent *Joseph* to look for his Brethren, he told him they were at, or near, *Shechem*; but they were gone thence to *Dothan*, whither he soon followed and found 'em, which he could not so easily have done, had they driven their Cattle quite over *Gilboa* and *Kishon*, almost sixty Miles from *Shechem*. Thus can Ignorance remove both *Plains* and *Mountains* where *Faith* is too weak to do it.

289. *Gerizim's proud Altar.*] I say *Altar* not *Temple*, because at this time I believe they had no *Temple* there, what they once had being demolished; in his zeal, by *John Hyrcanus*, before the Birth of our Saviour: I say, *Built in spice*, because, as *Josephus* tells us, "*Manasse*, the Son-in-law of *Tobias*, being banish'd from *Jerusalem*, *Nehem. 13. 28.* fled to the Heathen or Mungrel-Samaritans, and built there an *Anti-Temple* on Mount *Gerizim*."

293. *And she ibid Noth.*] 'Tis about three days Journey from *Nazareth* to *Jerusalem*, as *Surin* tells us *Lib. 2. p. 305.* But *Zachary's* house not being much further, they might travel a little faster, and get thither that Night.

296. *To Geba Town, our welcome Journey's end.*] *Zachary's* House, says *Fuller*, was near to *Emmaus*, tho in his Map 'tis of the two nearer *Geba*, and it might indeed be near both, since there's but little distance between 'em.

298. *The pleasant Seat of Aged Zachary.*] To tell the truth, I built *Zachary's* House from the very Ground my self, and thought it all pure Fancy, but it luckily happens 'twas exactly such a one as I describe it, as I have since found in my *Pilgrim*, p. 433. "*Maison de Saint Zacharie, &c.* The House of St. *Zachary* is very pleasantly seated on the top of a little Hill. It has a Fountain of delicate Crystal Waters, not far from the Gate which is towards the East."

300. *Such as an humble Country-Priest became.*] I can't think him any more; or but a sort of *Prebendary* at the height of his Preferment; by his waiting in his course at the Temple, much as ours do at the Cathedrals.

311. *A Crystal Streak.*] See last Note but one.

327. *And ever since as strangely silent been.*] *Vide infra.*

329. *Thus inspir'd began.*] 'Tis probable she had her Son's Name by Inspiration; as *Zachary* had it revealed, since he could not tell it her, and if he had written it before, she might with that have satisfied their Relations without a new consulting him.

350. "*Hail Mary!*" I hope there's nothing superstitious in this Poetical Address to the Blessed Virgin, as I'm sure there's no Flattery in that which follows it, nor will either therefore offend any judicious Reader, any more than *Hail, bright Cecilia, &c.*

372. *Indue with purer Forms.*] According to the Chymists Fancy, who talk much of curing the Leprosy of baser Metals, in order to their Transmutation. 411. Of

411. Of those around Tablets and Style demands.] The ancient way of writing, among most Nations; so well known, there's, I think, no need to describe it.

485. Till thrice we saw the Silver Cynthia's Wane.] 'Tis not express'd indeed that the Virgin was present at Elizabeth's Labour, but it seems extremely probable, for the Angel told her at his Salutation, that 'twas then the sixth Month with her that was called Barren; and afterwards Mary abode with her three Months, when her full time being come, 'tis not likely her Cousin would leave her before she saw her delivered.

444. The Angel nods, as knowing what I mean.] This he might easily do (without being in a proper sence, *quod dicitur*, which belongs to God only) by Zachary's *Abson*, Face, and other Circumstances.

497. When the Eternal League began.] Eternal, if understood of the Covenant made with the natural Posterity of Abraham for outward Blessings, must only signify a long time, as it usually does in the Holy Scriptures. If of the spiritual Children of faithful Abraham, it must be taken in its proper sence; either of which will do in the present Case.

523. I see his Orient Light arise.] The Word Orient is taken in our Language (unless I'm out) either for Illustrious or Eastern. I am therein at an old but a good word which our Translators here make use of, who render the word *aranta*, the Day-spring; tho it signifieth also the Branch, by which Name our Saviour was often foretold; which Sence of the Word I've also given.

553. Departing Winter's self.] It does not much affect me whether our Saviour's birth were in December, September, March, or whatever Month besides; tho I'm extremely well satisfied I've one day appointed, whereon to celebrate the Memory of that greatest Blessing that God ever gave to Man.

558. And all the pretty Flowers that dress the Spring.] The End of Winter is the Beginning of the Spring; and for the Flowers at that time growing wild in Palestine, the Eugene Rogers, who liv'd some time in the very Convent of Nazareth, as I find him quoted by Walker, in his Life of Christ p. 79. §. 102. "This City of Nazareth, says he, "is well called a Flower; for I might affirm, that having run through many Realms, and view'd many Provinces in Asia, Africa, and Europe, I never saw any comparable to this of Nazareth, for the great number of fair and odorous Plants and Flowers, which grow wild there throughout all the Seasons of the Year: for from December to April, all the little Hills, Fields and Way-sides are enamell'd with Anemonies, Hyacinths, &c. and Surins to the same sence, and almost in the same words.

563. Then o'er Kedummim's Streams.] Vid. Lib. 1.

571. "A secret Joy through all my Soul did glide.] From that true, and I think universal Observation of the Poet, *Nescio quid natale solum*, &c.

574. "And Rachel's Tomb to th' left began s' appear.] A bad imitation of that in Virgil,

*Hinc adeo media est nobis via, namque sepulchrum
Incipit apparere Bianoris.* —

619. "This done, I to a well known Cave repair.] Walker's account on't is thus, p. 26. § 27. "Tis, says he, a place of common receipt on the East side of Bethleem, without the Town made in a hollow Rock, as is usual for Stables in that Rocky Country, where was a Manger also cut out of the Stone. Surins says, that about Ann. Dom. 326. the Empreſs Helena built a stately Church over this Cave, which remains to this day, the Cave or Grott it self being under the Quire. The very place where Tradition says the Blessed Virgin was deliver'd, being cover'd with an handsome white Marble, in the middle of which is inlaid a green Jasper, of about a span diameter, round which Jasper is a Circle of Gold, in form of a Sun, with four Rays of several Colours, made of Diamonds, Rubies, Granates, and other precious stones, in the Circle are graven in Capital Characters these Words, HERE WAS BORN JESUS CHRIST OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

624. Whither

624. *Whether by Art bew'd in the living Stone.*] From Sannazarus,

Incertum manibusve hominum geniove potentis

Natura formatum

628. *Faint did the Lamp on neighbouring Edar burn.*] The Watch-Tower of Edar, in the Fields of *Bephlehem*, North East from the Town.

652. *In her chaste Arms th' Eternal Infant lies.*] I think 'tis Cowley's thought and words.

668. *Lowling lay.*] One of *Spencer's* and I think *Chaucer's* Phrases, signifying no more than a rustic sort of a Bow.

674. *Claius, who lately the lewd Town had left.*] An innocent pastoral Fable, proper enough, I think, here; some not unlike it being used by *Casimir* and others on the same occasion. But I am sensible there are some parts of this Description which ha'n't the true Character of Pastoral Poetry: tho' for the Greek Names they were common then among the Jews, witness *S. Peter* himself, and why not *Shepherds* as well as *Fishermen*?

718. *Old Father Jacob's Travels these relate, &c.*] A probable Subject enough for their Songs and Discourses, it being in this very place where he pitcht his Tent, *Gen. 28, 21, 22.*

757. *A Cave and homely Stable claim his Birth.*] By the word *Stable* there's more Liberty allowed than if 't had been *Manger*, the Greek *stern* signifying both, answering I think pretty exactly to *Præsepe* in the Latin. However all Antiquity have agreed that *Christ* was born in a *Cave*, not an *House*, as *Grotius* proves out of *Jupin* and others.

787. *Each humble Straw induces the Form of Gold.*] From that of *Vida*,
Quaque

Stramina tetra, modo horrebant, nunc aures cernas.

822. *An Heavenly Youth of those who waited there*] According to Mr. *Mede's* Notion, and indeed the belief of all Antiquity, that the Angels are always attending in *Holy Places*, in which, according to him, consists the *Shechinah*, or Tokens of God's peculiar Presence.

879. *He said, when strait to Bliss his Soul expir'd,*

And slumbering left he with a Smile expir'd.] It's very probable *Simeon* liv'd not long after this Prophecy, and he could never dye in better Time, than immediately after he had made it. The same Thought almost, exactly in the same dress, I've since met in *Vida*,

Hæc ubi, confestim veluti cedentia somno,

Lumina demisit, placidæque ibi morte quievit.

910. *Abstracted from herself, for God was all.*] Three or four of these Lines contain a great part of the so much talk'd of mystical Divinity, which I'm inclin'd to think has neither so much nor so little in't as many have imagined. It seems indeed no more than an affectation of hard Words to express or rather conceal such Truths as are plain and easie; and if the Professors of it would but honestly tell us, that by their *super-essential Union of Nothing with Nothing*, their *Self-annihilation*, &c. they only meant [The most profound abasement and humiliation of a pious Mind before the Almighty, abstracted from all outward Objects, most intimately retired into it self, yet not deferring any thing to its own Merits, but exerting the most fervent Acts of Prostration and Adoration,] This would be good sense, and what any good Christian might easily understand.

926. *To all the Just, by her and Heav'n approv'd.*] See our *Mede's* notion of the *Sacrifices*, among his excellent Works.

921. *From the fair Fields of happy Araby.*] They came from the East, as the Scripture tells us, and *Arabia* lay that way from the *Holy Land*. Nor am I much concerned whether they were *Kings*, a sort of *Royselets*, like the *Arabian Sheeks* at present, or *Wise Men* only, tho' I rather incline to the latter, because of their *Poverty*, since, had they been rich, we can't suppose their Presents would have left the Virgin so poor, that both *Joseph* and his Son should still work at their Trades, as we find they did. But let 'em be never so poor, or never so wise, I can scarce believe 'em downright *Wizards*, as some of the Fathers make 'em.

937. *To Jordan's doubtful Brim.*] Because it overflows all its Banks in time of Harvest. *Josh. 3. 15.*

947. *With his own Blood he dyes the slippery Throne.*] He kill'd his Wife *Marianne*, his Brother *Pheroras*, his three Sons, *Alexander*, *Aristobulus*, and *Antipater*, the last just as he was himself expiring; and indeed if they were like their Father, 'twere pity any of the breed should have been left. *Vid. Jos. Antiq. lib. 6. cap. 17. & lib. 7.*

950. *Tho him so late they their Messiah hail'd.*] *Eusebius*, in his History, gives an account of that Sect among the *Jews* mentioned in the Evangelists, and called *Herodians*, who, as he says, flattered *Herod the Great* with the Title of the *Messiah*, celebrating a religious annual Feast to his Honour. 'Tis perhaps worth remark, that not one of those, who unjustly usurp'd that incommunicable Title, either in those ages or since, as he, *Barcochebas*, *Judas*, and in our times, *David Sabbati-Sevi*, and others, but what came to miserable Ends.

975. *Rama's Lord.*] *Joseph of Arimathea*, as before.

1051. — *Which we espy—From a small Hill.*] If there should be none such found in the Maps of *Betlehem*, I hope the Reader will easily pardon it, since the throwing up two or three Mountains is but a small Poetical Miracle.

1070. *Had reach'd the Forest of the Tekoite—Beth-Haccerem we shun.*] The Forest or Wilderness of *Tekoab* lies a little South of *Betlehem*, in the way to *Egypt*, and *Beth-Haccerem* is near it; we read in *Jer. 6. 1.* of both the Places together, *Blow the trumpet in Tekoab* (which signifies the sound of a Trumpet) *set up a sign of fire in Beth-Haccerem*, a place I suppose much of the Nature of our *Reacons*. Now this *Beth-Haccerem* may either signify the House of Strong Men, or the House of Rusticks; the former Interpretation I follow, supposing it a strong Garrison, probably in some narrow Pass of that Wilderness.

1076. *O'er the vast Sands, by Sirbon's wand'ring Lake.*] This Lake had formerly an Inlet into the Sea, which being in time choakt up, it now still grows less and less. 'Tis reckon'd the utmost Eastern Bound.

1077. *And Cassius Mount—For mighty Pompey's Fate and Tomb renown'd.*] Near this was *Pompey the Great* basely killed, and afterwards buried by a poor Souldier. But the Emperour *Adrian* in the same place erected a fair Monument.

1080. *Which asks no Rain, and owns no God but Nile.*] If it be a false Thought let *Lucan* answer for't, since 'tis his, who thus of *Egypt*,

— *Nihil indiga merces*

Aut Jovis, in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.

1081. *Near old Bethshemesh we the River cross,*
Which both its Antient Name and God hath lost.—Now Heliopolis] Its antient Name seems to have been *On*, hence called *Onis* by *Ptolomey*, but by the *Jews* *Bethshemesh*, or House of the Sun, near akin to *Heliopolis*, or the City of the Sun, one of the Cities which, 'twas prophesied, should leave their Idols, and speak the Language of *Canaan*. To which place many Authors think our Saviour was carried, but I go a little further, as *Vida* does, and fix him more in the inland Country.

1084. *To the proud Walls of neighbouring Babylon.*] This *Babylon*, from whence many think *S. Peter* wrote his first Epistle (tho *Bellarmino* will have it *Rome*, rather than not get him there at all) has been a considerable Place, tho nothing like its Name-like in *Chaldea*. It stood just at the Confluence of the Rivers *Tigris* and *Nilus*.

1088. *Near those vast Pyramids.*] All we can certainly tell the Reader concerning those unwieldy Wonders, is, that they were made for no body knows what, and built by no body knows whom: They stand most of 'em about *Memphis*, on the West bank of the River.

1106. *That thence the Royal Child might bear his Name.*] From that *S. Matt. 2. ult.* He shall be called, (an Hebraism for) He shall be, a *Nazarene*; but where is this Prophecy? I think both in *Isaiah* and *Zachary*, our Saviour being promis'd under the name of *Nazarene* derived from the Branch *נצר* *Nazar*, which signifies the same thing.

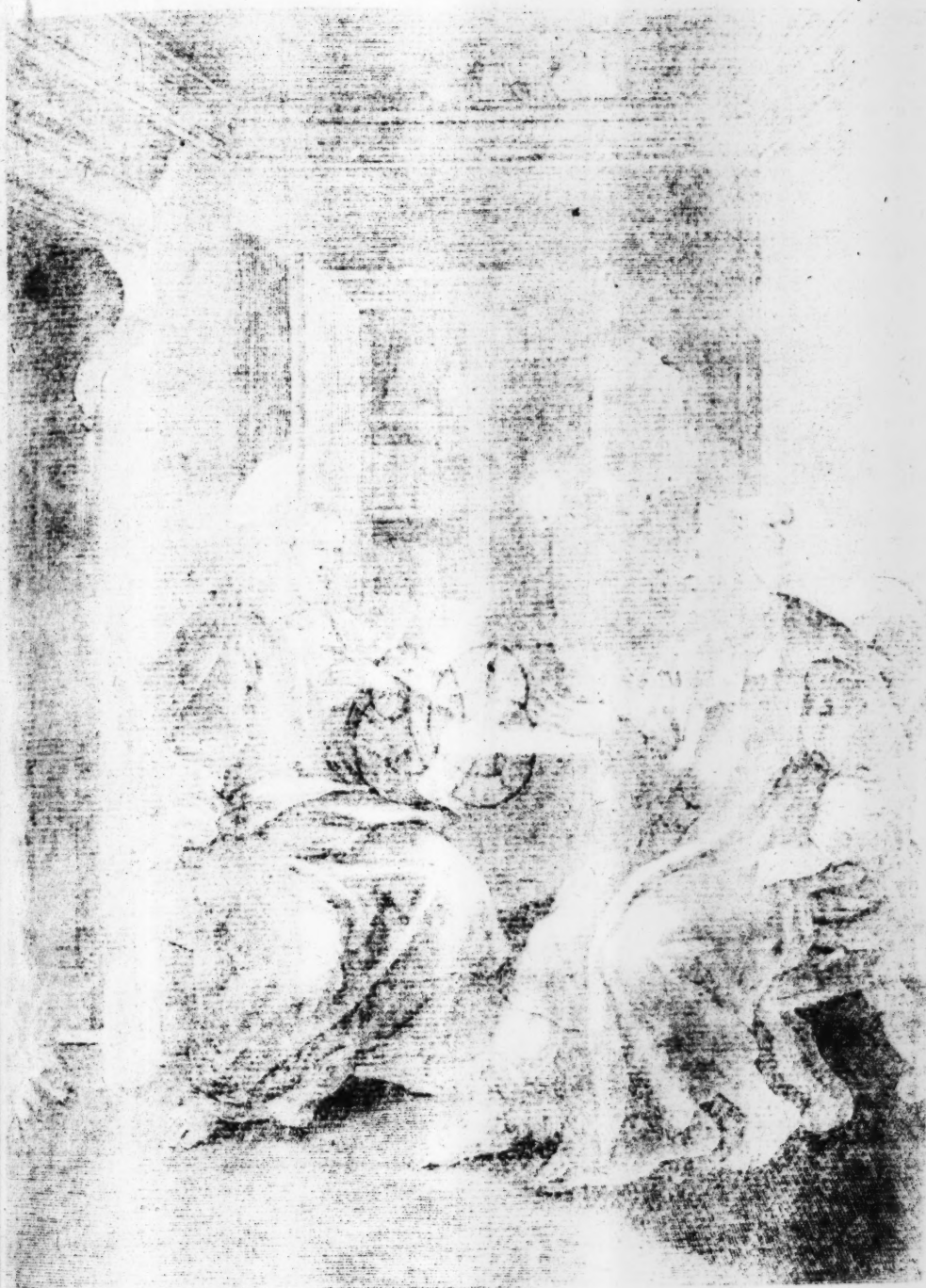
1117. *Three Lustres scarce compleat.*] A Lustre is about four Years, and therefore 3 Lustres I think a more tolerable Periphrasis to express our Saviour's Age, than if I had borrow'd one from *Quarles* or *Reynolds*, and said, *When the Clock of his Age struck Twelve.*

T H E

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Third BOOK.

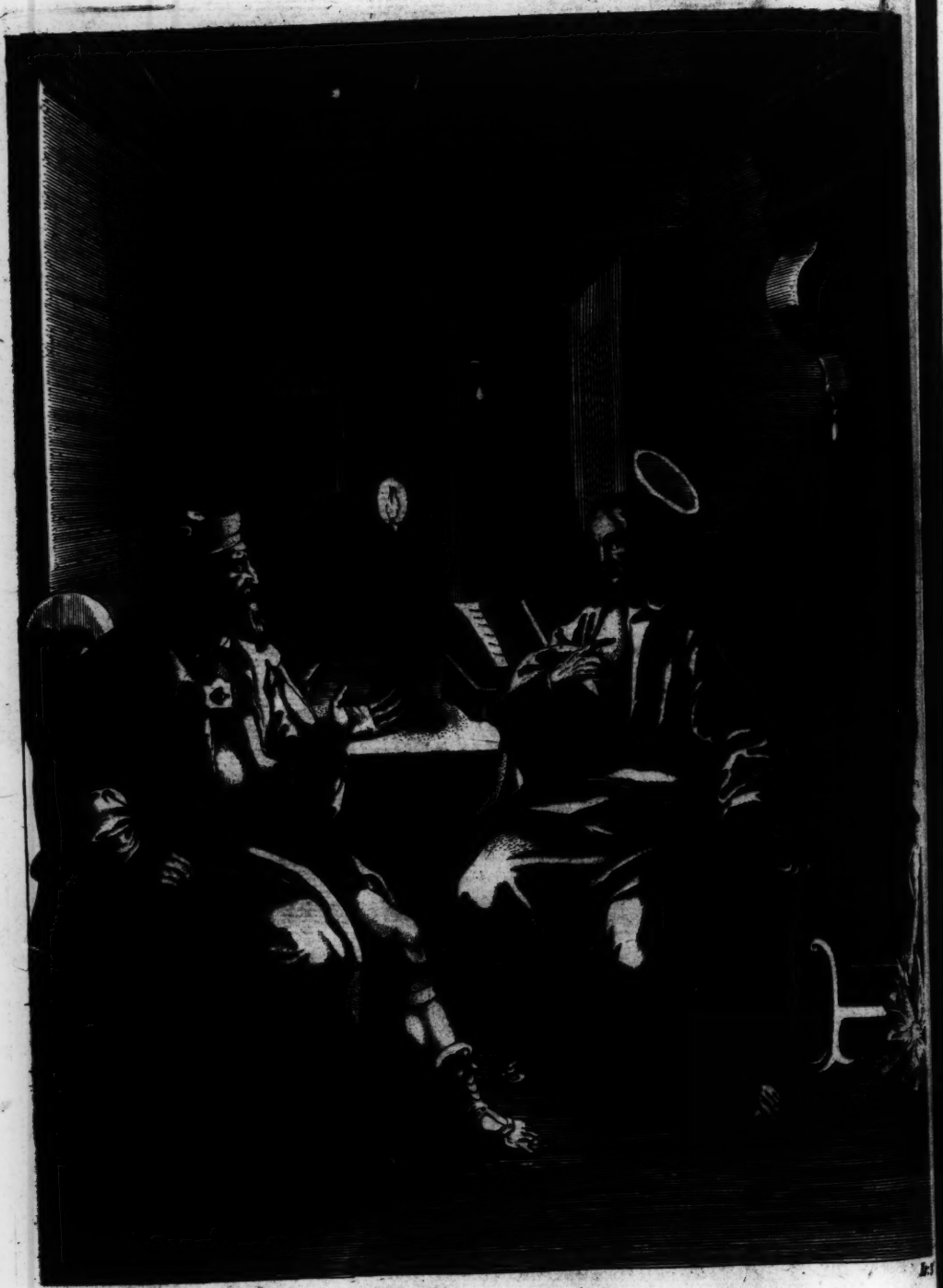
THE Introduction from the Happiness and Pleasure of pious Contemplation and Meditation. Nicodemus and the three Disciples find our Saviour at Gethsemane. His discourse with him concerning several Mysteries of the Christian Faith. Nicodemus departs well satisfied with the Conference; and Gamaliel being indisposed, the meeting and further Relation of the three Disciples is adjourned the next day from Joseph's Garden to Gamaliel's House, where S. John goes on with their Discourse of our Saviour, giving an account of the Baptist's History, his Character, Preaching, Prophecies and Baptism, to which many come, and among the rest our Saviour, who is attested there by the descent of the Holy-Ghost, like a Dove, accompany'd with a Voice from Heaven; at which the People being about to take him by force and make him a King, he retires thence into the Wilderness, as well to escape their Importunity, and prepare for his approaching Work, as by God's permission to be tempted of the Devil. The Description of that part of the Wilderness whither our Saviour went. In the mean while Lucifer, who being alarm'd at the Wonders of our Saviour's Birth, and his appearance now at Jordan, and doubting him to be the true Messiah prophesied of to destroy his Kingdom, had observed him at his Baptism, but frighted thence by the Thunder, fell down into the Lake of Sodom, arises thence at Midnight, and gives the signal to all the Fiends to meet him there; his Speech on the occasion of their meeting, Molochus for undertaking to destroy our Saviour, but Lucifer forbids him, and himself sets about it: he finds our Saviour, and accosts him in the shape of an old Man almost famished, pressing him with his first Temptation, to work a Miracle, and change Stones into Bread: But our Saviour knowing him through his disguise, rejects his Temptation; Night approaching he attacks him with others raising a Tempest, and several other ways endeavouring to fright him, but without success. The next Morning he accosts him in a glorious Form, tho' not denying himself, finding he was discovered, but pretending Love to Mankind, especially to our Saviour, and offering him a Banquet, which he had provided in the midst of a Paradise rais'd in the Wilderness. The Song of two attendant Spirits to invite our Saviour to eat of the Feast, which, on his refusal, vanishes; and the Devil enrag'd changes himself into the Form of a Dragon, and snatching up our Saviour, hurries him away in the Air, and sets him on a Pinnacle of the Temple, whence he shews him below, the Priests, the Jews and Gentiles in their three Courts gazing at him, the Roman Garrison taking their Pleasure in the Amphitheatre, and the Castle Antonia unguarded, persuading him to descend in the Flame of the Altar, that the Jews might acknowledg him, and under his conduct redeem their Freedom, which he might more securely do, because God had promis'd to give his Angels charge over him. Our Saviour having answered his Text with another, the Devil once more snatches him up and carries him to the top of Pisgah representing in the Air all the Kingdoms of the World, with their Riches and Glory, shews him the Ishmaelites travelling through the Deserts with Caravans of Gold and Spices: the Kingdoms of Ethiopia, the Isles of the Mediterranean, Italy, Rome, France, Britain: Then back to East beyond Persia, over to China and India, the principal Rarities whereof he describes. And still more East, cross an undiscovered Strait, a new World, whither one of his Attendants was then conducting a Colony of Tartars; offering him his choice of all these, or, if none would satisfy him, to raise him a Throne on Pisgah, and make him King of both those Worlds, if, by way of Homage for them, he'd bow down and adore him. At which blasphemous Proposition, our Saviour instantly commands the Devil to leave him, the time wherein he was permitted to tempt him being now elaps'd, who accordingly vanishes away in a Cloud of Smoke and Fire.

THE



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Nº 19

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
A
Heroic Poem.

BOOK III.



AND now the Night her peaceful reign be-
gan

Indulging food to *Beasts* and rest to *Man*
To all but him, whom *love of Truth* denies

* Er the day dawn to close his watchful
Eyes:

Who from the *busy* Worlds tumultuous *Noise*

Retir'd, at once *himself* and *Heav'n* enjoys;

Now *dives* in Mother *Natures* deepest *springs*

Searching the *Causes* and the *seeds* of *things*:

* Now higher soars on *Contemplations* *Wings*;

to Views all the glorious *Furniture* on high

L

That

Psalms 104.
20, 23.

That decks the *Almighties Palace* in the Sky ;
 Thence the great *Maker* argu'd, hastens on,
 Till past our *narrow Earths attraction* gone,
 Past ev'n *this World*, his vigorous *Mind* can trace *
 Some *Angel* thro' th' *imaginary space* ;
 Thence follows to the *Throne*, and prostrate there
 With equal *Zeal* and *Love* presents his *Pray'r*
 Before th' *All-high*, loose from all worldly care,
 All the *dull Joys*, we wretched *Mortals* know
 And these *vexatious hopes* and *fears* below.

20

Go then my *Soul* ! thro' *time* and *matter* fly,
 Beyond the *Earth* and *Air* and *Sea* and *Sky* !
 Beyond the *place* where mortal *Seeds* are hurl'd, *
 Beyond the *flaming Limits* of the *World* :
 Long *infinite durations* measure so
 As rowling *Numbers* still themself's *outgo* !
 View *Those bright worlds* of *Joy* which in each other *shine* !
 Live well thro' this *short world*, and they shall all be thine !

But first must many a bitter *blast* be o'r
 As please high *Heav'n* ; many a *fierce Tempest* more

30

Our little *weather-beaten Bark* must find
 And *some* perhaps, *some few white Days* behind :
 First in this *narrow Creek*, beneath a *Storm*
 Must we our long appointed *Task* perform :
 Attend our *Lord* t' his *Cross*, bewail him there,
 And weep upon his *sacred Sepulchre* ;
 Who in good actions all his *Life* employ'd
 And only in his *Fathers Service* joy'd :

By *Day* he in the *Temple* pray'd and taught ;
 Still *Night* arriv'd, a calm retirement sought

40

At sweet *Gethsemane*, there was he found
 By *Zebedee's two Sons*, who *casting* round
 From *Calvary* thro' *Salem's Northern bound* *
 With *Cephas* and the trembling *Rabbi* came

John 3. 21

Too fearful yet and much concern'd for *Fame* ;
 Whom mild our *Lord* receiv'd—
 With wonted *Sweetest* and *Benignity* ;
 Silent a while he gaz'd, intent to see
 Such *Royal Meekness*, *Humble Majesty* ;
 (For now the *Silver Moon* began to *shine*)

50

Charm'd

Charm'd with his Godlike mien and Firm Divinity
Then thus. — If my Confession ought avail
Great Sir, who in the very *Heaven* fail
If Rabbi! such as me you'er treating
Afraid to own those Truths I must believe
Permit me to acknowledge what's your due
Nay all our *Sabbatim* must own it true
And did not *Int'rest* blind our wou'd confests
With loud *Hosanna's* they believe no less

660 That you the *wonderful Prophet* of *Israel*
In the *Mosaic* *Oracles* of old
Approv'd from *Heaven* by many a mighty sign
Your *Mission* and your *Doctrine* all divine
True said our *Lord* — My *Miracles* are an *appeal* to *Heaven*
And are to that *Authentic Evidence*
'Gainst all *Opposers* they the *Truth* attest
Silence the *Tongue*, but cannot warm the *Breast*
A *Change* far deeper my *strict Laws* require
Of those who not in vain to *Heaven* aspire

John 3. 2.

670 'Tis a new *Birth*, a change as *altogether* new
At once perform'd in *Body*, *Mind*, and *Soul*
On these *mysterious words* the *Sage* debates
And on their *sence* a while he *hesitates*
Then thus goes on — Rabbi! of what you say
If *Sence* may not be *Judge*, *True Reason* may
And *Reason* seems express and clear to me
This *strange new Birth* you urge can never be
To whom our *Lord* — And *Rabbi* am you read

680 So meanly then among the *mighty Dead*
Must others from your *Light* *Instruction* learn
Who not your *Self* the *plain first Truths* discern
If *Reason* what *Sense* offers *justly* *high*
And o'r it bears an *undisputed* *say*
Why should not *Reason* in *Religion* yield
As *Sence* when *Reason* comes must quit the *Field*
'Tis a good *humble Guide*, but when it *sways* too *high*
'Tis *reason* what *seems* *reason* to deny
Shall mans weak *knowledge* fathom boundless *might*
Or *Limits* fix to what is *infinite*

690 Or the great Spirit by your *Law* confirm'd

who

L 2

131

- All nothing that's beyond a mortal mind; how blind
 Which as it pleases in his own counsel — then thus
 Unknown to mortal Reason, Time, and Word, we
 16. Go track the Wind and tell me where it goes
 From what deep Soler its headlong downings
 Whence into Galphitis founts, and how and where
 It makes such strange Murders in the Airs
 How, not a Dagger or a sword, nor yet
 All bodies yield to its impetuous rage
 If you're with me, I'll find out the way
 Ev'n much of that which is the secret of the world
 With more of reason you'll find the reason of
 In Revelation lost, and I'll find it out
 Non-daddy, this is the same old story
 Matth. 11. Tho' from the wife and children I am hid
 25. This saw great Jesus Son by heart inspired
 Psal. 91.10. Who a new Father with a new Son
 The Prophet thus who said with me
 Ezek. 11.9. Near Chebar's streams the vision I saw
 18, 21. * This ev'n the same old story
 I now promulge to you, I'll find out the way
 Which yet to you is hid, and I'll find it out
 John 3.12. * A God that takes the Form of man
 A Son of Man that lives eternally — no more
 A God who rules of men, and I'll find it out
 17. To Place confer on a Man that is so good
 16, 17. Sent by the Father yet I'm self the same
 Isaiah 9. 6. (The Everlasting Father is his Name)
 On this bad world the last Effort to prove
 Of undeserv'd grace, and I'll find it out
 Lost man nor save, nor I'll find it out
 Firm Faith in him, and I'll find it out
 John 3. 18, 19, 20. The Sage with his light, and I'll find it out
 Almost a Convert from the same old story
 From what he thought was good, and I'll find it out
 And his companions grew to be the same
 Scarce did the Sun immortal show his face
 To gladden Winkles, and I'll find it out
 E'r he next morning did the world see
 And him again, and I'll find it out
 Who

Who, indispos'd of: *John 1. 19.*
 The Conf' *John 1. 19.*
 Might at his house *John 1. 19.*
 And undisturb'd *John 1. 19.*
 What yet remain'd of *John 1. 19.*
 Th' Arimathean yields *John 1. 19.*
 With like Facility: *John 1. 19.*
 Who at the house *John 1. 19.*
 Receiv'd *John 1. 19.*
 His Friends *John 1. 19.*
 Gamaliel thus, the *John 1. 19.*
 To Zebedee, and *John 1. 19.*

What yesterday you told us, *John 1. 19.*
 The Air of truth and *John 1. 19.*
 Without a ground *John 1. 19.*
 Can doubt what, such *John 1. 19.*
 From Heav'n, and *John 1. 19.*
 Whose firm foundation *John 1. 19.*
 On Faith, and Sense, *John 1. 19.*
 Since this from what's *John 1. 19.*
 The rest more earnest *John 1. 19.*

Thus he, thus all who *John 1. 19.*
 When th' Elders of *John 1. 19.*
 If this so much your *John 1. 19.*
 What will be left *John 1. 19.*
 Which yet far more *John 1. 19.*
 What by all Israel *John 1. 19.*
 * Or from our Master's *John 1. 19.*

His Abstinence, his *John 1. 19.*
 And dreadful Combat *John 1. 19.*
 With mans sworn for *John 1. 19.*
 Him to the Temples *John 1. 19.*
 But first, how he did *John 1. 19.*
 Baptis'd also, no *John 1. 19.*
 In Jordan's sacred *John 1. 19.*
 For now vast Crouds *John 1. 19.*
 With the great Son of *John 1. 19.*
 Enon and Salim, *John 1. 19.*
 * Not far remov'd *John 1. 19.*

* And old Bahabara, *John 1. 19.*

Men

- Men first arrive upon the *Asian shore*:
 Here the great *Emperour*, *born from a Child*,
 His *Life* had spent in *Jude's* *fruit wild*,
 * Ten thousand *hate* *Fellows* scattering wide
 Their *frivolous* *Flies* and *Scuds* on every *side*:
 Auster he liv'd, removed from *all* *noise*,
 Of the *proud* *City* or the *pompous* *Court*:
 Here tho' he was to a *fair* *Fortune* *born*,
 The *Worlds* *vain* *Pleasures* soon he *learn'd* *to* *scorn*:
 Such *humble* *Chambers* and *mean* *Food* he *us'd*,
 As *frugal* *Nature* of her *self* *provid'd*,
 His *Robes* from the *humble* *Camels* *shoulders* *took*,
 Such *spoils* of *Beasts* by *accident* *Hero's* *won*,
 Such *great* *Elijah* *wore*, his *Food* he *found*,
 Ready *prepar'd* on every *Tire* and *Ground*,
 And if by *chance* on his *low* *Table* *lay*
 A *Filthy* *Comb*, *twice* then a *feast* *day*,
 How *little* *frugal* *Nature* *will* *suffice*,
 How *hard* to *please* *luxurious* *Stomachs*,
 Thus *taught* the *pomp'd* *World* to *conquer* *Senses*,
 Himself a *pattern* of *strict* *Abstinence*:
 Severe his *Life* and *Garb*, his *Words* the *same*,
 From *Heav'n* he *arm'd* with *Zeal* and *Thunder* *came*,
 To *rouse* a *stupid* *World*, *abroad* he *went*,
 By *Jordan's* *banks* and *cry'd* *aloud* *Repent*,
 Turn, *Israel*, *turn*, and *cast* *thy* *sin* *away*!
 Repent before the *great* and *dreadful* *day*!
 Gloomy and *dark* as *Hell's* or *Egypt's* *nights*,
 Or only *seen* in *Claps* of *fearful* *light*.
 This *beauteous* *Vault* above no *more* the *same*,
 But like an *Oven*, *hot* with *deadly* *flame*,
 'Tis *fed* and *kindled* by th' *Almighty's* *breath*,
 Which *pleas'd* gives *life*, but *angry* *flames* and *death*:
 Large *flakes* of *painted* *flame* wide *circling* *round*,
 Shall *lick* the *subtle* from the *gaping* *ground*:
 Both *Pharisee* and *Sadducee* must *go*,
 And *bear* their *sin* in *endless* *worlds* of *woe*:
 The *holy* *Hypocrite* and *Absent* *lewd*,
 But first *you* *Pharisee*, a *superior* *brood*,
 Could you be *so* *refrain*? Could you be

Misled with your Infallibility?

What strange Caprice did you to good incline?

Matth. 3.

How came you once to shun the Wrath divine?

Luke 37.

Prest with your Crimes, the Church, the Church, you cry

Your meaning Grandure, Wealth, and Policy:

Each one a Child of God, all sign'd and seal'd

As your Salvation were from Heav'n reveal'd.

How long will madly you against the Skies

A War maintain, how long believe in Lies?

120 Fly Wretches rather, e'r it be too late!

For Refuge fly from swift approaching Fate!

You're lost if you a moment longer stay,

You're safe if now you turn for now you may,

Repentance and an holy Life the way.

Matth. 3.8.

So you'll among those holy Souls have place

Rescu'd and sav'd by Heav'n's peculiar grace

From this vast ruin, so your longing Eyes

Shall see the Sun of Righteousness arise;

Arise to close each Mortal Wound within,

Mal. 4. 2.

130 To cure the Poison of that Serpent, Sin:

High-raisd he like the Brazen-Serpent brings

* Life and Salvation in his healing Wings:

Num. 21.9.

None look but live, recovering gasping breath,

And wondrous Strength amidst the pangs of Death.

These the true promis'd Canaan shall possess,

While others perish in the Wilderneys;

These shall thro' the wide World triumphing go,

And by their blood subdue each hell-born Foe;

All Lands their sacred Law shall entertain,

Numb. 32.

24.25.

Heb. 3. 17.

Matth. 3.2.

140 And o'r the Nations the Messiah reign:

What strange effects among th' admiring Jews

His holy Life and Doctrine did produce

Is known to all; each crowding Region hears,

Purg'd in blest Jordans Waves, but fast in tears:

* Those who in wild Persa wander'd wide,

Near Jabbock's Ford or Arnon's Streams reside;

Succoth and Peniel whose ill-natur'd Pride

Brave Jerubball reveng'd when Midian fled;

And where before his Flocks old Jacob fed:

Judges 6. 8,

16. 17.

Gen. 33. 17.

250 * Jabeesh where Saul such welcome succours brought,

And

And Gilboa where he *successless* fought,
 1. Sam. last chap. Heav'n and his Foes engag'd, and in th' *unequal* strife
 He lost the day, his Sons, his Crown, and Life.

All who on either bank of *Jordan* go,
 Joshua 3. 15. Whose *Fields* his fruitful *Waters* overflow :

Some from *Bethsaida* far more distant came,
 John 1. 44. Attracted by the Prophets growing *Fame* :
 From strong *Tiberias* some, and some came down
 From *Tabor's* Mount and fam'd *Bethulia's* Town :
 These from old *Shalem*, *Thebez*, *Bezek* goe, * 260
 From *Pisgah* these, and these from *Jericho*;

Matt. 3. 5. But thousands from the *Royal City* come
 And almost empty leave their *Native home*,
 You know how much our *Elders* did esteem
 The *Baptist*, know the *message* sent to him,
 And honours paid by our learn'd *Sanhedrim*.

John 1. 19. Too well *Gamaliel* with a sigh reply'd,
 I know that *story* and the fatal *pride*
 With which his *Testimony* we deny'd :

In vain we saw and heard, for I was sent
 The *Truth* to try; and still I dread th' event
 Of our rejecting him; but Sir proceed!

He thus——The *Baptist* now had thousands freed
 In *Jordan's* Waves, their *Leprosie* of Sin
 First open laid, then wash'd away therein :
 After the rest our *Saviour* came, content

Matt. 3. 13. And pleas'd that such vast crowds before him went!
 Whom when the *Baptist* in the stream did see

John 1. 33. The *Divine Spirit* soft-whispering this is he;
 With pious reverence at his Feet he fell
 And hail'd the undoubted *King* of *Israel* :

Nor dar'd attempt to purge what knew no *Crime*

Matt. 3. 14. But trembling ask'd to be Baptiz'd of him :

Our *Saviour* mild requires him to permit
 He all perform'd that wiser *Heav'n* thought fit;

Who came the *Law* and *Gospel* to fulfil,

To do and suffer all his *Fathers* Will:

He yields at length, unwilling and afraid

And what he cou'd not comprehend, obey'd :

Nor sooner he who came the *World* to save



2. ink.
1. wash.
3. color.

18. 10. 12. 10. 10.



Mat:3
Mar:1
Luc:3

Book 3. pag: 81.

N.º 20

Had sanctifi'd fair Jordan's Limpid wave
By washing there, no sooner from the stream
He reach'd the Bank, when, lo! a Heav'nly beam
Shot from the Clouds, which modestly remove

The Baptism.

* To give it way, and lo! a wondrous Dove

Matt. 3. 16.

Almost unsufferable to behold,

Silver his Breast, his Neck and Wings of Gold

Psal. 68. 13.

Came softly wafted thro' the yielding Air,

And whilst he kneel'd in Extasie and Pray'r

300 Upon our Saviour's sacred Head did rest

At once enlighten'd that and warm'd his Breast;

With Grace immeasurable did inspire

And fill'd him with his own Celestial fire:

Agon the Clouds with lambent Lightning broke,

And thus th' All-high in awful Thunder spoke.

"Th' Eternal Son of God by Miracles approv'd

"Glad Mortals here behold! whom from my Breast belov'd,

"I, the Eternal Father full of Mercy gave

"To rescue sinful Man, and from just vengeance save.

100 All knew the Voice of their Eternal Lord,

All heard and knew, and trembled, and ador'd;

Prepare to kiss the Son, due honours bring,

And o'er his own lov'd Nation hail him King.

But ah! for Earthly Thrones he was not born,

Here all the Crowns he sought were made of Thorn:

Those glittering Toys he cou'd with ease despise,

And to the Desert thence the Hero flies,

To shun what others often court in vain,

Destroy the World and damn themselves to gain:

320 A dreadful Wild there is, outstretching wide

* Its spacious skirts by fruitful Edom's side,

Impervious to the Sun's all-cheering light;

There reign black horror and perpetual night:

Never disturb'd by one intruding Star

To guide the weary wandring Traveller:

A dark uncomfortable Vault the whole:

And underneath here sooty Currents rowl

Of dull Bitumen, there their period make

And stagnate in some melancholy Lake.

330 No Flow'rs on the unlucky Rivage grew,

M

No

No *Herb* or *Tree* but the black poy's'nous *Yew*,
 Rough *Cypress* for sad *herfes* only made,
 And heavy *Ebon* casting deadly *shade*,
 With *Thunder-blasted Oaks*——

If any where an open *Plat* was found,
Vast Serpents rowl'd along the *sandy Ground*,
 Their num'rous *Trains*; on half-burnt *Trunks* around }
 Sate *Birds obscene*, fowl *Harpyes*, *Vultures* fell,
 And all the ugly monstrous *Forms of Hell*;
 All mischiefs carri'd in their *Voice* and *Face*
 Nor could bode more to that unhappy place. 340

Such was the field of battle, such the stage
 Where our *Great Captain* did all *Hell* engage:
Rapt, by the *sacred Spirit*, he thither flies *
 Ardent t' achieve the glorious *Enterprize*:
 Already he his *Rebels strength* did know
 Already grappled the redoubted *Foe*:
 Who stung with *envy*, swoln with foolish *pride*
 His mighty *Rivals* force successless try'd;
 The *sacred Mount* of *God* affecting vain 350
Transfixt he fell with all his *blasted Train*,
 To those uncomfortable *Regions* where
 For ever reign *Confusion* and *Despair*:
 Whence sometimes *sallying* out, the *burden'd Air*
 They lash with loathsome *Wings*, and pleas'd disperse
Mischief and *Murder* round the *Universe*:
 With these their *Prince* himself had broke his *Chain*
 And hardly here less absolute did reign
 Than in his own sad *Realms*, since that unhappy fall
 Which in our luckless *Parents* lost us all: 360

Gen. 3.

Rom. 5. 12.

Gen. 3. 15.

His *Fate* he knew, and did disdainful dread
 That the weak *womans seed* must bruise his head:
 This deep he now *revolv'd* with conscious fear;
 Concluding his long *fated-fall* was near:
 Himself wide *ranging* round, with peircing eyes
 He much discern'd, and much his watchful spies:
 From those at *Herod's Court* in *ambush* lay,
 From those who bask'd in the warm beams of day;
 Who in lone *Woods* like lustful *Satyrs* rove,
 Or *Earthly Fiends* that *Blood* and *Murder* love: 370

What

What yet had pass'd he heard, and all reserv'd
 In his dark mind, but had himself observ'd
 What at the Temple chanc'd, for always there
 With deep malicious thoughts, and utmost care
 He watch'd to catch each loose unguarded Pray'r;
 Which wandering found, before they reach'd the Throne,
 He seiz'd as his and thought 'em all his own:
 Alarm'd with all the Wonders heard and seen
 He Mary's Son did from his Birth begin
 380 As the great promis'd Seed to hate and fear,
 But more when he from Jordan's banks did hear
 By a quick subtle Spirit posted there
 The famous Baptist did to all declare
 In no dark Types involv'd, exprefs and plain,
 The near approach of the Messias's reign:
 Away he posts in person, unesp'y'd,
 And mingled with the Crowd on Jordan's side,
 Who all Baptiz'd, when Jesus was not found
 He soars aloft and sweeping wide around
 390 The fields Triumphant did a while survey,
 Agen prepar'd to cut his trackless way
 To Gods high Temple and the sacred Town,
 Till from his Chariot looking envious down
 As with a Curse he left 'em, he descri'd
 The Baptist kneel, the People scattering wide,
 His dreaded Foe amidst the Waves appear,
 He trembling saw, and almost dropt for fear;
 But when he did th' attesting Thunder hear
 By whose intolerable Terrors driv'n
 400 Wielded by Michael's arm of old he fled from Heav'n,
 No more he cou'd endure ———
 But thence precipitate his flight did take
 Wide swooping down thro' Sodom's Brimstone-lake:
 So tumbling thro' the Clouds the Vulture flies
 As at vast distance he the Quarry spies,
 Struck by the Royal Eagles piercing Eyes
 Confus'd and trembling there obscure he lay
 Nor durst agen ascend, till hated day
 Forsook the World, and night a covert made
 410 To hide his shame in her lov'd conscious shade.

Then mounting from the deep with Sulphur crown'd
 All flaming, cast his glaring Eyes around
 And gladly wou'd have curst the unhappy ground,
 But finding 'twas too late, did doubly rave;
 Then for a Council strait the Signal gave:
 The Demons croud from ev'ry lonely Grave.
 Each wretch whom they, possess'd, in triumph led
 Thro' the polluted Mansions of the dead:
 The Conclave fills, from Earth and Hell away
 They hast, proud Belial, Lustful Asmodey: 430
 Their Nature in their Looks and Forms exprest,
 And haughty Moloch taller than the rest:
 Ev'n more enrag'd than when at first he fell
 Their Prince appear'd, and something worse than Hell,
 More deadly, more malicious did surprize
 His Court, nor dar'd they meet his angry Eyes.
 None durst accost the wayward Tyrant, none
 Durst speak or look, but trembled round his Throne,
 Who thus enrag'd began — And are we grown
 So tamely good, so worthy more than Hell 435
 We dare not bravely once agen rebel?
 None Council, none advise, nor act, but yield
 Without one parting stroke the glorious Field
 To this young Conqueror? Must our Empire fall
 And he alone possess the spacious Ball?
 Forbid it Fate and these right Hands, nor we
 So long in vain have tasted Liberty:
 He can but thunder, and long since we knew
 And felt the worst his angry Bolts can do:
 Shall Man his Slave so oft his Vengeance dare
 Ev'n while he sues for Peace and offers fair, 440
 And we do less, who must of Grace despair?
 Or will you all forget for what you fell
 And humbly praise your Conqueror ev'n in Hell?
 Must I forsake and abdicate my Throne
 And you Heav'n's-Deputy your Saviour own?
 How else so tame, so silent cou'd you be
 Nought said or done worthy your self's or me?
 Proud Moloch heard, but cou'd no longer bear,
 Furious he rose, with the same scornful Air 450
 That

- That cost him *Heav'n* — 'Tis well he cries, 'tis well,
 That he who dares speak thus, is *Prince of Hell*!
Half this, if from an *Angel*, should have cost
 His fall from thole blest *Regions* we have lost,
 Tho' it more deeply sunk me — Are we priz'd
 No more than basely to be scandaliz'd
 With feeble *Penitence*? Can that be born
 In *Hell*, which even earthly *Tyrants* scorn?
 But time and words are lost, you know we're true.
 460 Sworn *Enemies* to *Heav'n*, and *Friends* to you:
 — And to convince you, strait such deeds we'll do
 As *Hell* shall env' at once, and spread our fame;
 For late my self from *Jordan's Banks* I came,
 Where I a holy *Pharisee* posselt
 And left my darling *Viper* in his *Breast*:
Asmodeus too was there, and all the day,
 Within a jolly *Saducee* he lay:
 In vain it *Thunder'd* for we both did stay,
 And mark'd the *Son of God* whose haunts we know,
 470 Who thence did to the dreadful *Desart* go
 Where *Israel* wander'd; thither I'll pursue,
 And nothing want besides *Commands* from you
 To crush this dreadful *Foe*: the *Woods* I'll fire
 Nor can he scape but must, if man, expire
 I th' circling *Flames*; if these too weak shou'd prove
 The solid *Earth* I'd from its *Axis* move,
 Its *Bowels* to the affrighted *Center* rive
 And in the *Gulph* intomb him yet alive;
 Or *Whirlwinds* raise, vast *Hills* and *Rocks* displace
 480 And dash all *Pisgah* on his mangled *Face*:
 He said, and hardly wou'd for *Orders* stay,
 Till the grim *Prince of Hell* obstructs his way,
 Lifting his *Iron-Mace* — To me, he cries,
 Alone belongs this glorious *Enterprize*:
 I'll instantly about the great *Design*
 Mine be the *Glory*, as the *Danger* mine!
Heav'n soon shall *Mourning* wear, all *Hell* shall joy:
 Him first I'll tempt to *Sin*, and then destroy.
 This said, in haste the sooty *Conclave* rose,
 490 And to the *Wild* disguis'd their *Leader* goes:

Instruct

The Temptation.

Matt. 4. 2.

Luke 3. ult.

Instruct with wonted guileful Arts, and found
 Our Saviour lowly prostrate on the Ground:
 Intent his spotless Pray'r before th' All-high
 He offers, rapt in holy Extasie;
 For strength against the dreadful Combat nigh:
 He ask'd that him we might our pattern make,
 He ask'd as man, what He as God might take:
 Soon did the Flend's vain hopes begin to fail;
 O'er them that pray he knows he can't prevail;
 Yet Tempts invisible; and did prepare
 His keenest Darts, all quench'd with Faith and Pray'r,
 Or driv'n rebated back, or lost in Air.
 Oft wou'd his Thoughts disorder by the chain
 Of former Thoughts, but try'd as oft in vain:
 And with the same success did on him try
 False hopes and joy, and worldly vanity:
 Objects within; and those before his face,
 The solitude and horror of the place:
 Fruitless they fell and all his Labours mock,
 As storms of Hail against the solid Rock;
 Each rude Assault unmov'd our Saviour bore,
 His mind still fix'd on Heav'n as 'twas before:
 The Tempter of his beauty Arms afraid
 With caution first attacks him, whilst he pray'd;
 But when six Sabbaths now he, prostrate laid,
 The seventh well worn, at length to faint began,
 And humbly tho' a Evil confess the man;
 When this the Enemy insulting spy'd
 With secret wicked joy, he's mine he cry'd:
 This Son of God I soon shall Triumph o'er.
 With as much ease judg'd as that before:
 So much his mortal weakness did despise
 Almost he'd fallen on without disguise;
 But soon with deep Serpentine guilt oppress'd
 Those first warm eager thoughts that fill'd his breast:
 Resolv'd a while incognito to try
 What strength, or wit, what force and policy
 He must expect in his new Enemy,
 E'er open he attack'd him this to do
 Round his foul Form thim'ry Robes he threw,

Such

Such as a *poor old man* might best beseem,
And such who e'er had seen had counted him :
Lean fallow Cheeks, hollow'd with cares and age,
Dim eyes which did approaching death presage:
Mov'd his pale wither'd lips and palsy'd head
And to our Saviour thus *dissembling* said :

Hail Son of God by signs from Heav'n approv'd!
Great Prophet Hail, by God and men belov'd!
Full sixty Springs by Heav'n's peculiar Grace

- 340 *Within the borders of this hideous place*
* *Have I remain'd, as holy Effenes use,*
Far from the barden'd unbelieving Jews ;
Long since by Revelation warn'd, I thee
Like aged Simeon e'er my death should see ;
And when of late the mighty Baptist came
To Jordan's banks whose wondrous life and fame
Fill'd all the Wild, me from my Cell he brought
And the Messiah him at first I thought :
But soon my heighten'd Expectations fell
350 *When him no Sign no glorious Miracle*
Attested, which the Angel did reveal
Shou'd still attend, and be the Saviour's Seal :
This Sign to thee on Jordan's banks was giv'n
When the bright Dove and wond'rous Voice from Heav'n
At once descended, this amidst the Crowd
I saw, and had like Simeon hail'd thee loud
Hadst thou not by some pow'r to us unseen
Swift to this lonely Desert hurry'd been ;
Whither with longing eyes, that fain wou'd see
360 *More near, and weary feet I follow'd thee ;*
But soon lost sight and track, and often crost
By different paths at length my self I lost :
Already once since I first wander'd here
The silver Moon has fill'd her little year,
* *And half another now is almost past*
Since I of any humane Food did tast :
On Roots and Leaves and humble Acorns fed
I liv'd, nor ask'd the luxury of Bread :
With trembling steps oft have I search'd around
370 *The Forrest, all but this unhappy Ground,*

Which

Which sure no *humane* Foot e'r trac'd before ;
 Oft did I hear within the *Lions* roar,
 Oft *bones* and *luckless* *Carcasses* espy
 Behind some *Bush* half-torn *unburied* lie,
 Of some lost *Passenger*, and did despair
 My *self* to *scape* or *find* thee living there.
 Yet in I *prest*, if dead *just* *Rites* to pay
 And o'r thy *Grave* my *self* *lamenting* lay :
 But since my *boding* *fears* are yet in vain,
 Since nothing here that *Nature* can *sustain* 580
 No *Fruits*, nor *Herbs*, nor *Leaves*, nor *Roots* are found,
 Nought *friend* to *Life* above or *under* ground :
 If thou the *promis'd* *hop'd* *Messia* be
 A *Wonder* work, and *save* thy *self* and me !
 I else must *perish* here, and you no *less*
 By these *wan* *Looks* and *fainting* *Eyes* confess ;
 Nor longer *wait*, but all thy *self* *appear* !
 Exert the *God* nor pine *unpitied* here !
 These *stones*, (there *stones* by chance thick *scatter'd* lay)
 With *speed* *command*, nor can they but *obey* 590
Command them *strait* the *Form* of *bread* t' *indue* !
 I ask no *more*, *content* as well as you
 With such *mean* *Fare*——
 Tho' our *Forefathers* were with *Manna* fed
 I only beg for *mens*, not *Angels* *bread*.
 To whom our *Saviour* thus, whose *piercing* *Eyes*
 The *Fiend* *discover'd* thro' the *Saints* *disguise* :
 Full well can I *discern* thy *black* *intent*
 And all that's by so *fair* a *semblance* meant :
 The *Serpent* in the *grass* full well I *spy*, 600
 And to thy *first* *Temptation* thus *reply* :
 The *sacred* *Oracles* all *anxious* *care*
 For *Food* forbid, and thus 'tis *written* *there*.
 " 'Tis not *Bread* only do's *Mans* *life* *sustain*
 Nor were the *Trees* and *Herbs* all made in *vain* :
 The *Trees* and *Herbs* did *Gods* *dread* *Word* *produce*,
 That these we in *extremities* might *use* :
 These in the *neighbouring* *Woods* in *plenty* grow
 Tho' here are none, and *thither* may we go
 If either *needs*, nor tempt th' *All-high* to show

Matth 4. 4.
 Deut. 8. 3.



Book 3. pag : 86

Mat: 4
Mar: 1
Luc: 4

Nº 21



387-10-13

A *sign* where he doth *common means* afford:
 Who made the *World* by his *commanding Word*;
 To all things did their *proper Natures* give,
 And still preserves those *Pow'rs* by which we *live*;
 Nay the *first Cause* who all these *Causes* made
 Can soon produce th' *Effects* without their aid:
 His *Word* preserves that *Soul* on him depends,
 Firm *strength* divine, and *heav'nly Vigour* lends,
 And *nourishes* to *Life* that never ends.

}

610 The *Fiend* did in *imperfect Curses* vent
 His rage, and *murm'ring* thence *reluctant* went:
 Thro' *dismal gloomy Shades* unseen did glide,
 And for the *next assault* himself *provide*.
 Whilst the true *Son of God* no *shelter* found,
 But weary cold and *hungry* on the *Ground*
 Sweet *sleep* in vain he *courts*, for at his *head*
 The *Tempter* env'ing ev'n his *homely bed*
 On some *hard Rock*, returns with *ugly dreams*
 Of *Precipices* vast and *pitchy streams*,

630 Of *thoughts* morose and vain—The *man's* distress
 * With *sinless fears*, the *God* repels the *rest*.
 Nor sooner frightened *sleep* did him forsake,
 And he from short *imperfect slumbers* wake,
 When distant *gath'ring storms* he heard on *high*,
 And *Infant Thunders* *mustering* round the *Sky*,
 Which to that *Forrest* all their *forces* led,
 With hideous *crack* discharging o'r his *head*:
 The *Clouds* the *Signal* take: and when a while they *low'r'd*
 * "From many a *horrid rift* abortive *pow'r'd*

640 Fierce *rain*, which did with *sheets of flame* conspire,
 Like *Egypt's* dreadful *Plague*: *water* with *fire*
 In *ruin* reconcil'd; nor *sleep* the *winds*

* Where them inclos'd their *airy Leader* binds
 "Within their *stony Caves*, but *rush'd* abroad,
 And swept with *sailly wings* thro' *Heav'ns* *high-road*:
 * "From the *four hinges* of the *World* they ran,
 "To the *vex'd Wilderness*, which soon began
 To feel their *mighty rage*; there *scatt'ring* wide
 * Disrobe the *beauteous trees* of all their *pride*

N

And

And *Earth* of them, their deep-fang'd roots gave way, 650
 And on the ground vast trunks dismember'd lay :
 The *Sky-saluting Pine*, and sturdy *Oak*,
 Proof against all but *Heav'ns-almighty stroke*,
 Still proof till now ——
 Which had a thousand tempest's rage disdain'd,
 And there coeval with the *World* remain'd ;
 In vain they plead their long prescription now :
 " Loaden with stormy blasts their stiff-necks bow,
 Now this, now that way sway'd, and all around
 Like *Earthquakes* with *Convulsions* heave the ground ; 660
 Till fiercer blasts them from the Center tear,
 And dart like chaff or stubble round the air.
 Now *Hills* of *Sand* came rolling with the wind
 Death-threat'ning, now the solid *Rock* behind
 On which as chanc'd, our Lord his head reclin'd }
 In horrid *Clefts* by bellowing *Earth-quakes* rent
 Part sunk abrupt, part from red *Volcans* sent
 Huge glowing stones, which thick as sparks aspire,
 Tempestuous smook, and flame and waves of fire :
 Sharp sleet and driving-rain the while did pow'r 670
 Direct against his face a rushing show'r ;
 Now doubly forc'd by the impetuous wind,
 Now hissing in th' enraged flames behind :
 " From the rude storm ill wast thou shrouded then
 O patient Son of God — *Birds*, *beasts*, and *men*
 Were now, than thee with better shelter blest ;
 Men houses have, *Beasts* dens, each bird a nest }
 But thou no place thy weary'd Limbs to rest.
 Yet only thou unshaken didst remain
 And bells *Artillery* was spent in vain ; 680
 Tho' still the Fiend do's his vain *Arts* repeat
 New malice gath'ring from each new defeat :
 The *Flames* were quench'd the winds and tempest fell,
 At his Command, all dark as his own bell :
 No sounds are heard, or Objects now appear,
 A gloomy silence reigning every where ;
 A while it reign'd but with more horrid noise
 Was soon disturb'd, the loud lamenting Voice

690 Of all that mortal breasts can move to fear
 At distance thro' the trees our Lord did hear:
 Shrill shrieks for help that still approacht more near:
 Of Rapes and murders the redoubled cry,
 (While glitt'ring Swords he thro' the Shades cou'd spy,)
 Then interrupted groans, such theirs who lie
 In Lives weak twilight, gasping thick for breath,
 And struggling in the Agonies of Death:
 Or, sculking close behind some Bush or tree
 He by the glowworms glimm'ring light cou'd see
 Fierce shaggy Ruffians, hoary Villains they
 700 Appear'd, which hunted more for blood than prey:
 Some their strong steely Jaw'lings poise, the rest
 Their Arrows nick, and level at his breast:
 The Bow-string twangs, out flies the airy dart,
 But can no more affright, than pierce his heart;
 That and the tempters curses lost in wind,
 As all his other terrors yet behind.
 Each hideous Beast which once to Eden came
 From the first Adam to receive their name
 The Fiend produc'd, the second to affright,
 710 In the dead mazes of that dreadful night:
 * All that with Noah hosted, all and more,
 For Sun-burnt Afric sent her monstrous store;
 Here from the slimy banks of fertile Nile
 Came slow, the vast amphibious Crocodile:
 Who on Cyrene's Sands do's fearless see,
 And with him bring Serpents as large as he:
 The false Hyena's face was here discern'd,
 Ev'n more than what She Apes in flatt'ry learn'd:
 There the fell Wolf and frightful Panther came,
 720 With the stern Ounce whose bloody Eyes shot Flame
 Across the Grove, the nimble Tyger too;
 All hideous forms, some false and others true.
 For many a Fiend with dreadful shape and face,
 Had mixt themselves among the brutal race;
 And when the Beasts by Nature fierce and wild
 Soon at our Saviours sight grew tame and mild;
 These pusht'em on, and urg'd with all their pow'r
 To seize their hated Foe, and him devour:

Mark i. 13.
 Gen. 2. 19,
 20.

The roaring Herd himself th' Arch-Traytor led,
 And like a Leopard darted at his head
 His spotted Form, but when the pow'rs of Hell
 He found too weak to storm that Cittadel,
 " Strait into trackless Air dissolv'd he fell :
 Two other Fiends like fierce Jackalls did bay *
 And warn'd the kingly Lyon to his prey ;
 He stately stalks along, prepar'd t' engage,
 And lasses his firm sides with dreadful rage :
 But when he Juda's princely Lyon saw,
 Struck with a fear unknown and wondrous awe,
 His angry ster he gently pacify'd,
 And lick'd his hands and couch'd him by his side ;
 Then soon at them he leaps that brought him there
 Who mock his anger fleeting into air.

730

Fearless our Saviour stood, nor Beasts nor Night
 Nor those dread Forms which guilty man affright
 Once mov'd him, tho' dire Spectres now invade,
 And glide with double horror thro' the shade :
 With flaming Torches here and Flambos high
 Erect, a Corps at distance passes by ;
 There shrieking Ghosts glare cross, and face him there,
 With bloody breasts, fix'd eyes, dishevel'd hair ;
 Last, wicked Spirits in monstrous Forms infest,
 And shake their fiery Darts against his breast :
 In vain their number, rage and yells increase,
 " He sits unmov'd in calm and sinless peace. *

750

Thus past the night till Phosphor's cheerful Ray
 Warn'd guilty Ghosts and glim'ring stars away ;
 And gently beckons on the rising day :
 Whilst, e'er the Sun had shown his radiant face
 Our Lord forsakes th' uncomfortable place
 Of his so long abode, and as it rose,
 Hungry and cold to a near Hillock goes,
 Bending to East, there dropping by the storm
 His Robes to dry and frozen Limbs to warm :
 Him did the Tempter impudent, pursue,
 Resolv'd to attack, tho' well his strength he knew
 In glorious form accosts him, rob'd in Light,
 And welcomes from the horrors of the Night,

760

Welcomes

- Welcomes with *false devoir*, on bended knee,
 770 And *parasitical Humility*,
 From that *sad place* where they *encount'ed* last,
 Where he so many *tedious hours* had past;
 Nor any longer wou'd himself *disown*,
 So oft thro' all his *thin disguises* known;
 Yet veils his *canker'd spite* in *semblance fair*,
 What's lost in *force*, he'd now by *fraud* repair:
 Then with *feign'd show* of *pity* thus he said;
 Tho' us *Mankind* as *Enemies* upbraid,
 Them in th' *extreams* of *Life* we often aid;
 780 By *Oracles* important *Truths* decide,
 And *Tables* for the *poor* and *old* provide:
 If this, O *Son of God*! for *them* we do,
 What *service* can be thought too *great* for *you*?
 Tho' lately you, *discourt'ous*, me deny'd,
 When your *Divinity* I wou'd have try'd;
 Did me so *modest* a *request* refuse,
 Nor *Bread*, for that alone I ask'd, *produce*;
 No *Niggard* of my *Gifts*, thou soon shalt see
 How richly I'll *unask'd* provide for thee:
 790 He said and *stamp*,—*strait* from the *Ground* arise
 All *Trees* that cou'd compose a *Paradise*:
 The *stately Oak*, the *sailing beauteous Pine*,
 Th' *eternal Cedar*, fit for *Works divine*;
 The *shady Chesnut*, and the *Walnut fair*
 * The *Lover-Myrtle*, *Lotus* chaste and rare,
 From *sunburnt Affric* brought and *planted* there:
 * The *virtuous Palm*, which do's by *pressures* rise
 And *spite* of *weight*, *triumphant* mean the *Skys*:
 The *Cherrys* next their *blushing Lips* incline;
 800 The *gold cheek'd Quince* with *looks* and *smell* divine.
 The *filken Peach* with *noble flavour* blest,
 The *Plumb*, whose *name Armenian* fields confest:
 The *juicy Mulberry* which *fables* feign
 Two *Lovers Blood* with *purple* dy did stain:
 Over their *heads* up *springs* the *mantling Vine*.
 Nor needs its *husband Elm* whereon to *twine*;
 So large the *Trunk*, so wide the *Branches* rose
 They of themselves long *leavy Vaults* compose:

But

But yet for Ornament did not disdain
 Woodbines and Eglantine to entertain :
 This humble, stoops and decks the Arbours side,
 That gawdier, mounts aloft with decent pride ;
 With the rich clust'ring Grapes so close entwin'd,
 That Fruit and Flow'rs at once the gath'ers find.
 A little more remov'd but plain to view
 In low warm Groves the golden Orange grew :
 The silver Limons next, and next to these
 The rich Pomgranate, cros the stormy Seas
 Well worth the pains, from Punic Carthage brought : *
 The Ground beneath like a fair Carpet wrought
 With various Flow'rs, so regular and true
 The Figures seem'd, and yet so careless too,
 As Art and Nature both the Landskip drew. }
 Around the place, all neatly border'd, grows
 The Lily of the Vale with Sharons Rose :
 Nard, Camphire, Jassmin, ev'ry fragrant sweet
 Which did in God's fair Spouses Garden meet :
 Here mossy Benches, voluntary rose,
 Where the sweet Musk and blew-ey'd Vilet grows ;
 I'th' midst a Table did it self present
 Loaden with each choice dish that might content
 An hungry Epicure ; a vast wild Boar
 The middle fill'd, the rest was cover'd o'er
 With Dishes pil'd, which court smell, tast, and sight,
 With various show and order exquisite.
 From distant Regions to the Banquet came
 Sea, Earth, and Air's Provision, wild and tame, }
 Each Beast of sportive chase, and Fowl of game.
 " Each Fish that do's in Sea or River dwell
 Or Pond ; or smooth, or arm'd with scale or shell :
 All that Bethsaida's well-wrought Nets cou'd take *
 In Air, or Desarts wild, or neighbouring Lake.
 What crown'd the rest on a neat side-board nigh
 Vast stores of noble Wines stood sparkling by ;
 In Christal Walls, how dangerous to behold ?
 Or Massy Goblets wrought of Ophirs Gold.
 Bright Youths and brighter Maids wait cheerful round,
 Their flowing hair with od'rous Garlands Crown'd,

810

820

830

840

Cantic. 2.1.

Cantic. 1.

12. 14.

Cantic. 3.

14, 15, 16.

Prov. 23. 3.

A

A *Charger* this, where *Golden Fruit* did shine
 850 Supports; that holds a *Flask* of *generous Wine*;
 All pleas'd with the *fair Office* they enjoy'd,
 And look'd as if they wish'd to be employ'd.
 Two lovely *Nymphs*——
 Whose *Charms* what ever's *Mortal* far excel,
 Lovely as ever *Tempted Man* to *Hell*,
 At once shot *Darts* from their false *Eyes* and *Tongue*
 And to their *warbling Lutes* harmonious sung:

Say, what *Songs* shall we *prepare*
 For both *Worlds* immortal *Heir*?
 860 How our *Joy* our *Love* express
 In this *Barren Wilderness*?
Honey from thy *Feet* did *flow*,
 O'er thy *Head* fair *Arbors* grow;
 At thy *sight* fierce *Beasts* grew *mild*,
 And the *barren Desert* smil'd.
Welcom, welcom, welcom thrice
 To this happy *Paradise*!
 Here no *Serpent* need you *fear*,
 No *forbidden Fruit* is here.
 870 Hark the *Amorous Turtles* call!
 Hark! the *silver Waters* fall!
 And a gentle *spicy breeze*
 Whispers thro' the *rustling Trees*:
 These, the *rugged Tempest* o'er,
 Storms and *Whirlwinds* heard no more,
 These the *Hero* all invite
 To soft *Love* and gay *Delight*.
 Safe and *friendly* all appears;
 We thy gentle *Ministers*!
 880 We this *Food* before thee plac'd,
 Nor *disdain* to *fit* and *tast*!

Thus they, back fell each weak *rebated Dart*,
 This reach'd our *Saviour's Ears*, but not his *Heart*:
 No dang'rous *softness* there crept *silly in*,
 Not the first *Embryo-motion* of a *Sin*:
 The *Tempter* their *design* as *vain* pursues,

Earnest,

Earnest, their *Invitation* he renews;
 To whom our *Lord*—Perish thy gifts with thee!
 Alike I scorn thy *spite* and *flattery*:
 How kind a *Friend* thou art to *man* and *me*
 Me, the last *Night* has shown, *man's* Off-spring, all
 Those *mischiefs* waiting his *unhappy* Fall:
 Those *Oracles* which thou so high dost *prize*
 What are they but *ambiguous* *specious* *Lyes*?
 That *Food* with which thou dost thy *Vassals* treat,
 And make each *Wretch* his own *Damnation* Eat,
 Are either *fancy'd* *Viands*, *shap'd* of *Air*,
 As thy *lean* *Hags* with such *delusive* fare
 Oft *feasted* but still *famish'd*, plainly shew;
 Or else *ill-got* if *solid* they, and *true*:
 The *richest* fare thou canst thy *Friends* afford
 The stol'n remains of some *Luxurious* board:
 Such *this*, set out with so much *pomp* and *state*
 Nor can thy *pow'r* one single *grain* create: *
 "To whom thus answer'd *Satan* *male-content*
 If all's *suspect* which freely I present,
 What follows you by *causeless* *jealousie*
Deserve—tis *Natures* voice *friendly* to be
 With *Friends* and *dreadful* to my *Enemy*: *
 And thus I give what you refus'd er'e while
 "To such as dearly earn'd the far-fetch'd *spoil*!
 He said, strait *Meat* and *Table* disappear'd,
 Fowl *Harpy's* *Wings* and ugly *Talons* heard;
 Each greedy of the *Feast* a part receiv's
 And in their room *uncleanly* *Ordure* leav's: *
 Soon then th' *Arch-Traytor* all himself appear'd;
 Each monstrous *Form* that *Mortals* ever fear'd
Successive he puts on, our *Lord* e' affright;
 No more a *glorious* *Angel* rob'd in *Light*,
Humane no more, a hideous *Beak* his *Nose*,
 His *cank' red* *Breast* blew *poys'nous* *scales* inclose;
 A *Dragons* horrid *Train* behind him grows,
 A *Dragons* *Batt-like* *Wings* he did display;
 And underneath his *hands*, no *hands* were they,
 But *pounces* fit for such a *Bird* of *prey*,
 In which our *Saviour* *inatcht*, he *swift* did bear,

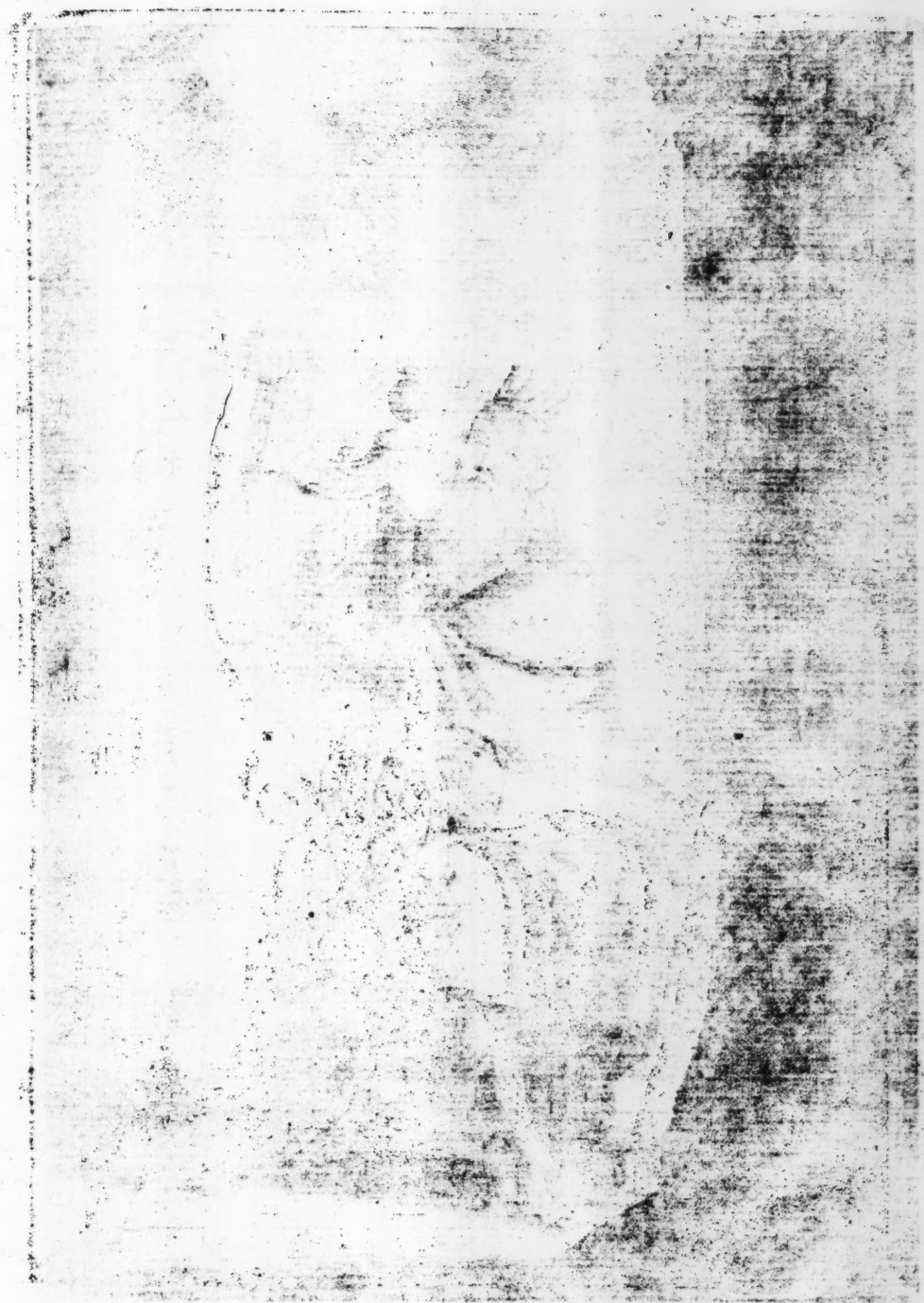
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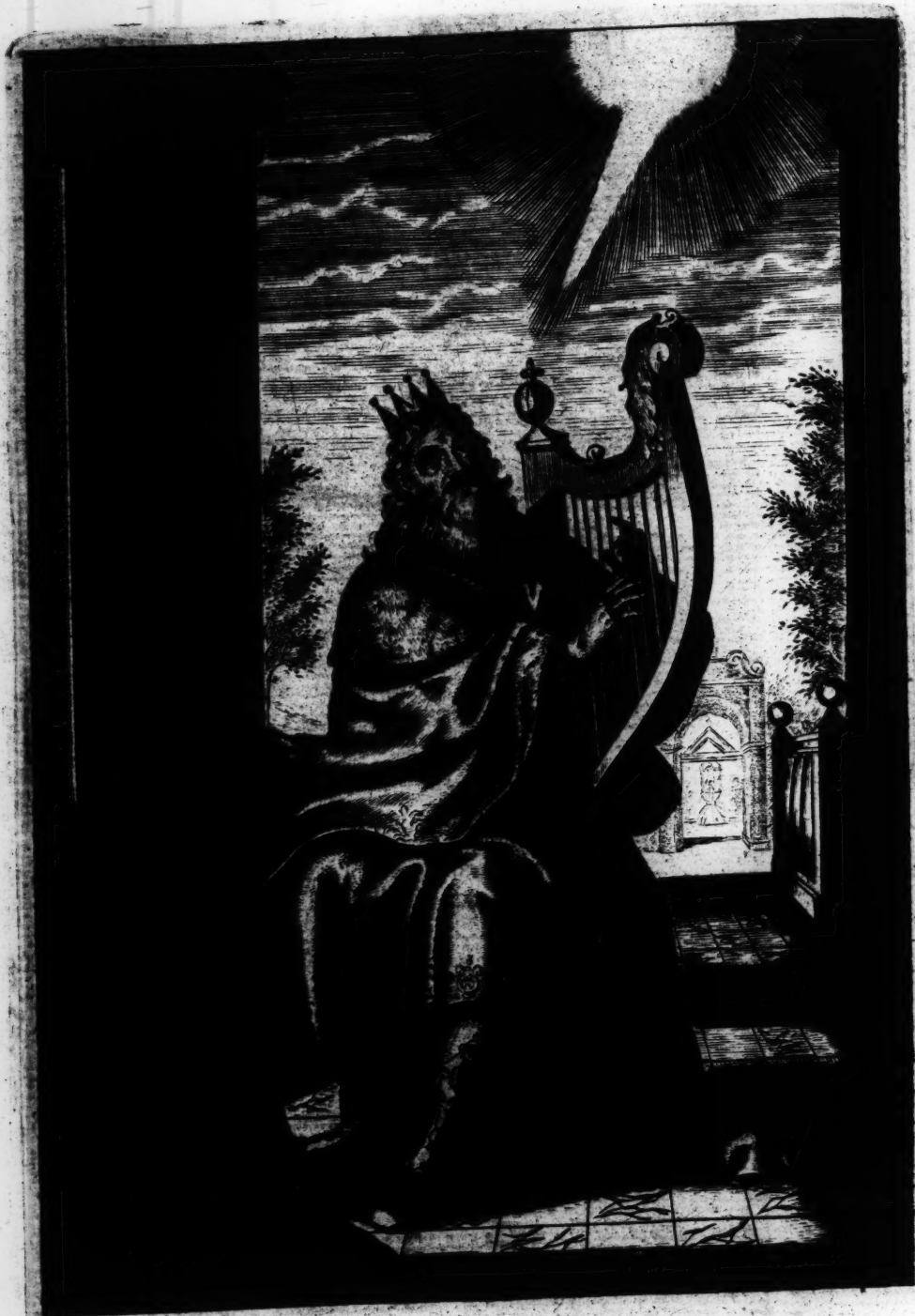
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And



100. 2. 1. 11



Book 3. pag. 99.

N.º 22.

- And with him soars sublime thro' yielding Air ;
 As some fierce Hawk whose cruel Talons strook
 A harmless Dove near Cherith's silver Brook,
 930 Then o'er the neighb'ring Fields with his weak prey
 Wheeling, triumphant, cuts his pathless way :
 Thus did the Prince of all the Airy host,
 Who back from distant Paran's desert Coast
 Hurry's our Lord, so his great Fathers Will,
 O'er Bozra's Rock and Edom's fruitful Hill,
 In whose West-bounds to Moserah they come,
 And Hor, renown'd for holy Aaron's Tomb :
 * Near Sodom's dreadful Lake arriv'd, in haste
 * Twixt Halak they, and dire Acrabbim past :
 940 Kadesh and Zin, to th' left behind they leave,
 Them Debirs airy Regions next receive ;
 * Now Debir 'tis, once Kiriath-sephir nam'd,
 For valiant Othniel's dear-bought Conquest fam'd :
 Empire and Love his Triumphs did divide
 He humbled first the Canaanitish pride,
 Then won the charming Achsah for his Bride.
 Here the miraculous fight——
 Some learn'd Astronomer the People show'd
 As o'er the Town, he mark'd their airy road :
 950 Men, Matrons, Children, Maids, all run to see
 With hands and eyes uplift the Prodigie :
 Short was the sight, they're in a moment gon
 To Maon, Ziph, and woody Jeshimon ;
 Hebron to th' left, which twice a Crown did grace,
 And more remov'd, descry that cursed place
 Which held of old the faithless fore-skin'd Race :
 Gaza by Bezor's brook, and Gerar fair,
 Proud Ashdod, Ashkelon, and Ekron, where
 * While stood Philistia's state, th' Arch-fiend abhor'd
 960 With Temple and with Altars was ador'd ;
 Who next o'er Libnah's walls his course did steer,
 * And leaving on the left strong Lachish near,
 They Tekoa's Wood below and Bethlem spy ;
 * Then shooting swift o'er Saveth's Vale descry
 Royal Jerusalem, whose Southern bound
 By sacred Zion's beauteous Turrets crown'd

Num. 20. 22.

Judg. 1. 12.

2 Kings 1. 2.

* Where

Where pleasant *Millo* lies outstretch'd, they pass *
 Whose walls by *Siloam's* gentle *Waves* are wash'd;
 Which thence declining, into *Kidron* pour
 By *Sol'mon's* royal *Seat* and *Ophel's* *Tow'r*; *
 Not ev'n to curse the *Town* th' *Arch-rebel* stay'd,
 But soon from thence our patient *Lord* convey'd
 T' his *Fathers* house, that spacious *Temple*, where
 All *Israel* wait with *Sacrifice* and *Pray'r*:
 Near *Herod's* lofty *Tow'r* he with him fell, *

970

Matt. 4. 5. And drops him on the highest *Pinacle*;
 On *saily* *Wings* then flutt'ring by his side
 Him, grinning, thus accosts with scornful *pride*.

"There stand, if stand thou canst; thy skill 'twill ask:

—Or wou'dst thou undertake a nobler *Task*:

980

Wou'dst thou th' unquestion'd *Son of God* be hail'd,

(Which much I doubt, since I've so long prevail'd

On thy weak mortal frame) below thee see

Vast *Crowds*, who leave their *Pray'rs* to look at thee!

Thee from yon *Court* the vested *Priests* perceive, *

Their morning *Sacrifice* unfinish'd leave;

Whilst from the next, with lifted eyes and hands *

Thy own lov'd *Israel*, gazing on thee stands;

And in the *Third*, thick-kneeling at the *Gate* *

As much amaz'd the humble *Gentiles* wait;

990

Wou'd *Victims* pay, struck with religious fear,

And think they see some *God* or *Hero* here:

Now wou'dst thou set thy injur'd *Nation* free

As did of old the valiant *Maccabee*,

Now is the time, the golden moment now;

Fate waits thy *Will*, a greater *Hero* thou:

Vid. Notes on

Lib. 2.

No more these marks of *Idol-bondage* bear,

But drive yon *Eagle*, proudly perching there

Transfix'd with his own *Thunder* thro' the *Air*.

}

And see *Occasion* courts to mighty things

1000

Well-worthy thee and thy long *Race of Kings*:

Below thee to the right direct thine eyes,

And see *Antonia's* *Tow'r* unguarded lies;

On th' other side regardless now of *War*

The *Roman* Youth, unbent, and sporting there

In *Herod's* spacious *Amphitheatre*: *

}

Vid. Joseph
Antiqu.

Or

Or else by *Daughters* beauty won,
 Dropping their *Arms* already they're undone.
 Now may'st thou with success thy *Title* own;
 1010 Now bravely strike and be for ever known.
 Thee then it ought the *seats* of *Glory* warm,
 0701 If *Incense* pleases, and *adoration* charms;
 Or what moves more, if glad thou would'st fall?
 What's all thy *pleasure*, thy *great Father* will;
 Who made it *Fate*, declaring long before,
 Thee *Men*, thee *Men* his *Angels* should adore;
 Plunge hence in *fight* of all thy *admirer* Town,
 And in the *Arms* flames safely down!
 So shall the *wondering* World due honours bring.
 1020 At once adore the *God*, and hail the *King*.
 Nor canst thou if true *Heir* of *Earth* and *Skies*,
 0001 Suspect th' event of this *bold* *Enceps*;
 For thus, while with his *Notes* fair *Zion* rung,
 To his *Harp* inspir'd thy *great Forefather* sung.
 Blest is the *Mare* whose *sure* defence
 Firm *Faith* and *spotless* *Innocence*;
 Thrice blest, who compass round with *Floes* of *Foes*
 Can on the *everlasting* *Arms* repose!
 Nor will that *God* whom thou thy *hope* dost make
 1030 Refuse to hear thy *gasp*ing *Cry*;
 0701 Nor will he *helpless* let thee die;
 Nor will he thy *Protection* ever for sake.
 See with what *haste* the *blessed* *Spirits* above
 At his *Commands* fly *circling* round,
 And make thy *Dwelling* *sacred* ground.
 See with what *haste* they to thy *facile* move!
 With what *officious* *Care* and *tender* *Love*
 These, above, soft hovering o'er,
 These behind, and these before;
 1040 Thy glorious *Guard* de *Cor*;
 0801 Thee these gentle *Spirits* shall bear
 Unhurt thro' yielding *Air*,
 On their soft *Wings*, and set thee lightly down
 Least thou shoudst crush thy *foot* on some *relentless* *stone*.

Heb. i. 6.

Psal. 91. 1.

- He said and stopt, with meekness in his Eye
 Temper'd severe, thus short our Lord replies
 As plain tis writ—
- Deut. 6. 16. When murr'ring Israel went thro' Paran's Coasts,
 Matt. 4. 7. "Thou shalt not Tempt thy God, the Lord of Hosts,
 To whom the Fiend, tho' oft his force he'd try'd
 Repuls'd, thus impudent, agen reply'd
 Less firmness cou'd I not expect to find
 In one who owns such an exalted mind:
 These petty Crowns with Justice you disdain
 Who over all the World deserve to reign,
 Come with me then one airy Journey more,
 And see what Gifts I've yet reserv'd in store:
 Nor sooner had he thus dissembling said
 But snatching swift he thence our Lord convey'd
 O'er lofty Olivet, who soon below
 Enshemesh sees, and beauteous Jericho,
 Thence lay their trackless road directly on,
 Josh. 15. 6. Gilgal to th' left, and ancient Bohan's stone
 To th' right they leav'd, and thence as swift proceed
 O'er Jordan's stream, nor ford nor ferry need,
 Which past Ultima, they on its Eastern side
 Josh. 22. 24. The ruins of Ed's doubtful Altar spy'd,
 Josh. 3. 16. Near Adam and Zaretan ancient Town,
 Not far from whence he sets our Saviour down
 On Pisgab-mount, whence long before he knew
 Some courteous Angel did to Moses shew
 Deut. 34. 2. Canaans blest Land on Jordan's either side,
 Whilst wrapt in Clouds, the fly Seducer pry'd
 And learn'd the wondrous Art, the skill he learn'd
 By which far distant Objects are discern'd,
 Yet to th' Invention adds, Experience gain'd,
 By time, part truly shown, tho' more was feign'd:
 With Mimic skill did aptly first prepare
 Figures exactly wrought of pliant Air,
 Then gave 'em Form, with Colours gilt the whole,
 And where they needed fill'd with secret Soul
 Towns, Cities, Kingdoms, Bird, and Beast, and Man
 All fully rang'd, the Tempter thus began:
 Well have we speeded by my Care and Skill

O'er field and sedge brook, and dale and bill;

* Conducted with no injury but fear

To Moab's plains and this fair station here

Whence cast thine eyes around and see what's there

The World can boast of excellent or fair

Matt. 4. 8.

1099 Of great or good! what e'er thou see it is mine;

And at an easie rate shall all be thine.

West bending to the South, beneath thee see

The Desert and the happy Araby

Those Trains of Men and Beasts which strike thine Eyes

Rich-loaden Caravans of Gold and Spice

* Which Ishmael's wealthy Offspring far away

Gen. 37. 25.

Thro' those vast Sands from Persia's Gulf convey

To Zoan's fertile fields, and thence disperse

* The wealthy Traffick of the Universe

1100 Still more to South vast Lubim's Desarts see!

Nor there a Kingdom will I offer thee;

* Tho' proud of Golden Sands and Groves of Spice

* They their parch'd Country think a Paradise:

From those wide Worlds let thy lost eye retire

And see if ought there is can please thee nigher!

To the great Western Ocean turn thine eyes,

Where many a beauteous Island scatter'd lies

Crete, Cyprus, Rhodes — but thou shalt these despise;

* Ev'n fair Trinacria too thou shalt disdain

1110 Whose three sharp Points defie the roaring Main

To North of which behold yon lovely Plain

* Washt by the sounding Sea on either side

* Which thro' the middle a Ledge of Hills divide

See to the South, not far within the Land

* Near a fair Stream a Royal City stand;

On seven small pleasant Hills divinely built

A thousand lofty Turrets richly gilt

She boasting shows, and dining over all

On that steep Rock, the glittering Capital:

1120 'Tis Rome the Mistress of the World you see,

Which pleas'd shall bend its haughty Neck to thee;

* Eternal Rome, which thee her Lord shall own

* And raise thee to the Purple and the Throne:

Or wou'dst thou aim at something worthier praise;

By

By thine own arms a mighty Empire raise,
 Over yon cloudy mountains with me go,
 Whose Tops all horrid with eternal snow,
 And see that lovely Plain outstretch below,
 Twixt where Garunna's waters gently creep,
 And rapid Rhene runs foaming to the deep,
 Wash'd by the British and Ligustick Seas;
 And by yon mighty Hills, the Pylenes,
 From old Tradition them the Natives call,
 Fenc'd to the South, — The fam'd *Transalpine Gaul*!
 The people daring, curious, active, brave,
 Yet will be slaves themselves while others they enslave:
 Their different Tribes thou by my help mayst gain,
 Unite 'em all and in *Lutetia* reign:
 Nor this fair chance refuse till 'tis too late,
 For if aright I scan'd the rolls of Fate
 Here shall in after-days a Prince arise
 Who tho' thy Name he bears will thee despise,
 And aid the banners of thine Enemies:
 Nor will like thee my proffer'd help disdain,
 But gladly by my arms and arms will reign:
 I'll make him Great, whoever dares rebel,
 Great as myself, enthron'd and crown'd in hell.

Or wou'dst thou chuse a less luxurious Soil?
 See in the Ocean yon fair *Western Isle*,
 Whose thron'd sharp points th' insulting Waves divide!
 See with what *beauteous* Rivers 'tis supply'd!
 How rich the happy Fields thro' where they glide!
 Well knew the old *Phenicians* that blest'd place:
 Enur'd to Pain, there lives an hardy race:
 Daring as *Virtues* self, for conquest made,
 "Peace but their Recreation, War their Trade."
 Jealous of Liberty they chains refuse,
 Fair Death before inglorious Life they chuse;
 Force cannot bend, but kindness may improve,
 And mildly melt their generous warmth to Love:
 From one they love they never can retire,
 But wade thro' Seas of blood and Walls of Fire:
 These may thy Goodness and thy Wisdom charm,
 Thy heavenly Eloquence their rage disarm:

Polish

- Polish the rugged *mass*, their Gold refine,
 And make 't in its own *native Lustre* shine;
 The gentle *Arts* of *Peace* implanting there,
 Well worthy thy best *Industry* and *Care*.
 Or woud'st thou rather them by *Force* obtain,
 1170 By *Laws* unbridled, *absolutely* reign,
 As *likes* thee best thou shall the *Scepter* gain:
 Tho' that must cost us *blood*—See gath'ring there
 Upon the *Gallic* side a *booming War*
 * *Refug'd Androgeus* to the *Throne* to bear!
 Of *Horse* and *Foot* the *dusty-squadrons* move,
 Their *skill* they try, and *Piles* and *Javelins* prove:
 Charge, and retreat, and *wheel* and charge agen:
 * Huge weighty *Cataphracts*, and *Iron men*
 With other *Troops* commix'd, whose *arms* more light,
 1180 To change fair *Albions cliffs* to red from white:
 If they go there, they must expect to fight!
 * For cross the *Morine Seas* (nor *Sail* nor *Oar*
 * Our passage needs,) on the *Rutupian* shore
 Near *Dubris* point cov'ring the *blacken'd* strand
 See there a *thousand Chariots* plough the *Sand*!
Ten thousand Warriors trebled, mustering near,
 Each arm'd with *Dart* and *Sword* and knotty *Spear*.
 Hark with what eager *Shouts* they rend the *Skies*
 In hope to grapple soon their *Enemies*!
 1190 Yon *milk-white-Steed*, now stately trots around,
 Now *paws* the *Sand* and *beats* the *ecchoing Ground*;
 Proud of its weight, its *Riders Glory* shares,
 The great, the brave *Cassibelan* it bears.
 What diff'rent *Int'rests* he together ties:
 What *Worlds* he arms 'gainst *Britains Enemies*!
 * *Soul* of the *League* and *Head* of the *Allies*.
 Tho' *Rome's* proud *Gen'ral's* all the *World* esteem
 None ev'r could think, or speak, or act like him;
 In *Counsel* cool, in *Action* brave and warm,
 1200 * *Pallas* his *Head* directs, and *Mars* his *Arm*:
 Pursues *unweary'd* what he undertakes,
 Ev'n of *ill-Fortune* just advantage makes:
 Yet that he's *Great* he hardly seems to know,
 Altho', except himself, all think him so.

Ev'n

Ev'n I must praise him, yet if thou to me,
I'll make him bend and homage pay to thee.

Thus have I offer'd what the world can boast
Of Rich or Great upon the *Western Coast*:

But ah! how little have I yet reveal'd,
To what's behind the *wealthier East* conceal'd.

1210

Nor will I, in the *passage*, ask thy *Eyes*

For *Dammefek*, that *earthly Paradise*; *

Nor stay thee long by fair *Euphrates* side, *

Tho' there the *Roman* and the *Parthian pride*

This instant friendly meet, in yon *small Isle* *

And *Herod* both attempts to *reconcile*:

Brave *Artaban* is he who highest there

Is plac'd—Observe his great, his *warlike air*!

Sprung from the old *Arfacide* *

Much less will we in those wide *regions* stay

1220

Where mighty *Indus* headlong cuts its way,

Thro' whose vast *Currents* *Alexander* burl'd *

Some *Desarts* won, and thought h' had all the *World*:

Still further on to' *utmost Eastern* bound

Direct thine *Eye*—"Where no more *World* is found:

Wide *Fields*, rich *Towns*, tall *Groves*, fair *Rivers* see,

Here, Son of *God*, 's a *Country* worthy thee?

No *Histories* as yet its *Name* have shown,

To *Rome* alike, and fabling *Greece* unknown. *

1230

'Tis *China* call'd, unnumber'd *Millions* there,

Who live so well, th' almost *deserve* thy *care*:

Pious and good, mild and ingenuous they,

One *King*, one *God*, those spacious *realms* obey. *

There *Arts* and *Arms* in such perfection be, *

As this cold *Western World* did never see:

Yon *River* which against the *Temple* glides *

And thence exact in two vast *streams* divides.

That *Bridge*, *prodigious*, hanging in the *air*,

That more *prodigious Wall* outstretching there;

Wild *Magogs*'s wand'ring off-spring to restrain,

1240

Tho' oft it tries to curb their *rage* in vain,

All these th' effect of *industry* and *pain*,

All mortal *works*, altho' they hardly less

Than some *divine Artificer* confess.

There

* There reigns a peaceful Prince, who, did he see
Thy *Virtue*, gladly wou'd submit to thee,
And hold his *Kingdom* as thy *Deputy*.

More wou'dst thou yet? from my exhaustless store
I've shown thee all this *World*, but yet have more:
Yet farther *Worlds*. For still more *Northward* see
Bending to *East*, what num'rous *Droves* there be
Marching in haste, a potent *Colony*

* For a new *World*, from those I'll *Subjects* raise

1410 Which shall be mine to long succeeding days:

* See that small *Strait* already cover'd o'er,
Already have they reach'd the happy *Shore*,
One of my *menial* *Spirits* walks before:

* First strikes that mighty *Islands* *Western* *Strand*,
And safe conducts 'em to their destin'd *Land*:
Look not with partial *Eyes*, and you'll confess
Canaan itself's to this a *Wilderness*:

A beauteous *Face* of *Nature* yet unseen,
The *Flow'rs* still fresh, the *Trees* are ever green;

1420 Trees ever since the *World's* *Creation*, grown,

Delicious *Fruits* of *Tastes* and *Names* unknown!
You'd *Eshcol's* *Grapes* despise, if these I'd bring:

* No *Winter* there, there reigns eternal *Spring*:

Hither, lest me my *Subjects* shou'd disown
At your approach, you all and I have none;
This chosen *few* I hither did convey
Where I'll enjoy an undisputed sway.

This promis'd *Land* I frankly gave, nor I
Am always *envious*, nor do always *lie*:

1430 Nor from my *Slaves* large *Tribute* ask, content

With *homage* paid, and just *acknowledgment*:

Me Prince o'th' airy *Host* thy *Father* made,
Whom ever since have *Spirits* and *Storms* obey'd:
God of this *World* by him himself I'm stil'd,
And, like a *God*, I'm placable and mild

To those adore me— No uneasy task!

Yet this is all for all the *World* I ask;

Nay take both *Worlds*— here I'll erect thy *Throne*,
From *East* to *West* sway this vast *Globe* alone!

Ephes. 2. 21

2 Cor. 4. 4.

P

This

This only shall the fair Condition be
From us, as God, accept it on thy knee,
And as we're *Heav'ns*, be thou our *Deputy*!

1440

Unmov'd, our Lord till then the Tempter bore,
But when he thus blasphem'd, wou'd bear no more.

He lets thro' his weak humane Nature shine,
As Sol thro' Clouds, one Ray of the Divine:
With this he drove the wicked Tempter thence,
When thus he'd said --- *Blasphemer* get thee hence!

Thy time's elaps'd --- Too much I heard before,
But now thy arrogance will bear no more:

1450

Matth. 4. 10.

'Tis writ --- "The Lord thy God alone adore!"

That God whose Vengeance thou wou'dst scape in vain,
Who black Blasphemers dooms to endless Pain.

Enrag'd, confus'd, defeated, cursing fell,
Gnawing his Tongue, the baff'd Prince of Hell:

Such Looks and Words he cou'd longer bear,

His short-liv'd World's dissolv'd and lost in Air;

And down he sinks blaspheming in despair:

Did thence to th' howling Wilderness retire,

Ibid. v. 11.

Born in a dusky Globe of Smoak and Fire.

1460

The End of the Third Book.

Notes on the Third Book.

4 **E**'RE the day dawn to close his watchful Eyes.] See this Thought infinitely better manag'd by Milton, on *Melancholy*, in his *Miscellanies*.

9. Till past our narrow Earths attraction gon.] Alluding to the commonly receiv'd notion of the Earths *magnetical force* within its own *Atmosphere*.

14. Past e'en this World.] All the visible Frame or *System* of the Creation.

23. Beyond the place where mortal Deeds are bur'd.] From *Lucretius*.

43. From Calvary thro' Salem's Northern bound.] This was their way to *Gethsemane*, going round by the Tower of *Hananiah*, the Gate of *Ephraim*, the old Gate, the *Fish-Gate*, and at the North-East corner, the Gate of *Benjamin*, and so cross the Valley to *Gethsemane*.

158. From our Masters sacred Lips we learn'd.] I think, as 'tis already said in the Preface, it's at least full as probable that *St. Peter*, *St. John*, or *St. James* should know all these minute particular Passages, as that the Poet shou'd, especially when we not only suppose, but know that they were all inspir'd, one of 'em committing most of these things himself to Writing, another dictating to *St. Mark* when he did the same.

169. Not far remov'd from valiant Bethshan's Walls.] A Garrison of the *Philistines*, which it seems they kept a long time in the very heart of *Israel*; against whose Walls, not far from *Mount Gilboa* they hung in Triumph the Bones of *Saul* and *Jonathan*, till the men of *Jabesh-Gilead* in requital for their Eyes, ventured their Lives to fetch 'em thence and give 'em an handsom Burial.

170. And old Bethabara.] *Bethabara*, or *Betharaba*, as 'tis also Written, signifies no more than the House of Passage, or the Ferry-house: 'Twas situated on the Eastern side of *Jordan*. There's another place of that Name, and probably for the same Reason, near the fall of that River into the *Dead Sea*: But this where *St. John the Baptist* and our Saviour were chiefly Conversant, must be the more Northernly of the two, because of *Euen* and *Salim* near it.

173. His Life had spent in Juda's fertile Wild.] There are warm disputes concerning this *Wilderness* of *Juda*, whether properly and strictly so call'd, with nothing in't besides Beasts and Trees, whom the *Papists* wou'd fain have us believe he endeavour'd at first to *Edifie* for want of better Auditors: (the Reason, I suppose, why *St. Anthony* and other of their *Legendary-miracle-mongers* have since done the same, Preaching to Hogs, Fishes, or whatever was next to 'em) Or whether it were only a part of the Country call'd the *Wild*, or *Wilderness*, as our *Wild of Kent*, (*Wild*, *Weald*, and *Wold*, being, I fancy, the same thing in old English) notwithstanding the Name; as well Inhabited as any other part of the Country, which is the Opinion generally embrac'd by our Protestant Writers: I take the middle way, describing it a *rustick sort* of a place, but not without any rational Inhabitants. Nay, it had a great many, since several Cities are described in't by the sacred Writers, (tho' those might only be Villages) and the Rabbies going much farther. The Account they give of their *Montanum Regale*, which *Lightfoot* thinks the same with the Hill-Country of *Judea*, where *Zachary* liv'd, and that with the *Wilderness* of *Judea*, being as follows. "*Montanum Judaeae* &c. "The Hill-Country, or if you will *Highlands* of *Judea*, are call'd by the Jews the "*Royal Highlands*, and in *Psalm 75. 6. The Mountains of the Wilderness*, and yet in "*these Highlands* there are ten thousand Cities, in their *Taanith*, Fol. 69. And again "*Seah Hierusalem excedit Seah deserti, & tamen in eo sunt Myrias Urbium*.

201. But like an Oven, hot with deadly flame.] This and what follows, is the substance of 4. *Mal*. "Behold the day comes that shall burn as an Oven; and I think the Interpretation I give of all the Proud, and all that do Wickedly; that 'tis to be understood of the *Pharisees* and *Sadducees*, is at least probable.

223. Life and Salvation in his healing Wings.] Methinks that passage of "the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing under his Wings, seems to allude to the *Brazen Serpent*, a Type of Christ, which was lifted up in the Wilderness, and on

which whosoever look'd, after they were bitten by the *Serpents*, immediately recover'd.

245. *Those who in wild Perea wander'd wide.*] Of this Perea, thus Fuller, *Lib. 1. p. 37.* Perea, says he, "is a Country containing all the Land once belonging to Reuben, Gad and Manasse, on the East of Jordan.

260. *From ancient Shalem.*] Some think this place is that Country whereof Melchizedek was King, and the same with Salem, tho' others different from both.

291. *Had sanctifi'd fair Jordan's Limpid Waves.*] According to that in our *Form of Baptism*, *Who, by the Baptism of thy Son Jesus Christ in the River of Jordan, didst sanctify Water to the mystical washing away of Sin.* Meaning only setting apart, or consecrating the Element for that Sacramental Use.

321. *Its spacious Skirts by fruitful Edom's side.*] I grant it's probable, that our Saviour went not so far as this Wild of Paran, stiled, in Holy Scriptures, the great and howling Wilderness; containing in it many others, as Esbarn, Sin, Sinai, Kadesh, and, as it seems, on the very Edge of it, that of Judah; through all which the Israelites so long wandered. I say, 'tis probable enough our Saviour might be carried to some Desert nearer Jordan; but neither in fixing him here is there any absurdity, since we suppose it done by a supernatural Power; nor is he there at greater distance than in Milton's *Paradise Regain'd*, who chuses the Wilderness of Judaea, as the Seat of his Temptation; whereas I go more West, on the Borders of Edom, the Reason of which a skilful Reader will find before the End of this Book.

344. *Rapt by the Sacred Spirit he thither flies.*] It must be the Holy Spirit, for it could not be his own, since 'tis an odd and hardly proper Expression, to say, a Man leads himself any where: nor could it be the Wicked Spirit, or the Tempter, who did indeed afterwards hurry him about, because 'tis said, *after he had been there forty days and forty nights*, nay, after he was an hungry, not till the End of that time, then 'tis said, in St. Matt. 4: 3. that the Tempter came, not return'd, to him.

350. *The sacred Mount of God, effecting vain.*] *Vid. Milton's Paradise Lost*, that Verse being turn'd in his Mould, as well as supposing his Notion.

392. *To God's high Temple, and the Sacred Town.*] Jerusalem is called the Holy City, St. Matth. 4: 5.

470. *Who thence did to the dreadful Desert goe, — Where Israel wander'd.*] *Vide supra.*

515. *But when from Sabbath now, He, prostrate laid, — The sixth well worn.*] Sabbath for Week is common among the Sacred Writers. Six Sabbaths would have been six Weeks, or forty two days, but he fasting but forty, the sixth was not complete.

521. *With as much ease subdu'd as that before.*] Adam, who is called the Son of God, St. Luke 3. ult. because immediately produced by him, without any natural Parent.

565. *And half another now is almost past.*] Twenty eight Days to a proper Lunar Month, and twelve more are almost half another.

617. *His Word preserves the Soul, on him depends.*] I have, I think, included all those Sences, wherein Interpreters take those Words.

621. *The Man's distress, — With sinless Fears.*] It lengthens not my Hero's Character, to suppose something of Concern or Fear impress'd on his Fancy, when sleeping, since he is always represented intrepid and firm while awake, even in the greatest Dangers; and even here 'tis added, *The God repell'd the rest.*

639. *From many an horrid rift abortive Power.*] I believe I need not tell the Reader, I here begin to make bold with Mr. Milton, about twenty of whose Lines I've wrought into my Storm, for a very good reason, because they're extremely fine, and I could not get near so good of my own. However I've own'd and mark'd every one of 'em, nay even each half Verse for which I have been beholden to him.

643. *Where, them enclos'd, their Airy Leader binds.*] Tho we have no *Aeolus* to introduce into a Christian Poem; yet there's what will do as well, the Prince of the Power of the Air; who, no doubt, by God's permission, has Winds and Storms at his Command.

646. *From*

646. *From the four Hinges of the World they ran.*] 'Tis *Milton's* Thought, and a very beautiful Variation for the four Cardinal Points.

649. *Disrobe the beauteous Trees of all their Pride.*] There might be Trees in other parts of the Wilderness, tho I describe none just where our Saviour remain'd, besides a few blasted Oaks and Yews. Thus at *Elin*, one of the Stations of *Israel* coming out of *Egypt*, we read of threescore and ten Palm-trees, and twelve Wells of Water, *Exod.* 15. ult.

656. *And there, co-æval with the World, remain'd.*] So 'tis story'd of the *Hercynian* Oaks, and I know no reason why I mayn't make these of equal standing.

662. *Now Hills of Sand came rolling with the Wind.*] 'Tis usual in those Countries, for vast Storms, or rather Hurricanes of Sand to arise, and being driven with the Wind, overthrow, stifle and bury Passengers, whole Caravans, and sometimes make *Mummy* of whole Armies, as 'tis reported of that of *Cambyses* in the *Lithian* Desarts. See *Thevenot*, in his Description of *Egypt*.

711. *All that with Noah boisted, all and more.*] The Truth and Ground of which see in the next Verse, the old *Saw*, even yet holding good, as modern Travellers tell us, *Africa semper aliquid apportat novi*.

715. *Who on Cyrene's Sands doth fearless see,*
And with him brings Serpents as large as he.] *Cyrene* is a dreadful Desert Country, to the North west of *Egypt*, against the greater *Syria*, now a part of *Barca*; where, as modern Geographers tell us, is a City, to this day, called *Corena*. 'Tis inhabited with little else but such vast Serpents as *Europeans* can scarce believe ever were in Nature; and so indeed is almost all *Africa*, some of 'em so big, that Eye-witnesses tell us, it's common, when any of those dreadful Creatures are killed, to find a whole Sheep or Calf in their Bellies. See *Ludolphus* of *Ethiopia*, and *Vansleb* of *Egypt*.

734. *Two other Fiends, like fierce Jackals did bay,*
And warn'd the Kingly Lion to his Prey.] These Creatures are very frequent in those Countries, and indeed, where ever the *Lion* is, being a sort of a Setting-Dog to that Royal Beast. The *Pilgrim* says, he met with many of them in his Journey from *Sidon* (now *Seyde*) to *Damascus*. He describes 'em somewhat less and more white than Foxes, keeping themselves all day in the Craggs of the Mountains, and coming down at night to seek their Prey and demand Contributions from the neighbouring Villages.

755. *He sits unmov'd in calm and sinless Peace.*] A Verse of *Milton's*.

795. *Lotus chaff and rare,* — *From Sam b'ar Afric brought.*] *Chaff*, see *Ovid*; *Rare*, because far fetch'd; namely, from that part of *Africa*, where the *Lotus-Eaters* inhabit, North of the *Psylli*, and West of *Cyrene*.

819. *From Punic Carthage brought.*] Whence it takes its Name.

841. *All that Bethsaida's well-wrought Nets could take,*
In Air, or Desarts wild, or neighbouring Lake.] *Bethsaida* is generally interpreted, an House of Hunting, at first, probably, only a Place of Pleasure; a sort of a Lodge in the Desert, or Forest, adjoining. *Fulter* is for another Etymology; and tells us, the word *פִּשְׁתִּי* signifies Fishing as well as Hunting; whence, he thinks, it rather took its Name, by reason of the neighbouring Lake. Both which Opinions are here reconciled, since, probably, 'twas a place of general Diversisement, both Hunting, Fishing, and Fowling.

904. *Nor can thy Power one single Grain create.*] Proper Creation, or the Production of something out of nothing, can be alone the Act of infinite Power, which no wonder that we can't comprehend, unless we were our selves Infinite.

909. — 'Tis Nature's Voice, friendly to be
With Friends, and dreadful to my Enemy.] I suppose few but know whose Notion that is; nor am I very solicitous whether or no *Satan* takes it amiss, that I should make him one of the *Hobbiests*, tho they've gone yet farther, and would fain make him nothing at all.

915. *And in their room uncleanly Ordure leaves.*] From that of *Virgil*, when the *Harpies* had snatch'd away the Feast of *Phineus*, — *Fædissima Ventris* — *Probrum*, and *Vestigia fæda relinquunt*.

939. *Twice Halak they, and dire Acrabim poss'd.*] There is a place just at the South-West

South-West Corner of the Dead-Sea, called *Mahaleb-Acrabbim*, see *Josh.* 15. 3. in *English*, the *crawling up of Serpents*; probably, from many of them coming up to that forlorn Place from the adjoining Wilderness, near which the *Jews* were plagued with fiery Serpents. Opposite to which stands Mount *Halak*, *vid. Josh.* 11. 17. between which two Places, I suppose *Satan* took his airy Journey.

943. *Now Debir 'tis, once Kirjath-Sephir nam'd,*
For *Valiant Othniel's* dear-bought Conquest fam'd.] This *Debir*, which signifies an *Oratory*, called also *Kirjath-Sephir*, or the *City of a Book*, is thought to have been a *Canaanitish University*. 'Tis situated in the Tribe of *Judab*, South of *Hebron*, not far from the Plain of *Mamre*. The History of its Conquest by *Othniel*, *vid. Judg.* 1. 12.

954. *Hebron to tb' Left, which twice a Crown did grace.*] 'Twas one of the *Canaanitish* Royal Cities, *Josh.* 10. 37. and the Place where *David* was first crowned King of *Judab*, remaining there seven Years, *2 Sam.* 2. 3, 4. and 5. 5.

959. *Tb' Arch-fiend abbor'd, — With Temple and with Altars was ador'd.*] See *2 Kings* 1. 2. where we read of the Oracle of *Baal-zebub*, the God of *Eckron*; the same undoubtedly with *Beelzebub* in the New Testament.

962. *And leaving on the left strong Lachish near.*] This City was besieged by *Sennacherib*, but we don't read that he took it, nay, it's said he departed from it, *2 Kings* 19. 8. and 'twas one of the last which held out against *Nebuchadnezzar*, *Jer.* 34. 7.

964. *Then shooting swift o'er Saveh's Vale.*] This Valley of *Saveh* is a little South of *Jerusalem*; 'tis mentioned twice, and, I think, no more, in the Holy Scriptures, once by its proper Name, *Gen.* 14. 17. as the place where the King of *Sodom* met *Abraham*, and *Melchisedeck* came forth and gave him Bread and Wine. The second only by a *Periphrasis* called the *King's Dale*, *2 Sam.* 18. 18. as 'tis also in the former place.

967. *Where pleasant Millo lies.*] *Millo*, which signifies a *Filling*, because built in the void Space between *Sion* and *Jerusalem*, was begun by King *David*, *2 Sam.* 5. 9. and finished under *Solomon*, *Jeroboam* being Overseer of the Work, *1 Kings* 11. 27.

970. *By Solomon's Royal Seat, and Ophel's Tower.*] *Solomon* had three Palaces, or Houses, in *Jerusalem*; one, the House of the Forest of *Lebanon*, *2 Kings* 7. 2. like our *St. James's*, or the Elector's Palace at *Dresden*. The second, the House of *Pharaoh's* Daughter, *1 Kings* 7. 8. And the third, his own Dwelling-House, which was thirteen Years in Building, *1 Kings* 7. 1. Which last is generally placed, in the Maps of *Jerusalem*, near the Banks of *Siloam*, opposite to *Millo*. The Tower of *Ophel* is placed a little Easterly of this Palace, near the Fall of *Siloam* into *Kidron*.

975. *Near Herod's lofty Tower.*] The old Tower in *Solomon's* Temple was of the Nature of a Porch, and very magnificent, as 'tis describ'd *1 Kings* 6. 3. and *2 Chron.* 3. 4. From both which we learn, 'twas twenty Cubits long, ten broad, and an hundred and twenty high (sacred Cubits), and consequently, the Temple itself reaching but to thirty Cubits, this must be four times the height on't, and *Herod's* was not inferiour. I say near this Tower, rather than upon it, because 'twas too great a Height to see distinctly what was done below. I suppose it might be on some of those stately Galleries *Josephus* mentions. See more *Lib. vii.*

985. *Thee from yon Court the vest'd Priests perceive.*] The Altar whereon the Sacrifices were offered, was not within the covered part of the Temple, for what should they have done there with the Smoak of so vast a number of Sacrifices, but *sub die*, in the open Air, in a Court; Incense only being offered within the Temple. Into which Court the Priests only came, as into the second none but Jews with their Sacrifices, whence they were taken in by the Priests, and the third was the outward Court, or that of the Gentiles.

1006. *In Herod's spacious Ampitheatre.*] Of which see a noble Description, *Jos. Antiq. lib.* 15. cap. 11.

1061. *Eufhemesh sees, and beauteous Jericho*] *Eufhemesh* sounds in our Language, the Fountain of the Sun; perhaps from some medicinal Waters hereabouts, as our *Bath*, formerly

formerly *Aqua Solis*. *Beauteous* Jericho, the situation of it was pleasant, said the Inhabitants to the Prophet; and Fuller and Surin describe it in the same manner, "the Fields about it, as the latter says, being covered with Orange-trees, Limon-trees Palm-trees, and others, intermingled every where with those Flowers, called the Roses of Jericho.

1067. *The Ruines of Ed's doubtful Altar spy'd.*] Doubtful, because Geographers can't agree on which side of Jordan to place it.

1072. *Canaan's blest Land, on Jordan's either side.*] *Vid.* Deut. 34. 1, 2. *All the Land of Gilead unto Dan, all Naphtali, Ephraim, Manasseh and Judah.*

1080. *Then gave 'em Form, with Colours gild the whole.*] First Figure, then Form, according to the old Notion, *Forma est Figura cum Colore.*

1086. *Conducted with no Injury but Fear.*] Not that I suppose our Saviour was really affrighted; but, as Mr. Cowley says in a like case, 'tis hardly proper to make a Speech for the Devil without some Lies in't.

1096. *Which Ishmael's wealthy Off-spring far away.*] The Ishmaelites were some of the first Land-Merchants, as the Phœnicians the first by Sea. *Vid.* Gen. 37. 25.

1099. *To Zoan's fertile Fields, and thence disperse
Then wealthy Traffick through the Universe.*] This way all rich Persian Silks, &c. were formerly carried over Land, till a Passage was found out by Sea, in our own Age.

1102. *The proud of Golden Sands, and Groves of Spice, &c.*] The finest Dust-Gold being brought from the Coasts of *Affric*; and several Regions in't which take their very Names from Spices, as *Myrrbisera*, *Cinnamomifera*.

1103. *They their parch'd Country think a Paradise.*] This is literally true; for the *Abyssines* will not be persuaded but the old Paradise was seated in their Country; and there have been European Authors who have reckoned it under the Line.

1109. *Ev'n fair Trinacria too thou shalt disdain.*] An old Name for Sicily; the reason of which is in the next Verse.

1112. *Wash'd by the sounding Sea on either side.*] The upper and lower Seas, as they sometimes call 'em, *Adria* to the North, and the *Sicilian*, *Sardinian*, &c. to the South.

1113. *Which through the midst a Ledge of Hills divide.*] The *Appenines*, which run long ways through the greatest part of Italy.

1115. *Near a fair Stream a Royal City stands.*] I hardly tell the Reader, I mean *Rome*, on the Banks of the *Tibur*.

1122. *Eternal Rome.*] So they affected to call it, *Urbs æterna*; and 'twas almost a piece of *Læse-Majesty* to cut it shorter, or believe any otherwise of the City or Empire, whence St. Paul speaks so cautiously concerning it, *2 Thess.* 2.

1123. *And raise thee to the Purple.*] The Royal *Insignia* were of this Colour, with the *Romans*; and 'twas therefore Treason for any to affect it besides the Emperour.

1126. *Over yon cloudy Mountains with me goe.*] The *Alps*, where Snow is said to lie unmelted in some Places all the Year round.

1129. *'Twixt where Garumna's Waters gently creep,
And rapid Rhene runs foaming to the Deep.*] *Garumna*, now the *Garonne* in *Aquitain*; it rises not far from *Toulouse* and *Montpelier*, whence running cross the Country, it falls, by *Bordeaux*, into our Ocean. 'Tis true, this River is not the utmost Southern Boundary of *France*, *Gascoign* lying between that and *Spain*, nor do I affirm it; but I make that the *Pyrenees* afterward. However this was the last considerable River on that side the Country, and running cross it too, as before. As for the *Rhine*, which I call the *Rbene* to be nearer its Antique Latin-Name, I know it reaches too far on the other side, beyond the Limits of modern *France*. (tho truly not far, as they have stretch'd it) including *Brabant*, proper *Flanders*, &c. but 'tis reckoned by ancient Geographers the Boundary of *Belgic Gaul*, which was one part of the *Transalpine*, lying between the Rivers *Sein*, *Rhine*, and the Ocean, the other three parts being called the *Celtic*, *Aquitanic*, and *Narbonensis*.

1135. *The People daring, curious, active, brave.*] This Character *Cæsar* gives 'em, and a great part of *Europe* have found, to their Sorrow, that they still retain it.

1137. *Their*

1137. *Their different Tribes thou by my help may'st gain.*] They were formerly divided into as many small Septs or Cantons as England or Ireland, as the *Atrebates*, the *Celts*, *Veneri*, and twenty others.

1142. *Who, tho thy Name he bears.*] The Most Christian King.

1153. *Well knew the old Phœnicians that blest Place.*] It's generally believed, by our modern Criticks, that the *British Islands* were the famous *Cassiterides*, as *Bochart* endeavours to prove from the Name; and yet any that read *Dionysius* would be of another Mind for methinks he seems to distinguish 'em one from the other, for after he has said, *Νῆες δ' ἰνδελαιε, τοὶ ἀνατολικοὶ νῆες*, which he makes over-against the *Promontorium Sacrum*, and inhabited by the *Iberians*, he goes on, and says expressly in the next Verse, *ΑΑΑΑΙ δ' ἀνατολικοὶ νῆες βορραιοὶ δ' αὐταί*—*Διότι νῆες τὰν βορραιοῦ*, speaking of the two *British Isles* as distinct from the *Cassiterides*, or *Tin Islands*. Indeed, would the situation bear it, Mr. *Cambden's* Conjecture would stand fair, that the Antients meant the *Isles of Scilly*; and indeed these *ΑΑΑΑΙ* may relate to *Spermyris* as well as *νῆες*, and then 'tis a clear case; for what can they be but those of *Scilly*, since he calls them all *British Isles*? However, it's no wonder that not only *Dionysius*, but most of the *Greeks* besides, give a very lame account of these parts, since the *Phœnicians* were so careful to conceal those matters, and their Trading hither, that *Strabo* tells us of a *Phœnician Master of a Ship*, who knock'd his *Vessel* o'th head upon the *Rocks*, rather than he'd fall into the hands of the *Romans*, as he was returning from his Voyage into our Seas.

1146. *How three sharp points th' insulping Waves divide.*] The three Capes or Angles of *Britain* (whence some derive the Name of *Anglia*) that near *Dover*, the *Lands-End*, and *Cornwall*; the same, if I mistake not, with the *Darvezan*, *Boleron*, and *Orca* or *Tarvidum* of the Antients.

1174. *Refug'd Androgeus to the Throne to bear.*] Some call him *Androgeus*, others *Mandracæus*, a *British Prince*, who fled to *Caesar* for Succour, and assisted him against *Cassibelan* and his Native Country. I'm not ignorant that these things really happened some years before I represent them; but not to plead Precedent, or excuse my own Error by that of *Virgil*, (and indeed of most other Poets, who are seldom mortified with *Anachronisms* in their Works) I rather chuse to throw it all upon the Devil, who having Shapes enough new made, might adapt them to what History he pleas'd, and endeavour to impose on our Saviour in *History* as well as in *Geography*.

1178. *Huge weighty Cataphracts and Iron Men.*] See those *Cataphracts* exactly described in *Heliodorus's* *Ethiopian History*.

1182. *Cross the Marine Seas.*] So the Strait was called between *England* and *France*; hence that of *Grotius* in his *Cynægeticon*, *Hinc frons si Morinam*; adding soon after, *Aque ipsos libeat penetrare Britannos*.

1183. *Rutupian Shore.*] The *Rutupium* of the Antients, is supposed the same with our *Richborough*.

1196. *Soul of the League, and head of the Allies.*] *Cassibelan* was Generalissimo of all the *British Forces*. See *Caesar's Commentaries*.

1200. *Pallas his Head directs, and Mars his Arm.*] I've been pretty sparing of *Heaven's Gods* throughout the whole Poem, (which Mr. *Milton* does not observe, tho even his Faults are beautiful) and now I here mention two of 'em; I put 'em into the mouth of such an one as I am not to answer for what he says.

1212. *For Dammelek, that earthly Paradise.*] So *Dammelek*, or *Damascus*, or *Damas*, (for by all those Names 'tis called, besides *Chams* by the *Arabians*) is described by all that have seen it. The *Arabians* fancy the *Sun* has another sort of a benign Influence on this Town than any other, whence the Name they give it. *Satan* calls it an *Earthly Paradise*, and so a good Friend of his once thought it, I mean *Mahomet*, who was so afraid of being bewitched and softened with the Pleasures thereof, and render'd unfit for the great Projects he had in his head, that he refus'd to enter it when very near it.

1214. *The Roman and the Parthian Pride, &c.*] See *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 8. cap. 8.* where you have the entertaining Relation of this Royal Congress between *Varellus*, *Herod the Tetrarch*, and *Artaban King of Parthia*, in a small Isle of the *Euphrates*.

1222. *Where*

1232. Where mighty Indus cuts his headlong way,
Through whose vast Currents Alexander burst, &c.] Quintus Curtius, describing this Expedition of Alexander, says, He first pass'd the Choaspes, then the Cophetes, next the Indus, &c.

1234. To Rome alike, and fabled Greece unknown, — 'Tis China call'd.] That the Romans had no knowledge of this Country, I think, all grant; and our modern Geographers believe that Ptolemy knew it little better; for though he talks of a northern regio, yet by his description, I should rather say than China.

1233. One King, one God, those spacious Realms obey.] So their authentick Chronicles tell us; and that they fell not to Polytheism till the sixty fifth year of our Saviour. See Martinus.

1234. Their Arts and Arms in such perfection.] Particularly Printing and Guns, which the Europeans found amongst 'em.

1236. Ym River, which against the Temple glides.] The Yellow River, of which see the Description and Cut in Magellan.

1240. Ym Maog's Wand'ring O' spring to restrain.] The Scythians, or Tartars, bridled by the Wall of China.

1401. There reigns a peaceful Prince.] As Augustus reign'd at Rome, and the Temple of Janus was shut when our Saviour was born; so 'tis remarkable, that in China all things were quiet, and the Emperor chang'd his own Name for another that signifies Pacifism.

1408. A Potent Colony — In a new World.] According to our Author's Notion, that the Americans were carried over by the Devil, at this time.

1411. See that small Strait, already covered o'er.] The Straights of Anian, which the Devil might find out, tho' no Mortal can do it.

1414. First strikes that mighty Island's Western Strand.] 'Tis so far East that it may be West. Consult the Globe.

1423. No Worm there, there reigns eternal Spring.] The Devil must have leave to make the best of his own Country, tho' some parts of America are really very pleasant.

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Q

THE

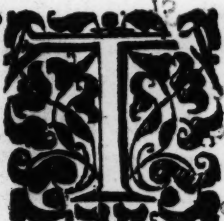
THE ARGUMENT OF THE Fourth B O O K.

OUR Saviour having now foil'd the Enemy, the Angels, who had all the while hovered over and been Spectators of the Combat, descend with a Banquet, and sing a Song of Triumph on his Victory, which ended, they wait him back to Jordan. The Baptist's further Testimony concerning him. Our Lord, departing thence, enters on his Ministerial Office; and ascending the Mount of the Beatitudes, chuses his Twelve Apostles, and then preaches that famous Sermon, containing the chief Heads of his Religion. Which he begins with an Enquiry after Happiness, removing the commonly received Notions about it, and fixing it rather in their Contraries. After which he repeats the Ten Commandments; assuring his Auditors he came not to destroy but to fulfil them; and instructs in Alms, Fasting, Prayer, and other Duties, giving 'em a particular Form to assist their Devotion, and concludes his Discourse with a lively Parable of two Houses, one built on the Rock, the other on the Sand. The Sermon finished, our Lord descends from the Mountain, and preaches in Galilee; working his first Miracle at Cana; and at Naim, not far from it, restoring the Widow's Son to Life. In the mean while the Baptist continued preaching Repentance, and acquiring a great Veneration among the People, and even from Herod himself, at that time Tetrarch of Galilee, who reforms from all his Vices but his unlawful Love to Herodias. The manner of his falling in Love with her; his Courtship, and, at length, accomplishing his Desires under the pretence of Platonic Love and an innocent Friendship. Their Familiarity continuing so long, till it grew publick; which St. John hearing of, comes to Court, and boldly reproves the King. At which Herodias being enrag'd, gets him imprisoned in Machabris, and some time after beheaded; he having first prophesied of the Invasion of Galilee, and the Discomfiture of Herod's Army; which soon after come to pass. Aretas, the King of Arabia, being enrag'd at the Injury done to his Daughter, whom Herod had formerly married; and entring his Country with an Army, which Herod prepares to encounter; but his Forces forsake him, and he loses the Day. All which our Saviour having advice of, and of the Rage of Herod upon these Losses, retires, with his Disciples, into the Desarts of Bethsaida.

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
AN
Heroic Poem.

BOOK IV.

* 40



IS pleasant, when the rugged Storm is o'er,
To see the Waves expiring on the Shore:
Like some new World, at distance to
behold
The Silver Hills all Flame with heav'nly
Gold:

The chiding Winds all hush'd, the Sky look fair,
The Fields in Smiles new clad, Sea, Earth and Air
A diff'rent Face put on, a diff'rent Dress,
And Mother Nature's self her Joys expresses:
So shin'd the Son of God, whose Love to Man,
His Conquests in his Sufferings thus began;

Q 2

Opprest

Opprest with *weight* he still more pow'rful rose,
 And, when he pleas'd, shook off th' *infernal Foes*;
 Who, when they his *unequal Might* assay'd,
 In vain so many a furious Onset made,
 Slunk *desperate* back to their own *conscious Shade*:
 Nor long remov'd, e'er brighter Guards were there,
 Wasted, Triumphant thro' the yielding Air.
 Hymning their *Head*, the heav'nly Host descend,
 Who did before their needless *Aid* suspend,
 And hov'ring high the *Wars event* attend:
 Nor unconcern'd *Spectators*, had they staid,
 But each in their own glitt'ring Arms array'd;
Indignant, saw the *Fiend* our Lord assail,
 And o'er what *Mortal* was, so far prevail:
 Saw the foul Spirit him mild and patient bear,
 From place to place wide hurry'd in the Air;
Unfur'd, their dreadful Bolts cou'd hardly keep;
 Oft had they sunk the Rebel to the Deep,
 And Thunder-nail'd him there——
 Oft had their ancient *Valour* on him shown;
 Had they receiv'd *Commission* from the Throne;
 Nor durst beyond their Line one step proceed,
 Nor did our Lord th' officious *Kindness* need;
 Nor did their *Royal Aid* and Love refuse,
 In Triumph, which in *War* he wou'd not use;
 Tho' all the while he *knew* and mark'd 'em there,
 And beckons now away; thro' yielding Air
 They instantaneous glide, as Thoughts can fly,
 Untrack'd, from East to West, from Earth to Sky:
Manna, Ambrosial-food, before him lay'd,
 And *Vine* in beauteous Eden newly made;
 Who *tasts* of these will regal Boards despise;
 Such *Angels*, such the blest'd in *Paradise*:
 No dregs they leave, nor earthly *relish* know,
 Nor ever tempt to these *vain Joys* below;
 But *Hope*, and *Peace*, and heav'nly Love inspire,
 And warm the Soul with pure immortal Fire:
 While these our Lord upon the verdant ground
 Refresh'd, his shining Train kept Guard around:
 Some chearful wait, i th' Air some hov'ring hung;
 And

20

30

40

50

And

And thus his mighty Deeds in mighty Numbers Sung.

Hail, Son of God ! announce'd, confest, approv'd ! *

Saviour of Man, and Head of Angels hail !

Thee thus ador'd we sing ; thus cast our Crowns,

With trembling aw, at thy triumphant Feet :

Before all Worlds, who, from the Mount of God,

When Lucifer had half dis-peopled Heav'n,

" Ledst forth th' embattel'd Seraphim to fight ;

Met at the Head of his rebellious War ,

60 Didst seize th' Arch-Traitor, all his Bands disperse,

And crush 'em underneath thy flaming Wheels.

We saw 'em from the top of Heav'n's high-Wall,

We saw 'em tumb'l abrupt, and Chaos wide,

Struck with a dreadful Flash of unknown Light,

Shrink back its foamy Waves, and inward roll

To find a new Abyss ; till wheeling down,

Like falling Stars, th' Exile Spirits of Heav'n

On its black Bosom hiss'd, thick sprinkled o'er

With scatter'd Drops of dying sulph'rous Flame :

70 They, deep confin'd, thou, O Eternal Word,

Didst will this beauteous VWorld from the dark Void :

High Hills, rich Dales, sweet Springs, Sea, Earth and Sky,

And those Eternal Lamps which flame above

To light the Lord of the Creation, Man ;

The best, the last Essay of Wit divine ;

Whose Godlike Form thou didst with Soul inspire,

Thee not unapt to Know and Love, design'd

To fill those Seats th' Apostate Angels lost,

And plac'd him happy in sweet Paradise :

80 Envious th' Arch-Fiend beheld, his Iron Teeth,

Vexatious, gnash'd with rage and rancour fell,

That Man shou'd Lord it o'er so fair a VWorld :

Shot up thro' Chaos and the frighted Deep,

On dang'rous Expedition bent, t' explore

His Rival's Force ; then grapple and subdue,

And Captive drag t' his own Eternal Night ;

Who, ah ! too far prevail'd ; nor cou'd weak Man,

The Woman and the Fiend, when leagu'd, resist :

He eat, he fell ; the sick Creation groan'd,

Rom. 8.12.

90 And sympathiz'd with their lost Master's Fate :

We

We fighting saw the ruins of the World;
 So wide the Breach we knew no Remedy;
 Nor all our Wisdom Methods cou'd invent,
 T' attone thy justly anger'd Father's Wrath,
 Punish th' Arch-Fiend accurst, and Man restore:
 Till in deep Consult of th' Eternal Three,
 Thou didst stand forth and chuse the mighty Task;
 The weight of heav'nly Vengeance chuse to bear;
 Which feeble Mortals wou'd have crush'd to Hell:

Revel. 12. 3. The old Red-Dragon met, O spotless Dove! 1100

By thy unequal Arms is doom'd to fall,
 Tho' thou no Thunder in the Fight wilt use,
 But naked Virtue, and pure Innocence.

Gen. 3. 15.

Thou the chaste Woman's Seed, O Virgin-born!

The mighty Serpent's vainly-threatening Head
 Shalt crush beyond retrieve; while Spirits enrag'd,
 And Life at once, and yellow Venom flow
 From his wide Mouth, that open Sepulchre:

In long voluminous Folds outstretch'd he lies,
 The Wonder and the Burden of the Earth: 1110

Hell's Principality thou shalt destroy,

And stoln Dominion here; while Thunderstruck,

And hurl'd headlong, the grinning Fiends forsake

Their Temples and fallacious Oracles:

What tho' their Malice, desp'rate, may prevail,

Permitted, o'er thy frail Humanity?

The God's still safe, and smiles at their weak rage;

While they their own Confusion only gain.

Hell's Masterpiece is Ill from Good to draw,

The Art of Heav'n's Good from the worst of Ill: 1120

Thy Death the Life of Man, a Ransom paid,

To thy just Father's Wrath for the lost World:

Which from his Bosom thou in mortal Clay

Didst come, first to instruct, and then to save.

Thy Triumphs here begin, O Son of God!

The Tempter foil'd with all his boasted Arts:

He no usurper Adam found in thee,

No vain-consenting Eve -- Salvation, Pow'r,

And Strength and Might, and Thanks, and Praise, and Love,

We thus ascribe to thee, O spotless Lamb! 1130

Thus

The Life of CHRIST. 919

Thus *Allelujah! Allelujah! Sing!*

Here ending, they their Lord triumphant bore,
To Jordan's reedy Banks, not long before
Bless'd with his sacred Feet, where lately he,
Baptiz'd by the great Son of Zachary,
All Righteousness fulfill'd -- The Crowd, who mourn'd
His Loss, surpriz'd with Joy when he return'd.
Nor sooner him agen the Baptist spy'd,
When loud, 'tis he! *Extatic* all, he cry'd:

140 See Israel, see the Lamb of God, design'd
To purge your Sins, your heavy Chains unbind! John 1. 19.

Him his great Father from the Clouds confess,
And I, th' attesting Dove my self attest:
He, the Messiah, freely I disclaim,
That next to our *inutterable Name!* John 1. 20,
28.

Me, tho unworthy, did high Heav'n prefer,
E'er his approach, to be his Harbinger;
That Israel him might with due Honours meet,
Unworthy e'en to kneel and kiss his Feet:

150 Tho' after-born, existing long before;
Shou'd we thro vast *Eternak* Ages soar,
His Birth we cannot reach -- John 1. 27.
Ibid.

He still must Live, while I to Dust descend;
His Kingdom and his Glory know no end. John 3. 30.

He said, agen our Lord himself withdrew,
Tho' closely followed by a faithful few:
Who learn'd what Arts to use, what Methods take,
Others as happy as themselves to make:
Envious of none; more Rivals they desir'd,

160 Each Day, each Hour their Master more admir'd,
Thro' Galilee's wide Coast soon spread his Name,
His Auditors encreasing with his Fame:
Thick rolling Crowds promiscuous far and near,
Attend, the way to Life and Bliss to hear:
For ev'ry Ill mirac'lous Ease they find,
All Maladies of Body and of Mind.

An easie Hill there is, whence looking down * Matth. 5. 1.
Tiberias here, there fair Bethsaida's Town,
At equal distance seen; our Saviour there,

170 Did first entire his Father's Will declare.

Well

Well pleas'd, around the plenteous Harvest Law;
 And further still, advance the Sacred Lam,
 Twice six did from his constant Foll'w'rs chuse,
 Who might the same thro' the vast Globe diffuse.
 1 Cor. 1. 26. The Noble, Great and Learn'd he did not take,
 Poor Fishers most, who on the neighbouring Lake,
 In honest Industry their Lives had spent,
 Equally Ignorant and Innocent:
 Barjonas first, still eager to engage
 In the fair Cause, and first in Zeal and Age;
 Firm as a Rock, he bold our Lord confest,
 John 1. 42. Thence Cephas nam'd, by him who knows him best,
 His Brother Andrew, of unspotted Fame,
 The next, both from Bethsaida's Villa came:
 Thence Philip, who Nathanael did invite,
 John 1. Approv'd an undissembling Isra'elite;
 Matthew, who freely did the World forsake,
 Matth. 9. 9. Fair Seat, and gaudy Office on the Lake,
 Near proud Capernaum: the lesser James,
 Who justly honourable Kured claims,
 With our Lov'd Lord, Simon, whom Cana names,
 His Brother Jude --- All three did Mary bear
 To Cleophas: next Jude our Treasurer;
 Iscariot from his Birth-place styl'd; and he,
 Whom his glad Mother in her Arms did see
 But half a Birth ---
 Thomas, Greek
 Didymus, both in English, a Twin.
 We, more than all the rest of that high Grace,
 Unworthy, fill the last and humblest place:
 Zebedee's Sons, of th' Galilean Race.
 This past, to us he his blest'd Law reveal'd,
 Which from the Wise and Prudent is conceal'd:
 Matth. 11. 25. What Noble Paradoxes did he teach?
 Above what humane Wisdom e'er cou'd reach;
 As much beneath his Worth is our Esteem;
 Sure never Man e'er spake, or lov'd like him!
 He all false Eloquence, all Colours he
 Of Grecian, or of Roman Sophistry
 Disdain'd; nor Popularly low he bow'd,
 To beg, or steal Applauses from the Crowd:
 Matth. 7. v. ult. His Truths in their own native Beauty shine,
 Deliver'd



S. ANDREAS.

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4



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S. THOMAS.

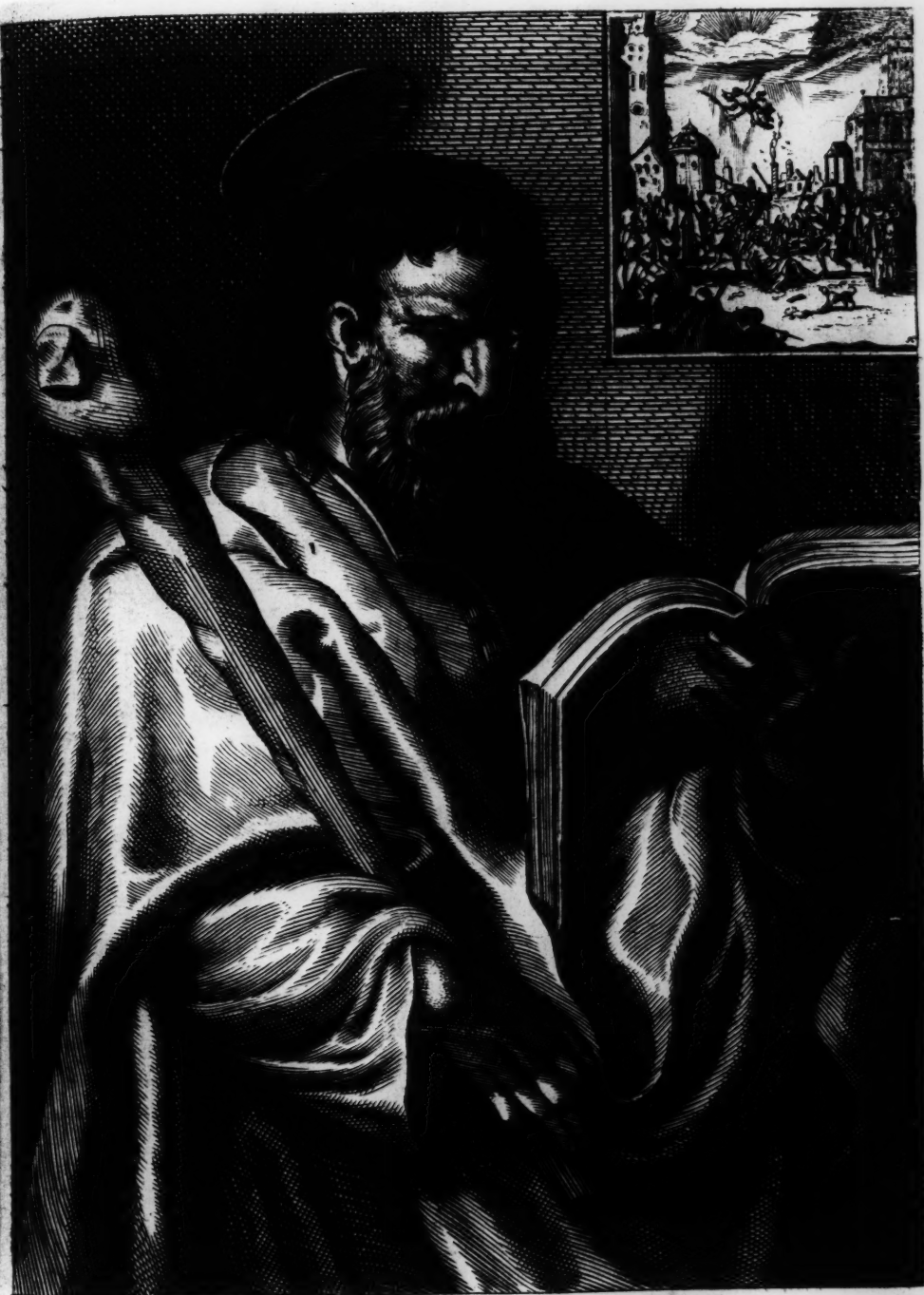
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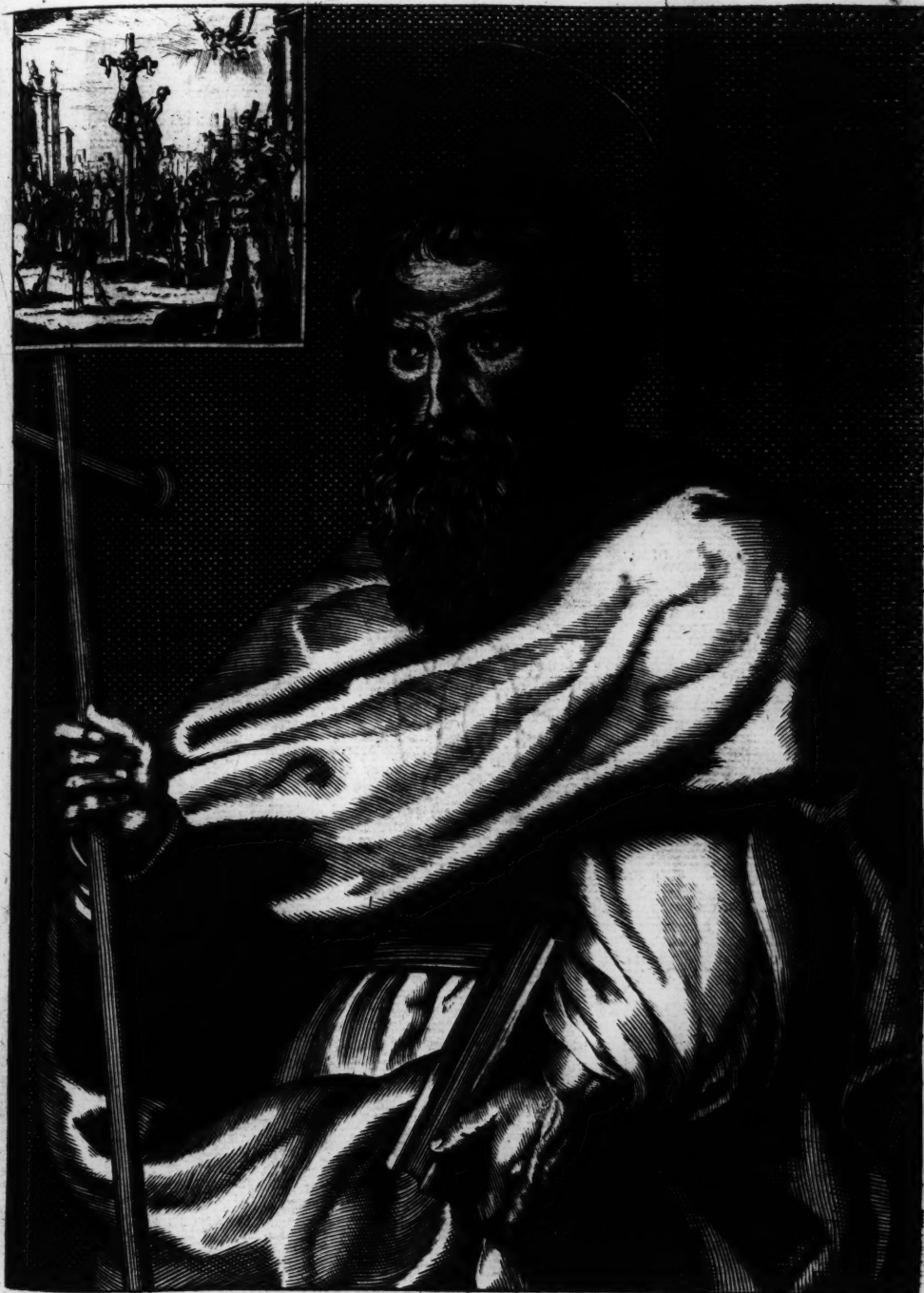
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S PHILIPPVS

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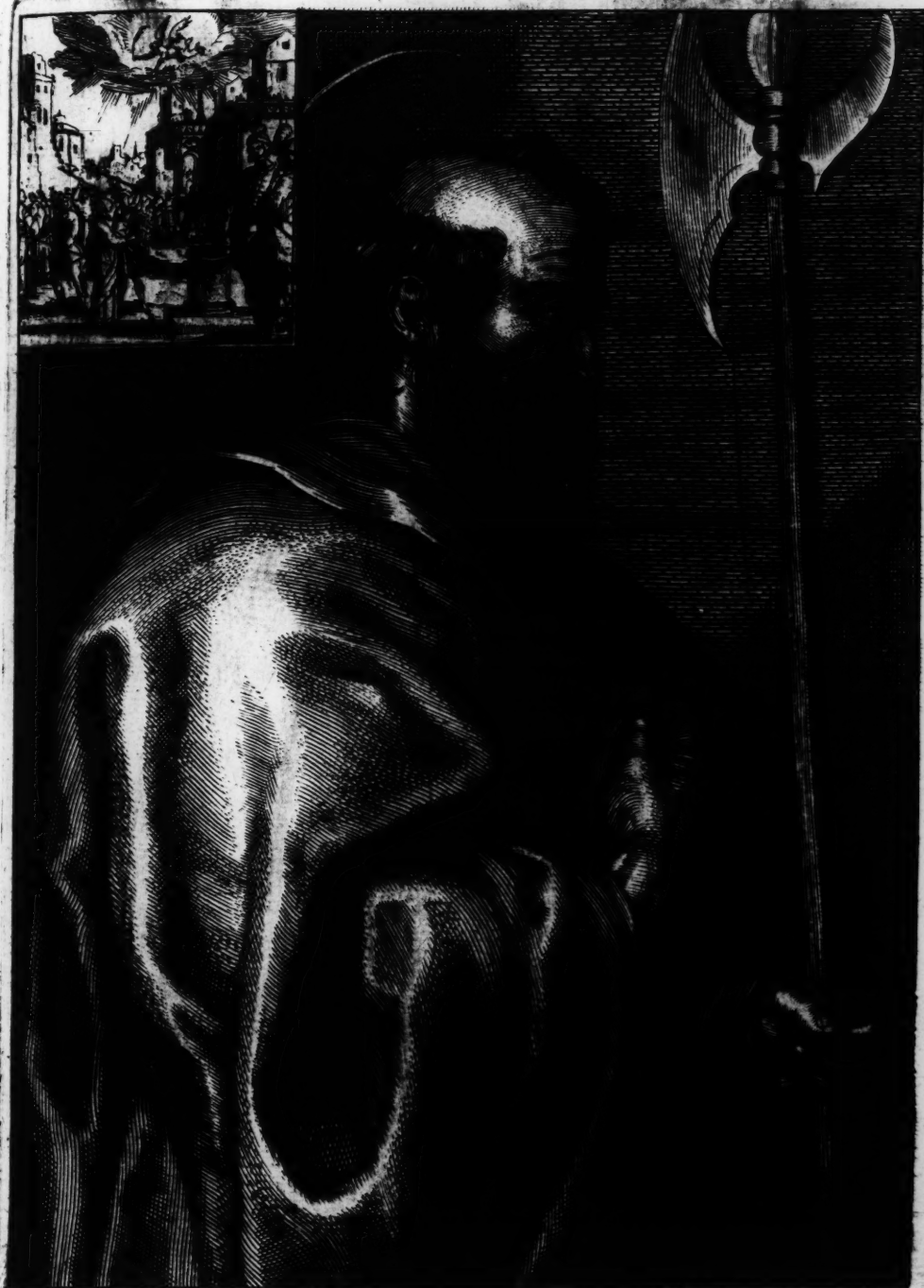
S.^t BARTHOLOMÆVS.

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BARTHOLOMEVS



S^t MATTHÆVS

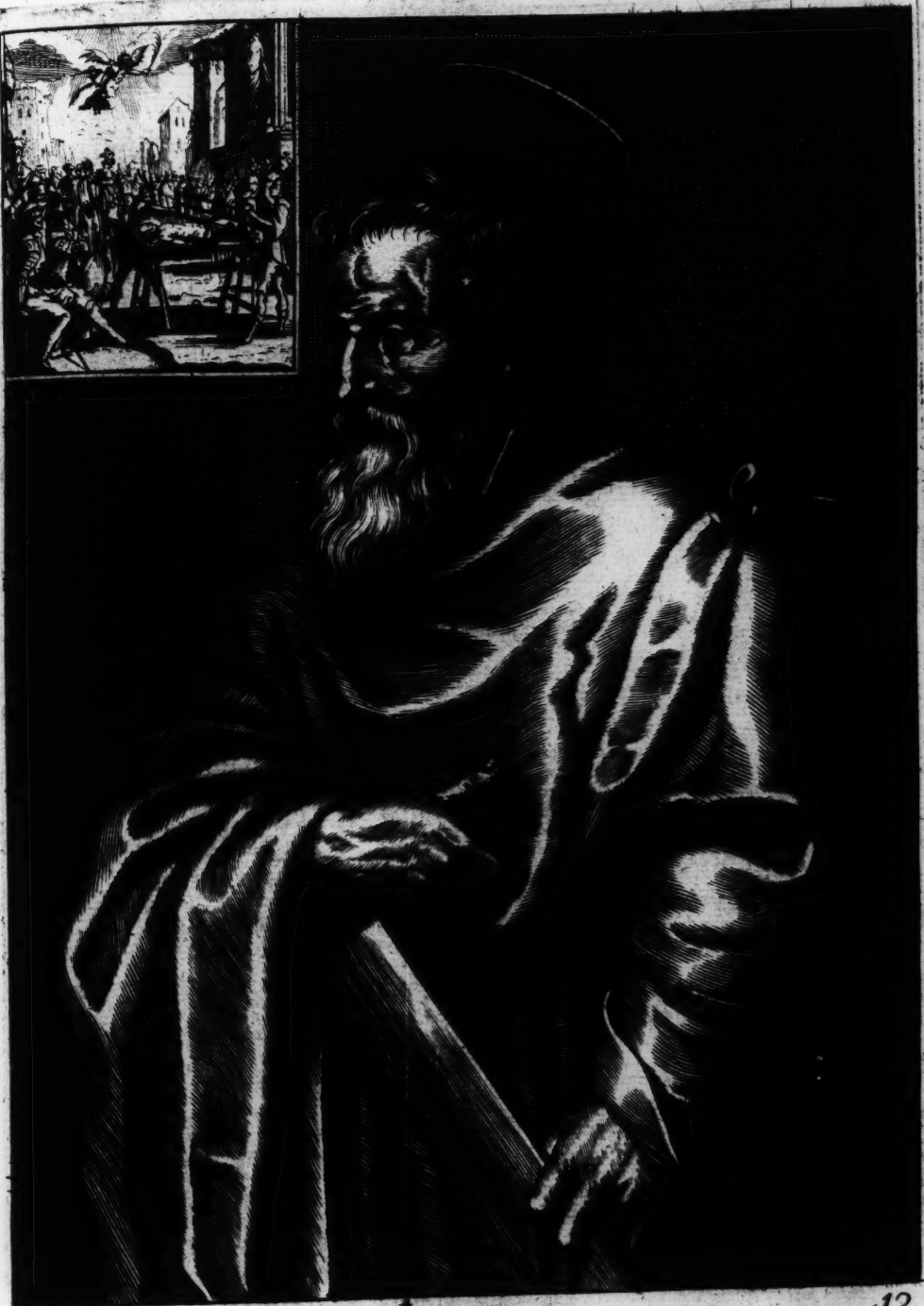
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EXHIBITION



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S. SIMON.

12

N.º 29



2. SIMON

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S. THADAEVS.

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2. THADDEUS

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S.^t MATTHIAS.

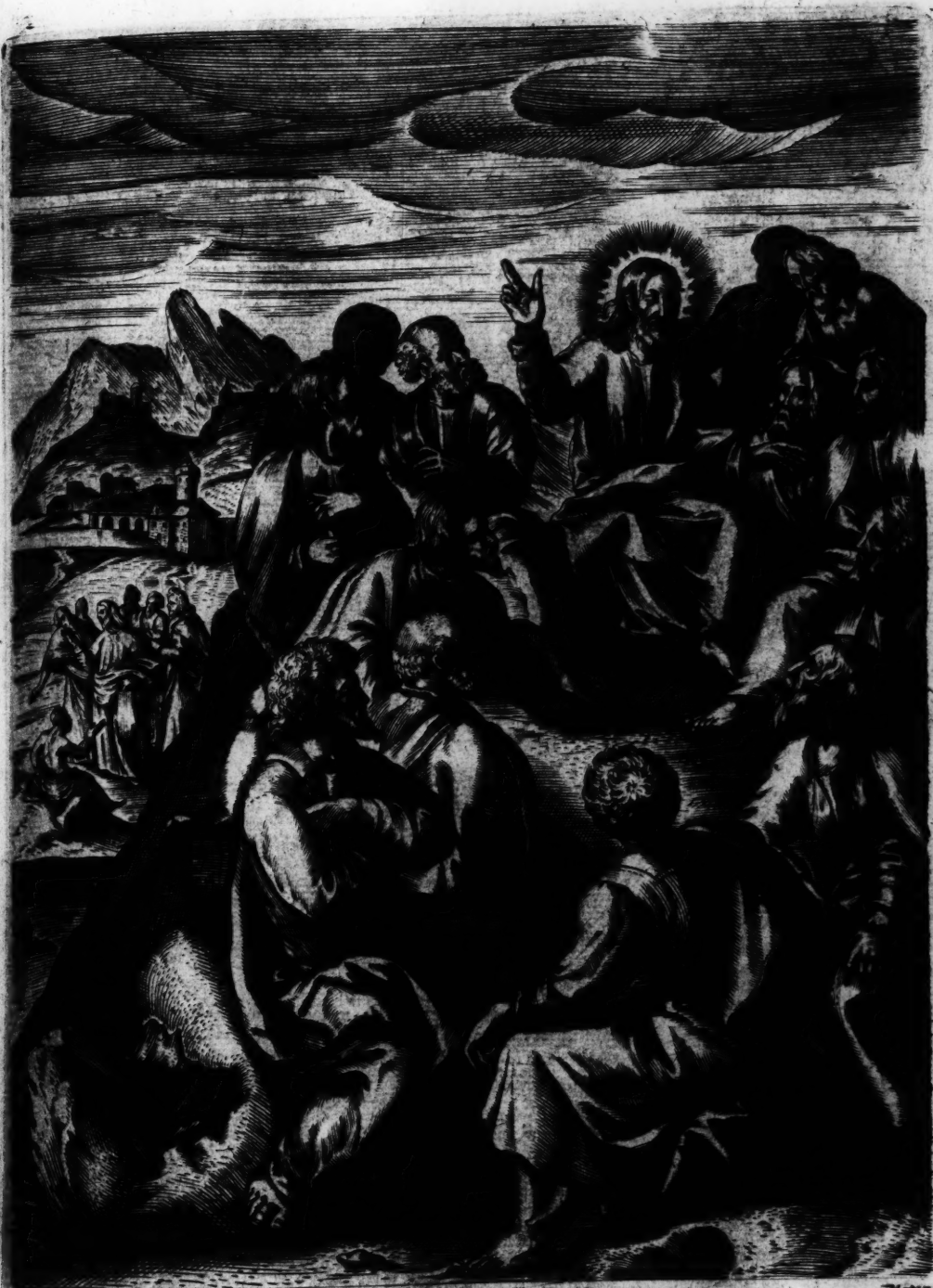
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S. VITTIUS

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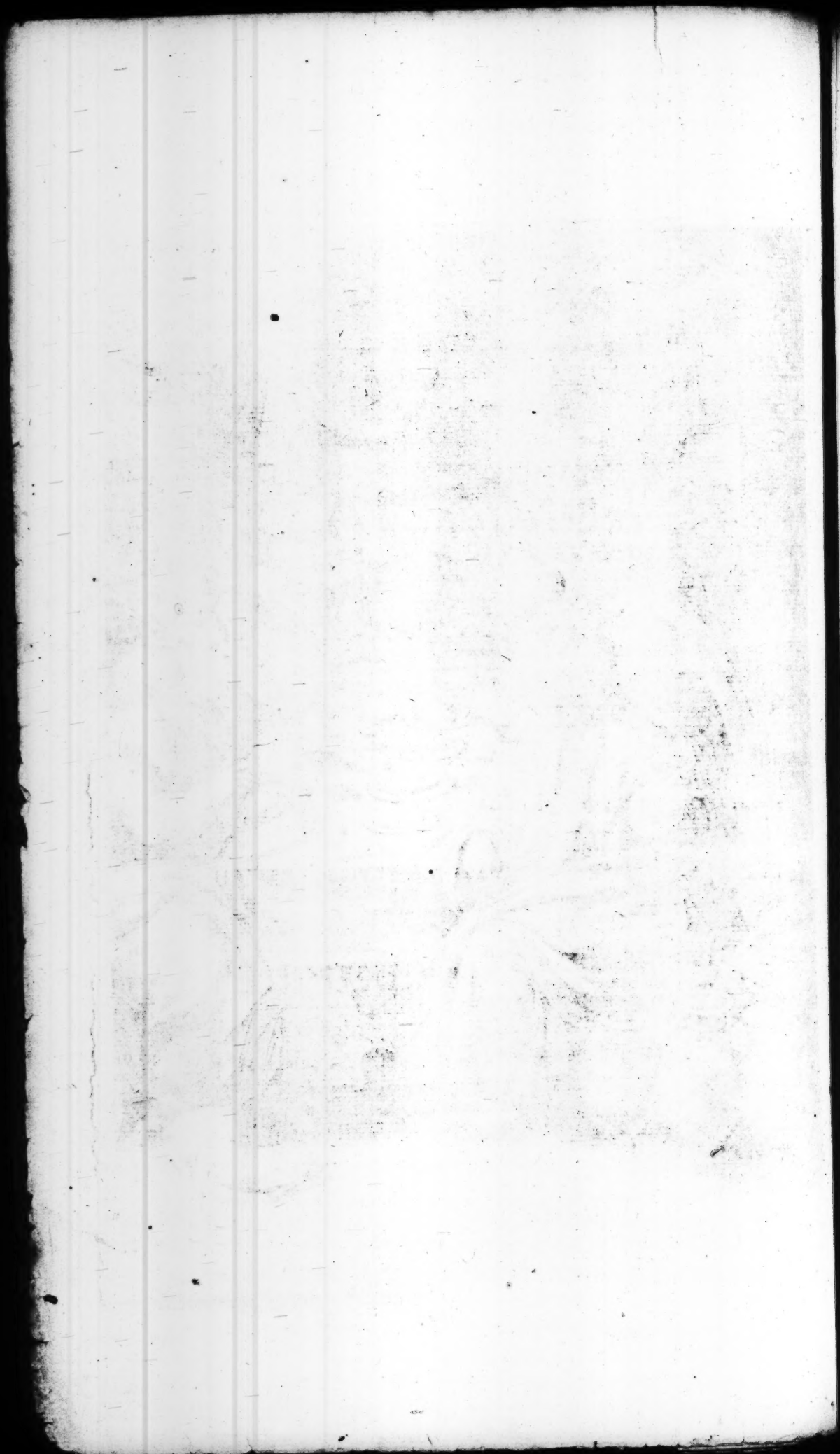




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N.º 3



Deliver'd with *Authority divine*: *ye 2*

They pierc'd the *secret Soul* where e'r they came;

075 And warm'd each *conscious Breast* with heav'nly Flame:

* Hear Fathers part of what he then express'd

And, O that you from him wou'd learn the rest!

Our Saviour's Sermon of the Beatitudes, Math. V.

M *Broken men*! He cries, who still complain,

* Still search for happiness, but search in vain,

For when you *dream* you've found it, *false* as *flair*!

It cheats your clasping arms with empty air.

100 * There are who think their *Bliss* hath lockt they hold,

If their strong *Chests* are fill'd with *Opium* gold:

Bafe vulgar *droffie* minds, with more alloy

Then is that *captiv'd* wealth they might enjoy,

Which *Thieves* may steal, which *Rust* or *Fire* destroy,

True happiness is always in our *pow'r*,

Beyond the reach of one *unlucky* hour,

To rend away, tis for its self *desir'd*,

While *Riches* are for something else admir'd,

Pleasure or *Ease*, nor therefore can they be

130 The solid *Basis* of *Felicity*.

Woe, woe, eternal *we* and *pain* are near

To those who only place their *Treasure* here,

Sooner may happiness be found with them

Whom for their *Poverty* the *World* contemn;

Who, when my *Honour* and their *Conscience* call

With generous *unconcern'd* *cheer* *part* with all:

If *Providence* a larger *stock* affords,

Its *Gifts* enjoy as *Stewards*, not as *Lords*:

These, rich in *Faith*, to *Heav'n* directly tend,

140 Heirs of a *Kingdom* that shall never end.

* *Unwary* youth which seldom chuses right,

Hurry'd by their *unbridl'd* appetite

Rush hot and *furious* after vain delight

And false delusive *Bliss*—No they'll not stay

Tho' *Heav'n* call'd back, and *Hell* were in their way.

And can a cheating short-liv'd *visions* Joy,

Which ev'n one *moments* thinking can destroy,

Blessed are
the poor in
spirit, for
theirs is the
Kingdom of
Heaven, v. 3.

Luke 6. 24.

Blessed are
they that
mourn, for
they shall be
comforted,
v. 4.

Nay that it self.— Say, can it ever be
 A reas'ning Creatures true felicity?
 Ah foolish Boy! Ah! whither wilt thou run?
 Why in such headlong haste to be undone?
 Thy mirth is madness; e'r too late return
 And learn how blest are those who truly mourn;
 Who mourn their Sins while Life's swift sand do's last,
 And dear irrevocable moments past:

Luke 6.25. O what a change! when those whom now they see
 Spend all their days in thoughtless jollity
 Shall howl in quenchless Flames; while such as here
 Oft wet their Cheeks with a repentant Tear,
 Oft heave with pious Sighs their working Breast,
 Of him, whom long unseen they lov'd, possess
 In Abrahams bosom find eternal rest.

* Others, as vain, attempt their Names to raise,
 Their Lives employ'd in eager chase of praise:
 Honour, that gawdy Nothing, they pursue,
 For this in Blood their guilty Hands embrew:
 For this unhinge the World, and when 'tis done
 By all their long Fatigues what have they won?
 What gains, what Trophies but a Blast of Breath,
 Which seldom lives, tho' lov'd, beyond their Death?

He then who here his Happiness wou'd find
 As soon may grasp the Air, or track the Wind:
 The gaudy Fly as soon as hatcht is flown,
 'Tis in anothers pow'r and not our own:
 True Magnanimity my Laws impart,
 But fix it in a meek and humble heart:
 What lies so low can no rough Tempest fear,
 But unconcern'd, above, the Thunder hear:
 Impenetrably soft's a lowly mind

Where wrongs glide off and can no Entrance find;
 Not kindling into rage when e'r we see
 The least appearance of an Injury;
 Or suffering in ill Language wrath to aspire,
 Left Angers flames be purg'd with hotter Fire.
 If wrong'd; all private base Returns decline;
 Your Wrath repress, Vengeance is only mine;
 'Tis a false Liberty that leaves you free

Loving

Matt. 5.22.
 Dent. 32.35.
 Rom. 12.19.

- Loving your Friend to hate your Enemy: Matt. 5. 43.
 My Followers must to nobler things aspire,
 290 My Laws exalt the humane Nature higher
 Than e'er before; if mind your selves you'd prove
 Bless them that curse, and those that hate you love:
 Pray for their Lives who would not let you live
 As you your selves forgiveness hope, forgive!
 This makes you likest God, and all divine,
 Whose fruitful Rain does fall, whose Sun-beams shine
 On good and bad promiscuous; thus you'll be
 As far as suits with weak Humanity
 Above the World, and perfect ev'n as he: Matt. 6. 15.
 300 Thus wait and you'll at last the Conquest gain
 When the meek Soul shall over Nations reign
 * How few who any true Concern will show
 For ought but these vain perishing Goods below
 To guard this Life mistaken Man contends,
 But little for that Life which never ends
 How much of Toyl, how much of fruitless pain
 No more than six small feet of Earth to gain
 How hard for those in this who happy are
 For t'other World to take sufficient care: Psal. 37. 11.
 310 If that neglected, they refuse to know
 That Benefactor who did all bestow
 Full fed, refuse their stubborn Necks to yield,
 Loose and unyok'd fly wanton round the field;
 Feasted themselves, despise and scorn the poor,
 While Lazarus lies starving at their door,
 The day, the dreadful day they soon shall see
 When they in Torments, he in Bliss shall be:
 One drop of Water then they'll ask in vain,
 To cool their panting Tongues in endless pain: Deut. 32. 15.
 320 But blest are those, such all who wou'd be mine,
 Who thirst and hunger after Food divine,
 Whom Heav'nly thoughts and meditations fill,
 Whose meat and drink's to do my Father's will, Luke 6. 25.
 This their first Care, and firmly can repose
 On him who all their wants and sorrows knows, and 16, 20,
 Be then your care for a good Life express, 21.
 Nor doubt but God will care for all the rest: John 4. 34.

- Matth. 6. 25. Why these *distracted Thoughts*? Why thus *Dismay'd*?
 Wants he or *Pow'r* or *Love* to send thee *aid*?
 If more he gives, will *lesser* be *deny'd*?
 If *Life*, *hell* *Food*; if *Food*, *hell* *Cloaths* provide.
 All his *Creation* of his *Love* partake,
 Nor will he *ruine* what himself did make.
 26. Behold the *feather'd Nations* of the *Air*
 Which sing in yonder *Trees*—how *full*, how *fair*,
 They neither *sow* nor *reap*, nor *plant* nor *plough*,
 Yet God provides their *Food* on every *bush* and *bough*;
 And will He not for you? Who did inspire
 Your *breasts* with part of his own *Heav'nly fire*.
 Besides, such *anxious thoughts* but vex the *mind*,
 27. Which thence can neither *Ease* nor *Comfort* find:
 28. Nor more for *Raiment* care! tho' forc'd to go
 Beneath your *Quality*, mean, *scorn'd* and *low*:
 What's not your *Crime*, no longer vainly *grieve*,
 You spite of *clamorous Sense* must still *believe*.
 Look on those lovely *Lilies* how they grow
 Thoughtless and free in yonder *Vale* below!
 For all those *Robes* they neither *toil* nor *care*,
 Nor spin the *Web* at home, nor fetch't from *far*;
 Yet *Solomon* himself, tho' cover'd o'er
 With *Gold* and *Purple* from rich *Sidon's* shore,
 Compar'd to these, had mean and *homely* shown;
 His all but *borrow'd* *Glories*, theirs their *own*.
 30. He then who thus the *fading Herb* supplies,
 Which flourishes to-day, to-morrow *dies*,
 Will he forget his *Word* and prove *untrue*?
 Has he less *kindness*, or less care for you?
 Injustice and *Revenge* the *World* divide,
 Mistaken *Censure*, *Cruelty* and *Pride*:
 Blessed are the merciful,
 for they shall obtain mercy.
 v. 7. Blest is the man himself who truly knows,
 And *Mercy*, which he hopes, to others shows;
 Whose *Joy*, the miserable to relieve,
 Who casts the mighty *Pleasure* to forgive:
 Justly severe when he himself surveys,
 As candid when he others *Actions* weighs:
 Born for the *World* and not himself alone,
 He always makes anothers *Case* his *own*.

Observe

Observe that *Golden Rule of Equity*, *Thy Neighbour treat as thou dost have him treat thee*! *Matt. 7. 12.*

379 How vain the *Glosses* foolish men devise!
How do they blend eternal Truth with Lies!
* Traditions teach you, if your Body's pure,
Your Mind's your own, and from all stain secure.

Whatever fond Pretences these invent:
I ask the Heart, nor am with less content:
That must be purg'd from Sin, and all divine,
Holy and pure, a Temple fit to enshrine
The sacred Dove, who never yet did rest
In muddy Soil or a polluted Breast; *Gen. 8. 9.*

380 Gross Acts in vain you shun, unless you're free
From th' heart's and eye's and hand's Adultery:
Part with that guilty hand, that wand'ring eye,
Or soon they they'll gangreen all, and you must die *29. 30.*
Call then the Wand'ers home! your Self command
And make strict Covenants with the eye and hand *Job 31. 1.*

Each secret Glance that glows with lawless fire,
And kindles in the Soul a loose desire;
Each trembling touch of a forbidden hand
By which the sparks into a flame are fann'd;

390 All these avoid, in vain you these wou'd hide
From him who them in their dark Causes spy'd
Long e'er they were—If him in Bliss you'd find
Rather than sin, be ever lame or blind
While those who thus their Appetites deny,
Half-Martyrs for forgotten Chastity,
Bravely repelling every poison'd Dart,
Holy and pure, alike in eyes and heart;
Who thus their eyes, who thus their hearts employ
The Beatific Vision shall enjoy;

400 Which e'n while wand'ring here shall on 'em shine;
In this dark World their Souls still more refine,
And fill with Heav'nly Love and Joy Divine.

How many, not content with mortal Flame,
* Are eager for an Hero's sounding name!
Poor Apotheosis! the God must die
And worse, among the Fiends in Torments lie
But happy those who peaceful Triumphs gain!

'Tis

'Tis the best Empire *or our selves to reign.*

O blest Employment theirs! O happy State!

Who Peace twixt God and Man negotiate!

Who where they come my peaceful Law dispense,

Bear these glad Tidings round the Universe:

Ah! would they practise but as these advise

How soon the World would be a Paradise!

They must not there expect so calm a Fate;

Peace will, tho' strange, breed War, and Love breed Hate;

Murder and Blood my miscall'd Followers stain,

Discord and Spite, and wild Confusion reign:

Hell-born Ambition will invade the Skies,

And tow'ring Pride and griping Avarice;

Parties and Sects my seamless Garments rend,

The Cause their Interest, tho' they mine pretend:

Who dare but speak of Peace, they'll stop their breath,

Twixt different Parties ground, or starv'd to death;

As base betrayers of their Cause revil'd,

Vid. Hind and Panther Luke 26.22. And **Sons of Brevity** by lewd Apostates stil'd,

But tho' cast out, and under foot they're trod,

I'll give 'em better Names: **they're Sons of God.**

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake. v. 10. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, &c.

However others widely then mistake,

And of their Reputations Idols make,

Even those, when I require, you must despise,

And unto mine, your Honour sacrifice!

In Curses let the World their Malice show,

And all their Leaden Thunders at you throw!

Let 'em, (the kindest thing they e'er can do)

As false Apostles, separate from you!

Out of their Synagogues and Councils hurl'd

As Hereticks, and Troublers of the World;

Or as by Priest-craft sly, and juggling skill

You'd fain bring men to Heav'n against their Will.

13. If you like Salt, a cleansing Virtue show,

And credit Piety where e'er you go;

If you still Light the World, who when they see

Your spotless Life, know what they ought to be;

If evil they, ungrate, for good, return,

And you in more than lambent flames wou'd burn;

Now doubly blest if Innocent you are,

If

If *causeless* all for me you meekly bear :

Patience too mean a *Virtue* is, your Choice

12.

450 Be something nobler here ! *Exult ! Rejoice !*

To Heav'n direct your Songs, your Hymns, your Prayer !

A double Crown of Glory waits you there ;

You first, Triumphant, from the Dust shall rise,

And with me ever reign in Paradise :

Nor think, whatever Spite and Envy say,

I come to show to Heav'n a nearer way Matt. 5.17:

Than by Good Faith and Life, & annul or break

One Word my Father did from Sinai speak :

I came not to destroy, but to fulfill,

460 To do and suffer my great Father's Will :

Each type and shadow now compleat shall be,

084 Hither they tend, and center all in me.

What Laws of moral Obligation are,

Eternal Truth, your pleasure best and care

To keep inviolate, they'll still prevail,

Nor pass away tho' the Creation fail :

By God's own Hand they were to Moses given,

* When thus he them had Thunder'd down from Heav'n.

II V

Exod. XX.

The Ten Commandments.

470 **J**ehova speaks, attend with awful Love and Fear !

From Egypt's Bondage sav'd, O rescu'd Israel, hear !

I.

With me let no false Gods thy Love and Praise divide,

* Nor from Heav'n's piercing Eye such Treason hope to hide !

II.

* By no Resemblance vain the Godhead dare t' express,

Who'll down to Grandchild Ages plague such Wickedness.

III.

**No hallow'd thing let thy bold Sacrilege profane!
Nor take thy mighty Makers sacred Name in vain.**

**Six parts of Time when freely I indulge to thee,
Neither forget nor grudge to pay a seventh to me.**

**If thou long Life dost hope, and many a happy day,
Thy Parent and thy Prince in all that's just obey.**

480

**Dy not thy furious Hand in Murders guilty Red:
Gen. 9. 6. For he that sheds Man's blood, by Man his blood be shed!**

VII.

**Against thy Neighbour's Honour harbor no design,
Prov. 6. 34. As thou his heavy Vengeance wou'dst avoid and mine!**

VIII.

**Shun Thefts base lordid Sin, and mean unlawful gain,
And for thy own provide with honest sweat and pain.**

IX.

**What's false ne'er speak, much less in Courts thy self forswear,
But know a greater Judg looks down and Ey's thee there!**

X.

**Each Sin in Thought abhor, and not in Act alone *
Nor seek thy Neighbour's Goods, contented with thy own!**

490

Let

Let these claim all your thoughts exactest care.
To these add *Fasting, Alms, and fervent Pray'r.*

Matth. 6.

If you desire your *Fasts* successful prove
Fear'd Ills t' avert, or what you feel remove,
Not like those *Hypocrites* distort your Face
Who make an ugly Look a mark of Grace:
Who with rough Robes and Sack-cloth raze their skin
Or cut with Whips, or lance it deeper in,
And mortifie themselves, but not their Sin.

16.

Your *Alms* dispense as Stars shoot silent Light
Untrack'd and large thro' the dark Realms of Night.
In all let no vain Ostentation be.

1.

To your good Deeds, no witness ask but me.
They shall not pass without a kind regard
But at the last Great-Day I'll them reward.
Discreet, yet warm and zealous be your Pray'r
And still and silent as the Angels are.

Matth. 25.
35, &c.

* Since you a Form for your Direction need
Thus let your faithful Vows to Heav'n proceed.

Matth. 65.

The Lords Prayer.

O Father of the World! whose Throne on high
Is plac'd in Light above the Crystal Sky,
Let all thy works thee their great Lord proclaim,
And with loud praises hymn thy sacred Name!
* Let thy dear Son his promis'd Empire gain,
And over all th' obedient Nations reign!
Let Sin's and Hell's proud Kingdom soon decay,
And Earth as well as Heav'n their Lord obey!
For our frail Bodies needful food assign,
* But chiefly feast our Souls with Food divine.

91

O thou on whose free Grace and Love we live
Forgive our Sins as others we forgive
Save from the Tempter those who trust in Thee,
O Save at once from Sin and Misery!
Thy glorious Might no Time or Place restrain,
Thou dost, O God! to endless Ages reign!

Thus to the King of Heav'n devoutly pray,
Nor that enough, you must his Laws obey;

Emilia

S

Else

Else him in *Glory* ne'r expect to see
 Nor with vain *idle Faith* depend on me!
 Matth. 7. 21. If not your *Lord*, I can't your *Saviour* be
 Who then themselves my true *Disciples* show,
 Not only know, but practise what they know;
 Them to wise *Master-builders* I'll compare
 24. Who in the *solid Rock* with sweat and care
 Their firm *Foundations* lay, the *Floods* arise
 And meet new *Floods* thick pouring from the *Skies*:
 Th' impetuous *Winds* from *stony Caves* enlarg'd
 With all their *dusty Squadrons* on 'em charg'd,
 The *House* still stands, each vain *assault* can mock,
 Nor can they move it, till they move the *Rock*:
 But those who with *cold Nations* are content
 * *Christians* alone in *Name* and *Complement*,
 To foolish *Builders* them I must compare
 16. Who on th' *unfaithful Sand* their *Houses* rear:
 Already, *heark!* the *whistling Storm* is nigh!
 See the black *Tempest* pouring from the *Sky*!
Waves ride on *Waves* and push each other on!
 From the loose *Earth* the false *Foundation's* gone;
 The foolish *House* falls with the mould'ring *Shore*,
 And sinks i'th' *abyss* to rise no more.
 He said — Still his pleas'd *Auditors* attend,
 All thought too soon he his *Discourse* did end.
 Which past, he did from the blest *Mount* descend
 To *Cana*, whence the other *Simon* nam'd,
 'Gainst *Galilean Zealots* widely fam'd:
 There, whilst he us'd a *Marriage Feast* did dine
 When *Wine* they want, he *Waters* turns to *Wine*.
 Nor far from thence, by pleasant *Streams* & *Walls*
 The mournful *Widow* Son to *Life* recalls.
 Mean while the *Baptist* did to *Virtue* press
 His *Voice*, loud-sounding in the *Wilderness*:
 Censor of *Vice* unblam'd as *free*,
 And as he none did fear, he none would *buy* free
 Ev'n *Life* it self by far too dear he thought
 If with bare *silence* or mean *Flattery* bought.
 This honest *Freedom* and plain *roughness* pleas'd
 Nor rarely wrought a *Cure* on *Minds* diseas'd
 Arm'd

Arm'd with *Elijah's spirit* and *holy fire*
 To his *Acquaintance Royal Names* aspire;
 570 *Virtues* they would not follow, forc'd to *admire!*
 Among the rest, so often *Herod* went
 And heard, he grew almost a *Penitent*
 With all besides, one *darling Vice* did part,
 That kept its hold, still festering in his heart;
 Dishonourable *Kiss*, a lawless *Flame*,
 Unnat'ral *Crime*, which *incests* fouler name
 Disgrac'd, the Cause *HERODIAS* fair, but vain,
 * Whose Lord did in poor *Trachonitis* reign,
 And wild *Iturea*, from whose *petty Court*
 580 Where only bordering, *Arabs* did resort
 Not long before, *Herod* invites her down
 To fair *Tiberias*, his own stately *Town*:
 Until his *Brother* from the *Wars* return'd,
 Who, while she him at home, half *Widdow'd*, mourn'd
 * Thro' stony *Fields*, and *Woods* of fatal *Yew*,
 Did Bands of roving *Ishmaelites* pursue:
 Arriv'd, her *Beauties* all the *Court* surprize,
 Her *Brother* most, who casts his wand'ring *Eyes*
 On her forbidden *Face*, thence soon takes fire,
 590 His careless *Breast* soon glows with loose desire:
 All *Arts* on her weak *Sex*, prevail he try'd,
 Flatters her *Vanity*, and feeds her *Pride*:
 Now do's he stately *Masks* and *Balls* provide,
 With *Musicks* melting *Charms*, and now apply
 The powerful *Bait* of *Courtly Luxury*:
 Her in his *Royal Barge* would sometimes take,
 And splendid treat, upon the neighb'ring *Lake*:
 Now her convey to proud *Caperna'ms Walls*
 Where, thro' broad *Arches Jordan* headlong falls:
 600 To ancient *Cim'roth*, or *Bethsaida* fair
 To hunt or walk in lonely *Desarts* there;
 Oft would he gaze, and with a sudden sigh
 As often — Ah! too happy *Philip*! cry!
 Why shou'd his envious ragged *Walls* confine
 A *Treasure* ought in *Cesar's Court* to shine?
 Are these the richest *Robes* he can provide
 For such a *Queen*? This all *Iturea's pride*?

Mark 6. 20.

17, 18.

Luke 3. 2.

Vid. Joseph
Antiqu.

Vid. Lib. 1.

See Lib. 1.

See Lib. 1st.

Trample 'em sordid in the dust, and see
 If ought *Tiberias* has more worthy Thee?
 Then, costly *Babylonian* Robes he brings,
 And *Tyrian* Silks, that cloath and ransom Kings:
 All honour'd to be worth'd by her fair hand,
 Who *Salem* and *Saba* might command,
 In both his Royal Palaces did stand,
 The worst of both to *Philip's* she'd prefer,
 And both were here, tho' both unworthy her:
 These Presents she receives, and more than these
 Without a *Frown*, — *She* was no far to please:
 With well-known Art repell'd, yet did in vie,
 — And wishes she his County e'er'd requir'd.
 But soon recalls that *Wish* — she had forgot
 That *Herod* was her Brother — Think me not,
 He trembling cries, my *Gratitude* to show,
 I'd gladly give my Crown I were not so —
 — Or if I am —
 "Friendship so pure as mine, who can reprove?
 "Minds have no *Sets* — 'tis your Mind I love:
 Platonic all, her Honour he'll prefer
 T' his Life and Love; nor wrong his Queen or her.
 He'd only ask a wish, an hand, an eye:
 Favours for which 'twas worth the while to dye,
 And swears in these eternal Secrecy.
 — What bounds has *mindless* Love? Soon headlong hence
 They sunk to *Sin*, and thence to *Impudence*.
 Bewitch'd with wicked Joy and stupid grown
 No measures kept: To all the Court 'tis known,
 Lost to his Queen, whom he'll no longer own;
 Whose Father long his peaceful Scepter sway'd
 At fair *Damascus*, — *Zobab* him obey'd,
 Him *Aram's* fields, and those wild Troops which stray'd
 Thro' *Geshur's* Realm, for Pastures ever green
 Renown'd, and the wide wand'ring *Agarene*:
 To him enrag'd with loud Complaints the Red
 Against the *Rioul* of her Crown and Bed;
 Her and her *factions* Lord with mortal Hate
 She prosecutes, and urges on their Fate;
 Whilst her old Father, youthful anger warms
 Who

620

630

640

640

Who for Revenge, his fierce Arabian arms,
 Herod's sword, ~~and~~ ^{all} ~~glant~~ ^{or approve}
 650 With wicked flattery their Princes love;
 Till to the Baptist brought by babbling Fame,
 Whom Zeal to injury ~~him~~ ^{did} inflame;
 Inspir'd with ~~that~~ ^{from the Desert} came
 Thence to the Court his steps directly bent,
 The opening Crowd bow'd lowly as he went;
 He past the Guards; ~~struck~~ ^{with religious fear}
 None durst oppose his way, approaching near
 Thro' every Gate and Antichamber past
 Preventing his own Fate, arriv'd at last
 660 To the retir'd ~~Alceas~~ ^{he} ~~thither prest~~,
 Sees the false Charmas negligently dress'd;
 Sees the luxurious King lean loosly on her Breast.
 Fierce Herod rose at the unwonted Noise,
 And hasty asks with a death-threatening Voice
 And Eyes all flame, what bold Intruder he
 Who dar'd invade his Princes privacy,
 And rush on ~~certain Fate~~ ^{Nay rather tell}
 How dares a bold ~~Adulteress~~ ^{rush on} ~~Hell~~,
 The Baptist firm replies, No sooner saw
 670 The guilty King, but struck with trembling awe
 Silent he stood, confus'd, his Queen the same,
 With anger pale by turns, and red with shame:
 So strange a pair's undaunted Kine brings,
 Daring e'en Beauties self and conquering Kings;
 Hard was the struggle. Now his nobler Part,
 His Reason rul'd, and from his Royal Heart
 Drew sighs of Penitence, ~~sharper~~ ^{sighs};
 Nor sooner were his Tempters charming Eyes
 Bent on him, but agen he doubtful stood,
 680 Which that curst Spirit, eternal Foe to Good
 Perceiving, found 'twas time himself to engage,
 Inspiring Him with Lust, and Her with Rage:
 Silent the King, thus haughty Herodias said
 — Bold Priest — this ~~Adulteress~~ ^{shall} ~~cost thy Head~~,
 Is't not enough, hast thou not cheated well
 Who can't the vulgar scare with Tales of Hell;
 Let them drudge on, dull Nations Laws obey,

But

But Princes find to *Heav'n* an easier way.
 Guards, drag him hence; and him to his *Fate* convey.

The King arose, with the vex'd *Fair* debates 690
 And her imperious *Sentence* mitigates.

His entering *Guards* the *Prisoner* bids *secure*.

17. And him in strong *Macherus* walls *imure*;

Fain each brave *Warrior* would himself *excuse*,

And had they dar'd, th' *ungrateful* *Task* *refuse*;

Fain, for the *fearless* *Prisoner* *intercede*;

Who looks *secure* of *Fate*, and bids *em* *lead*.

Where e'er commanded by the *Tyrant*, they

With much *regret* and *slowly*, at last *obey*;

Nor after long, as chance, the *festal* *day* 700

Of *Herod's* *Birth* arriv'd, at *regal* *Born*;

21. As *Custom* call'd, his *Captains* and his *Lords*;

And all his *High* *Estates* *invited* *Dine*;

The splendid *Feast* well o'er, in *generous* *Wine*

Concluded, *Royal* *Musick* *fill'd* *all*;

"Treating their noble *Families* at a *Ball*;

One *Daughter*, e'er from him *Herodias* *fled*;

21. Had blest the *injur'd* *Tetrarch's* *nuptial* *Bed*;

Too plain in her the *World* her *Mother* *spies*;

The same *fair* *Face* and *false* *deluding* *Eyes*;

Like her, of *Slaves* she had a *mighty* *band*, 710

And cou'd like her, *Smiles*, *Tears* and *Oaths* *command*;

Like her, *sweet* *Poison* from her *Eyes* and *Tongue*

Distill'd; she like an *Angel* mov'd and *sung*.

Some soft *Arabian* *Tune* the *Musick* *play*;

22. She at the *signal* *glides* as *soft* *away*;

Her *feet* as *nimbly* as their *fingers* *move*;

From all that *saw*, she *Wonder*, forc'd or *Love*.

The King *extravagantly* *pleas'd*, and *proud*

As she her self to hear th' *applauses* *loud* 720

So justly on her thrown from every *side*;

23. Ask, by th' *utterable* *Name*, he cry'd,

Ask *what* thou *wilt*, nor shall thou be *deny'd*,

Tho' half my *Kingdom* were the *mighty* *Boon*.

Instructed by her *Mother*, but too soon

She claims his *Royal* *Word*, Nor ought, she said,

24. 25. Ought wou'd sh' accept, besides the *Baptist's* *Head*.

He

- He struck the Board— Rather than that shou'd fall
Take, cruel Maid ! not only half but all
730 My Realms, he cry'd ; If you'll my Words release,
And leave the *Holy Man* to die in peace !
Inexorable wicked still she stood,
Nothing cou'd quench her *Thirst*, but guileless Blood.
The Council diff'rent *suffrages* divide,
Some *Love* engag'd, fair *Murdress* ! on thy side ;
Some pure *Revenge* — He at the Court did rail ;
Some hers, because they thought she wou'd prevail.
A generous few there were, who tho' he'd sworn,
His *Oath* unlawful thought, but over-born
740 Are lost i'th Crowd — The *King* himself gives way,
And bids his *Guards* the *Damsels* word obey.
Scarce with long search they found a *Killain*, who
Was black enough the horrid work to do ;
Whom from the *Dungeon* when the *Baptist* spy'd,
Warn'd he that moment must for *Death* provide,
Long since that *business* is dispatch'd he cry'd,
That I was mortal born, I ever knew ;
And since this *Debt* from all to *Nature* due,
The sooner paid the better, gladly I
750 In Gods fair Cause, and injur'd *Kirtue's* die.
Nor if o'th' *Edge* of *Life* our *Souls* can see
Within the *Realms* of dark *Futurity*,
Shall long my guileless blood unpunish'd be.
I see th' *Arabians* from their *Quivers* pour
O'r *Galilee* a dusky deadly shower
I see — The ugly *Headman* will afford
No longer time, his unrelenting *Sword*
Soon stop'd his *breath*, an easie way it found
And *Blood* and *Life* at once gush'd from the *hasty* wound.
760 His Head they to the *Forge* in triumph bear,
27, 28.
With joy receiv'd by false *Herodias* there
Who, lest they should delude her *Cruelty*,
Wipes his *man* bloody *Face*, and cries 'Tis he !
Now sauey *Censures* at thy better *sin* !
Now, if thou canst, preach on, and scorn a *King* !
Short-liv'd her wicked joy bade *criminate* meet.
For in the midst a *panting* *Messenger* came
With

With *dust* all cover'd, *Terror* and *surprize*
 And *hast* and *danger* in his *Face* and *Eyes*,
 Thro' the thick *Circle* pale and bloodless *springs*;
 And from the *Borders* *dismal* *Tidings* brings;
 That *Aretas* with his *Arabian* bands
 Passage obtain'd thro' wrong'd *Iturea's* *Lands*,
 Jordan's *small* *Streams* had near *Cesarea* pass'd,
 And all the higher *Galilee* laid wast
 With *Fire* and *Sword*; to whom strong *Abel's* *Town*
 Their *Gates* had open'd, marching *Conq'r*or down
 Thro' old *Zaanaim's* *Grove* to *Kedesh* near,
 Which with high *Ramah*, struck with *panic* *fear*
 Prepar'd to yield — Tho' *Guilt* in *Herod's* *Eyes*
 Feat in his *Face*, to *Arms*, To *Arms*, he cries
 With speed the bold *Invader* meet, before
 He march too far, his *Troops* shall *rove* no more!
 His *Forces* then from proud *Sebaste* draws,
 And strong *Macherus*, which th' *Arabian* *aws*
 Wide-wandering thro' *Baara's* *distant* *Vale*; *
 From *Carmel's* *Mount* and *Hermon's* *fruitful* *Dale*:
 With his own *Troops* his pow'ful *Treasure* brings

770

780

Vid. *Josepb.*
Antiq.

Of *Ishmael's* *Race*, *Auxiliary* *Kings*
 From Jordan's *Eastern* *side*, and now cou'd boast
 Had *Heav'n* stood still; a formidable *Host*:
 Ev'n *Heav'n* it self to *bribe* his *side* he'll try
 By unbecoming *awkward* *Piety*;
 By mighty *Gifts* he to the *Temple* sent,
 And more than all — he promis'd he'd *repent*.
 In *hast* a *Corier* to the *Prison* sends,
 29. The *Baptist's* *body* to his mourning *Friends*
 He bids be *strait* deliver'd, him to *inter*;
 And he with *Fear* would wash his *Sepulchre*:
 Thro' the thin *Pizar* all with ease perceiv'd,
 His *penitence*, nor *Earth*, nor *Heav'n* believ'd,
 Loaden with *Curses* to the *Field* he went
 But more with *guiltless* *blood* — You know the *event*!
 His swift *Retreat*, his *army* broke,
 The *Day* and *Honor* left without a *stroke*.
 All this did babbling *Fame* to our *Lord* convey
 Who with his *Twelve* at rich *Caperna'm* lay,

790

800

While

While the great Baptist his Disciples mourn'd,
Till Herod, furious to the Court return'd;
810 Then with wise Caution, no unworthy Fear,
Seeks a more safe Retreat in Desarts, near
Bethsaida's wealthy Villa, where before *
He did, in Heav'nly Wisdoms sacred Lore,
Instruct his Auditors — Thither he went
With his lov'd few, and the calm Moments spent,
In thoughts of that great Work to which design'd,
And all the wondrous Things were yet behind.

The End of the Fourth Book.

T

NOTES

The LIFE of CHRIST

BOOK IV.

1. *'T*IS pleasant when the rugged Storm is o'er.] The Hint was taken from that of Lucretius, — *Suave mari magno turbantibus aquora ventis*, &c. And tho my Thought want of the *Finess* of his, I think it has also less *Ill-nature*.

52. Hail, Son of God! announce'd, confess, approv'd!] I was so well pleas'd with the Song of the Angels in *Milton*, on the same occasion, that I had a desire to try what I could do in that sort of *Verse*; tho I have but one Precedent of introducing *Blank Verse* into a Poem compos'd of *Rhimes*, and that is in the famous *Art of Poetry*, done by a Person of Quality in our own Language, and how I've succeeded in't must be left to the Reader.

111. Hell's Principality thou shalt destroy.] So Mr. Mede interprets the Seed of the Woman's Bruising the Serpent's head; where he adds a pretty Observation of a certain Author, That there's not only a certain Impression of Fear on the Serpent, at the sight of a Man, which makes him run away, unless forc'd to fight for his Life, which he does with a particular Care of his Head; but which is more remarkable, that a naked Man frights him much more than one that's cloath'd, as if he still retain'd some Idea of his first Enemy.

167. An easie Hill there is, whence looking down, Tiberias here, there Fair Bethsaida's Town, &c.] Some place this Mount of the Beatitudes between Tiberias and Bethsaida: others East of Bethsaida, nearer Capernaum. Tradition agrees with the former Opinion, the People of the Country shewing to this day a little Hill thereabouts, which they call Our Lord's Table; and which the Pilgrim, who saw it, says, is neither very large nor very high. And this Opinion I chuse to follow.

178. Equally ignorant and innocent.] Undoubtedly our Saviour might have chosen his Apostles all learned Men; but he had great and wise Ends to the contrary, namely, to humble the Pride of Man; and convince him that neither Birth, Learning, nor any other external Advantage, are so acceptable to him as Virtue and Innocence. And besides, to obviate such Objections as he well knew would, in after Ages, be made against his Religion; since 'twas an impossible thing for such simple and illiterate Men, as his Apostles, to compose so excellent a System both of speculative and moral Truths; nor could they have them any where but from Heaven.

185. Thence Philip, who Nathanael did invite.] It's generally thought Bartholomew and Nathanael were the same; there's little to be said for't, and nothing against it. However Nathanael had the more treatable Sound, for which Reason I rather chose it.

187. Matthew, who freely did the World forsake.] Levi and Matthew the Publicans, are generally thought the same.

189. — The

189. — *The lesser James — Who justly honourable Kindred claims — With our lov'd Lord.*] He's called *James the Less*, as is conjectured, from his *Stature*; and the Brother of our Lord, Gal. 1. 19. because his *Kinsman* after the Jewish Idiom.

214. *Hear Fathers, part of what he then express.*] I can't say I've wrought in every particular Passage of this best of Sermons, as 'tis left us entire in *fifth, sixth, and seventh* of S. Matthew, and some Fragments in others of the *Evangelists*, being a complete Summary of our Saviour's Law, at least, as far as practical Truths. But I think I've not omitted many things remarkable in my Paraphrase upon it, endeavouring to give, as near as possible, the utmost and largest Import of every Expression in the particular *Beatitudes*; under each of which I've rank'd what seem'd reducible to it in the following Verses and Chapters, adding the *contrary Woes*, from St. Luke's Gospel.

217. *Still search for Happiness.*] 'Tis obvious to observe, as *Grotius* and others upon the Place, that our Saviour begins his Discipline with the *Search* after true Happiness; going higher than any Philosopher ever did before him, not fixing it in any worldly Enjoyments, Pleasure, Riches, Honour, &c. but rather in a Contempt or Indifference for them; nay even in the Want of them, in Poverty, Infamy, &c. if God's Providence think such Circumstances best for us; all which trifling Inconveniences, he asserts were so far from being Impediments to a good Man's felicity, that he carries his Followers even beyond the Indolence of the Stoics, bidding 'em *rejoice* under 'em, on consideration of the divine support in this Life, and eternal Retribution in a better; and this he asserts in several Paradoxes directly opposite to the generally receiv'd Sentiments concerning Happiness.

220. *There are who think their Bliss fast lock'd, they hold, &c.*] The most generally receiv'd Notion of Happiness is, that it consists in *Riches*, the contrary to which is prov'd, both from the *Baseness* of such an Opinion, and by applying several Properties of the *Summum Bonum*, none of which agree with 'em: *Certainty*, the *endless*, or having it in our own Power: *Durableness* and *Desireableness* for themselves and no other further good. 'Tis therefore rather fix'd in *Poverty*; the sense of which none has given better and closer than our own incomparable *Hammond*, who thus in his Paraphrase, "Blessed are they, that, how high soever their condition is in this World, are yet in Mind, Affection and Conversation, humble and lowly; and when they are in worldly Poverty, bear it willingly, and not only of necessity: for to such belongs a Kingdom, &c."

241. *Unwary Youth, which seldom chuses right, Rush hot and furious after vain delight.*] The next common Mistake concerning true Happiness, is of those who place it in worldly Pleasure; which our Saviour obviates in his second Paradox and Beatitude, *Blessed are those that mourn*, for the meaning of which *Mourning*, vid *Grot. in loc.*

263. *Others, as vain, attempt their Names to raise, Their Lives employ'd in eager chase of Praise.*] A third sort of Men expect their Happiness from worldly Fame, Honour, Praise, or things of that nature. These, if I mistake not, our Saviour opposes in his third Beatitude, *Blessed are the meek*. I know *Grotius* thinks the *οἱ πραῖς*, the meek here mentioned, are opposed to the *οἱ ἀγριοί*, as he says they are in *Aristotle*, to the *Passionate* and *Angry*: Others, that such are meant by them as are not covetous of Revenge, but by the *Sweetness* and *Temper* of their Minds endeavour to oblige all Men. And accordingly, *De Dieu*, that they are here opposed to the *Proud*, and signifie no more than the *Humble*. However, if *Meekness* and *Humility* be here required, and the contrary Vices *Pride* and *Revenge* forbidden, the *Causes* and *Effects* of those Vices must be also included, and what can those be but an immoderate Desire of Fame, Praise, Glory, &c. Under which Head I've wrought in most of the Precepts in the following Verses, relating to *Meekness*. That of not calling our Brother *Racha*, (I think much of the same Import with our English *Sirrah*) in v. 283.

Not suffering in ill Language, &c.] An Elevation of the Christian Doctrine, as Dr. *Hammond* observes, far beyond the Heathen Theology; *Homer* introducing one of his Goddesses, nay *Minerva* her self, who should have had more Wisdom,

encouraging *Achilles* to rail heartily at *Agamemnon*, tho he was not to strike him,

— *ἄλλ' ἄρα κλονέω μὲν δειδύκον.*

302. *How few who any true concern will show, For ought but these vain perishing Goods below.*] After removing these three former mistaken Notions of Happiness, our Saviour proceeds to establish a better, *Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after Righteousness*, &c. "Who, as *Spanheim* explains it, "being conscious of their own want of Righteousness, do most earnestly desire it. *Justice* or *Righteousness* here mentioned, being, according to *Grotius*, "A general, or Cardinal Virtue, implying all the rest, namely, whatsoever is grateful or "acceptable to Almighty God. *They shall be filled*, they shall obtain what they pursue, says *Hammond*, and be satisfied in it. To this Beatitude is opposed the contrary Woe in *S. Luke*, *Woe to you that are full, for you shall hunger*. In the former *Hunger* and *Thirst*, *Grotius* and others think, is included, such a Desire after Piety and Virtue, as makes Men willingly or patiently undergo Hunger, Thirst, and all other Inconveniences, in order to obtain them. And under this Head I've inserted several of our Saviour's Lessons concerning Resignation and Contentment.

360. *Blessed is the Man, himself who truly knows, And Mercy, which he hopes, to others shows.*] The Fifth Beatitude, *Blessed are the merciful*; which consists, as *Walker* explains it, "in shewing all Mercy and Compassion to our Neighbours in their Necessities; further explained *ver. 44.* and in *chap. vi. 12, 14* and *vii. 1, 12, &c.*

372. *Traditions teach you, if your Bodies pure, &c.*] The Sixth Beatitude, *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God*. "They, says *Hammond*, who defile not the "Eye of their Soul, with worldly or fleshly Lusts: and as another, "who do not "only subdue evil Deeds but evil Desires. In opposition to the false Glosses of the Pharisees; who, it seems, taught their Followers, that if they abstain'd from outward Acts, they might think what Ill they pleas'd: and it's plain, *Josephus*, who was a Pharisee, was of this Mind: and *David Kimchi* not only defends it, but wrests Scripture to that End. Now the Blessing promis'd to those who are thus pure in heart, by our Saviour, is, that they shall see God; not only by knowing his Will here, but in the Enjoyment of the Beatifical Vision, to all Eternity: as *Spanheim*, *Brugensis*, and *Walker*, tho I think the *Old Man*, last named, goes a little too far, when he says, "Looking even upon a Man's own Wife, *τὸ ἐμψυχῶν αὐτοῦ*, is a breach of this Purity of Heart, and will exclude out of Heaven.

404. *Are eager for an Hero's sounding Name.*] The Seventh Beatitude is, *Blessed are the Peacemakers*; "which is plac'd, says one, in the Zeal on all occasions of "making and preserving Peace. First, negotiating the Peace of all men with God, which was the Apostles Employment: And Secondly, procuring by all means, the Peace of Men among themselves: for this reason putting up Affronts, and suffering Injuries. This Character and Employment, should, without doubt, belong eminently to the Governours and Doctors of the Church, who ought especially to be the guides, the Light of the World, and Salt of the Earth, and to teach Men to keep God's Commands; but this not excluding private Christians. The Reward of these Peacemakers is, they shall be called [shall be] the Sons of God: like to God, says *Hammond*, as Children to a Parent; being already, as the Apostle says, Partakers of the Divine Nature: true Heroes or Sons of God; which Title was vainly affected by the great Men among the Heathen, and sought, not by Peace, but by War and Bloodshed.

453. *You first triumphant from the Dust shall rise.*] There was a Notion, as Dr. *Hammond*, Dr. *Sherlock*, and others observe, generally received by the Primitive Christians, that the Martyrs, nay, some extended it as far as the Confessors and eminent Saints, should, immediately on their deaths, enjoy the Beatifick Vision. But there was another Point also generally among 'em, concerning the same Persons, that they should rise before the rest of the Dead in the Day of Judgment: whence that Suffrage in their antient Liturgies, *ut partem haberet in Resurrectione prima*, for a part in the first Resurrection.

468. *When thus be them had thunder down from Heav'n.*] The Commandments were first spoken, and so are properly the Decalogue, or Ten-Words, after which they

they were written in the 2 Tables, first by God, and then by *Moses*; *Deut. 5. 22.* I know not whether I ought to make any Apology for inserting here all the Commandments, which our Saviour does not; but considering he mentions them all in general, nay several in particular here, and most of the rest in other places; considering these things I say, there needs no great Poetical Licence for my bringing them in all together.

472. *Nor from Heav'n's piercing Eye such Treason hope to hide.*] Wherein I have given the sense of those words *ὑπομνῶ μοι*, or *before me* in this Command.

473. *By no resemblance vain, &c.*] By the word *resemblance* I endeavour to express the force of the Hebrew *דומות* and the Greek *ὁμοίωμα*, which is so comprehensive, that all the *Image-Worshippers* in the World can never get clear on't; and there is no way of answering it, but by setting their *Index Expurgatorius* to work upon't, and razing it quite out of the Commands: Nor need we wonder they do so with the Words of *good Men*, when they begun with those of *God* himself.

474. *No hallow'd Thing let thy bold Sacrilege profane.*] The best Commentators conclude, that Sacrilege is forbidden in this Command; or the Violation of all holy Persons, Places, and Things, as well as the Tremendous Name of *God*, by a false or vain Attestation of it.

480. *Thy Parent and thy Prince, &c.*] That Political and Ecclesiastical Parents, as well as Natural, our Governours in Church and State, are here included, as well as our Fathers and Mothers, I think all assert, who have written upon this Command: And 'tis observed, the Promise annexed to it, is repeated in the New Testament by the Apostle, as assuring the followers of *Jesus*, that the Obligation was not ceas'd either on *Gods* part or ours: And I really believe that Blessing of long Life, on Obedience, seldom fails: I speak particularly as to *Natural Parents*. As well as all the rest, even *Temporal* Blessings, with which Providence does (according to the Observation of considering men) almost constantly favour the Piety of Obedient Children; whilst on the contrary the Impious Undutiful seldom or never escapes in this Life some Exemplary Severity from the Impatience of the Divine Justice.

489. *Each Sin in Thought abhor.*] This seems to be one of those *additional Explanations* (if I may be permitted to use such a Phrase) which our Saviour made of the Old Law, contrary to the Doctrine of the *Pharisees* before mentioned.

508. *Since you a Form for your Direction need.*] The Apostles did need a *Form*, otherwise they'd never have ask'd it, [*"Lord, teach us to pray"*] or at least our Saviour wou'd not have given it, who does nothing in Vain. For it's true enough, that those who are *wiser* or *better* than the Apostles, may do without it. That our Saviour gave the very words to his Disciples, and requir'd them to make use of 'em in that very Form, *Mr. Mede* proves, I think unanswerably, in his excellent Works. Further, what *Grotius* affirms of this Prayer is very remarkable; "That the Form was not so much conceiv'd in *Christ's* own Words, as compiled by him out of what was most laudable, out of the Old Eucharisties or Liturgies of the *Jews*; so far was he from any Affectation of unnecessary Novelty: Adding a curious Collection of all the particular Petitions, and most of the very words of that Prayer; from those old Forms of theirs. Nor sure, can any think the *Rabbies* wou'd since have inserted 'em, had they not been there before. The Collection he gives is to this effect; "Our Father which art in Heaven, "hallowed be thy Name, O Lord our God, and thy memory Glorify'd, both in "Earth below and Heaven above; (out of *Sepher Zephillim, Lusitan. p. 115.*) "Thy Kingdom reign over us both now and for ever, (*Sepher Hamustar. 49. 1.*) "Forgive and pardon them that trespass against me, (*Com. in Brike Apost. 24.*) "Lead us not into the hand of Temptation, but deliver us from Evil; (*Sepher Hamustar. 9. 12.*) For thine is the Kingdom, and there shall reign gloriously for ever and ever. Amen. (*Id. Ib.*) And the same Observation has been made by our *Lightfoot, Gregory*, and others.

514. *Let thy dear Son his promis'd Empire gain.*] To explain this, take a remarkable passage out of a Latin Catechism printed here in *England* in *King Edwards* time, for the Use of the Protestants. On the Explanation of this Petition

tion, "Thy Kingdom come, (the Author goes on in this manner); *Adducenim*, &c. "For yet we see not all things put under Christ. We see not how the Stone should be cut out of the Mountain without Hands which broke in pieces and reduced to nothing the Image described by *Daniel*. How Christ, who is the true *Rock*, should obtain and possess the Empire of the whole World, which is granted him by the Father, nor is Antichrist yet destroyed. Whence we yet desire and pray, that these things may in due time come to pass.

519. *But chiefly feast our Souls with food Divine.*] Tho they must have an excellent Art at *Withdrawing Consequences*, who can prove *Transubstantiation* out of those words, even supposing *immo* here should signify *Superstantial*; yet all grant, that under this humble *Form*, wherein we expressly beg for Bread only, are included all Necessaries for Soul and Body, the chief of which, our Saviour himself, or his blessed *Assistance* and *Presence* by his Holy Spirit, which was ignorantly desired by those who said, *Lord evermore give us this Bread*. [Christians alone in Name.] Indeed they were not then Christians so much as in Name, being first so called at *Antioch*, as the sacred Writings tell us. However 'tis but a common *Prolepsis*, like *Virgil's* *Lavinia Littora*.

578. *Whose Lord did in poor Trachonitis Reign—And wild Iturea.*] *Herod* the Great, as *Joseph. De Bell. Jud. Lib. 1.* in his last Will appointed *Archelaus* King in his room, *Antipas Tetrarch*, and *Philip* Lord of *Trachonitis*: Which Testament of his was thus altered by *Augustus*, (*Joseph. Lib. 2. Cap. 4.*) *Archelaus* had half the Kingdom, with the Title of *Ethnarch*; his Dominion containing, *Judaea*, *Samaria*, and *Idumea*: *Herod Antipas* was *Tetrarch* of *Galilee*; his Brother *Philip* of *Batanea*, *Trachonitis*, and *Auranitis*; the yearly Income of all together, as *Josephus* tells us, coming but to an Hundred Talents.

585. *Thro' stony Fields and Woods of fatal yew,
Did Bands of roving Ithmaelites pursue.*] *Strabo* gives an account of the wild and savage Temper of these *Itureans*, calling them by no better a Name than *κακουργοι*, either *Rogues* or *Vipers*, and describing those Parts full of Caves, Woods, and inaccessible Mountains, so infested with Robbers, that the *Romans* were forced to keep constant Guards there, for the security of the Country. They were, it seems, excellent Archers both in *Iturea* and *Trachonitis*; the Bows of the first being famous as far as *Rome*; whence that of *Virgil*,—*Itureos saxi torquentur in arcus*. And *Josephus* tells us, that *Gratus* the Roman General conquered the Thieves that wasted *Judaea*, by the help of the Bowmen of *Trachon*. *Bell. Jud. Lib. 2. Cap. 8.* He also gives a pleasant account of this poor Prince *Philip*, That he used to have his Seat of Justice carried about with him wherever he went; tho he gives him withal such a Character as he could not his wealthier Brother: For he says, he was a just and honest Man.

610. *Then costly Babylonian Robes he brings.*] These were accounted the richest wearing among the Eastern Nations, generally appropriated to Royal Persons; as *Fuller* in his Description of the Jewish Garments. Hence *Achan* coveted the Babylonish Garment at the taking of *Jericho*.

614. *Who Salem and Sebaste might command.*] *Herod* had several noble Palaces, that at *Jerusalem* near the Temple, another at *Sebaste* or *Samaria*. *Joseph. Ant. Jud. Lib. 15. Cap. 11.*

639. —*At fair Damascus, Zobah him obey'd,—him Arams Fields, &c.*] One *Aretas*, we are sure, was King of *Damascus* not long after our Saviours time, who is mentioned in the *Acts* of the Apostles. That one of the same Name (who was *Herod's* Father-in-Law) was King of one of the *Arabia's*, *Josephus* tells us; and that his Daughter fled from *Herod* to her Father, about the matter of *Herodias*; for which reason the Old angry King entred his Territories, and gave him Battle, wherein *Herod* was worsted, his Army forsaking him; which, the same Author adds, the People look'd on as a Judgment on him, for his cruelty against the *Baptist*. All this is Fact; and I have, to mend the story, clapt two Kings into one, or given one a little larger Kingdom than the Map will allow him; 'tis now of no great Concern, nor I believe will any of the Princes thereabouts be angry at the lessening their Borders.

693. *And him in strong Machærus Walls immure.*] Some say S. John was Beheaded in Machærus, others in Sebaste. Josephus seems to be for the former, in his Antiquities, Lib. 1. Cap. 10. Concerning which, honest Ludolfus tells a right wonderful Story; "That Herodias caus'd S. John's Head to be brought to Jerusalem, and cautiously Bury'd there, near the Palace of Herod, being afraid lest the Prophet should rise again, if his Head and Body shou'd have been bury'd together. All the Question is, how this Passage came to be known, which could come but by no less than the Inspiration? and first seems it did for he goes on, "This Head was afterwards found by the Monks, to whom the blessed Baptist appear'd, and reveal'd the place where they had bury'd it."

724. *The half my Kingdom were the mighty Doon.*] So those poor Profelytes affected to Tal, prizing the Magnificence of the old Eastern Kings. And because Absalurus thus complimented Hester, Herod must say the same to the Daughter of Herodias, tho his whole Kingdom, I suppose hardly as large as one of the others, Twelve Hundred and Seven and Twenty Provinces; his whole Annual Revenue, as Josephus tells us, amounting but to 20 Talents.

776. *Strong Abel-Town.*] Abel-Bethmaaba was a strong Town near the North Borders of Galilee, into which Shaba threw himself when pursu'd by David's Army.

886. *Wide wandering thro' Baaras distant Vale.*] Josephus says, Herod kept a strong Garrison in Machærus, to bridle the Arabians; just against which, was the famous Valley of Baaras, for the Wonders of which, that Historian has been so much talk'd of.

812. *Bethsaida wondrous Vale.*] This sometimes call'd a Village, at others a Town or City, tho it only a Village, large enough, according to Josephus, who says every Village in Galilee, even the least of them, contained 1000 Inhabitants (but sure there must be some mistake in the number). This Bethsaida he says, was for the pleasantries of it, erected into a City, and call'd Tiberias. But let it be then what it would, our Saviours was now accomplish'd against it, and it is reduced to its first Original, a Lodge in the Wilderness; nothing thereof now remaining, as Travellers tell us, besides 7 or 8 scatter'd Cottages, which scarce deserve the Name of Houses.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Fifth BOOK.

THE Apostle proceeds and relates the Miracle of the Loaves, at which the Multitude surpriz'd, would again have forc'd our Saviour to accept of the Kingdom; but he retires from them, and continues all Night praying in one of the Prophanes or Oratories of the Jews, having sent his Disciples cross the Lake towards Capernaum; whom he overtakes, walking on the Sea, before it was Day; the Disciples being affrighted, till knowing his Voice, St. Peter leaves the Ship and goes towards him, who, when ready to sink, supports him, and entering the Ship, they immediately land between Bethsaida and Capernaum; to the latter of which our Saviour goes with his Disciples, being followed by the Multitude, more for Interest than Devotion. His Sermon to them, in the Synagogue, on that Subject, and Discourse concerning eating his Flesh and drinking his Blood, at which, the Jews being offended, many of his Followers forsake him; and upon his Apostles Protestation of Fidelity, he prophesies that one of them should betray him. He cures the Son of Chuza, Herod's Steward, when desperately ill of a Fever, on which he himself, who had before been an Herodian, became his Follower, with all his House. The Miracle of the Centurion's Servant, Simon's Wife's-Mother, and the Paralytick, at Capernaum; and that on Blind Bartimæus, at Jericho. Going up to Jerusalem, he cures one that was born Blind, curses the Fig-tree; the first time purges the Temple of Buyers and Sellers, and cures the infirm Man, at the Pool of Bethesda. The Apostle next recites several of his Parables, that of the wicked Judge, and importunate Widow, the cruel Servant, the rich Miser, the Pharisee and Publican, and, more at large, that of the Prodigal Son; which newly finished, Chuza, who was an Acquaintant of Gamaliel's, being in Town against the Passover, comes to his House, brings his Friend the Centurion with him; where finding St. John and the other Disciples, whom he had formerly seen in Galilee, he desires a fuller account of the Mysteries of the Christian Faith, and the Person of our Saviour. This the beloved Disciple agrees to give him. Whose Preparations for it conclude the Fifth Book.

THE

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
A N
Heroic Poem.

BOOK V.



HUS far, attent, and pleas'd the *Fathers*
hear,
Nor any signs of *weariness* appear;
Tho' half the day was past, and *Sol* had
driv'n
His flaming *Coufers* to the top of *Heav'n*:
Th' *Apottle* paus'd, his *Hearers* cou'd not stay
But urge him on, *impatient* of *delay*,
What yet behind more earnest *press* to tell,
Nay not t' omit one *Word* or *Miracle*,
Who thus proceeds — Nor long our *Lord* conceal'd
Lay there, e'en more by his *Retreat* reveal'd;

U

As

As the *Sun's Face* is with more *Eyes* survey'd,
 When veil'd in an *Eclipse* dusky shade:
 Where he himself and his lov'd *Twelve* repos'd
 Some *Shepherds* to the neighb'ring *Towns* disclos'd, *
 They flock'd in *Thousands* and the *Saviour* found,
 As him the *Twelve*, they then encompass round:
 Where on an *easy Hillock* he taught,
 At once *instructs*, and *cures* who e'er were brought:
 With him the *Multitude* unwearied stay
 Till length'ning *shadows* shew'd declining day. } 20
 When the *Disciples* hasten'd them away
 From the wild *Desart*, where with *Hunger* prest
 And *Tire* tir'd, they'd neither *Food* nor *Rest*:
 Compassionate our *Saviour* casts his *Eyes*
 Amidst th' expecting *Crowd*, and thus replies:
 And shall we so *unhospitably* use
 Our *Guests*? a short *Refreshment* them refuse?
 Whom if the *Night* and *Hunger* joyn'd oppress,
 They'll faint and perish in the *Wilderness*?
 Rather let's all our own *small Stores* impart } 30
 Presented with a cheerful face and heart.
 When frugal *Philip* and wife *Andrew* cry'd,
 Whence shall we *Bread* for such vast *Crowds* provide?
 Five *Loaves* our flock, to which we chanc'd to take
 Two *Fishes*, lately angling on the *Lake*.
 Give what you have out of your narrow store
 Our Lord, rejoins, nor I, nor *Heav'n* ask more:
 Be't yours to invite and place the *Company*,
 Dispose of them, and leave them self to me.
 This with his wonted *Majesty* he said,
 And they with *joy* and wonder mixt obey'd:
 Five *Thousand Souls* thro' the unreckon'd pass
 The weaker *Sex* and *Age*, upon the *Grass*,
 Which *plenteous* flourish'd there, *discumbent* laid
 For their great *Benefactor's* bounty laid:
 Whom whilst half-fainting him *in* they cry'd,
 We in a hundred different *Troops* divid'd
 Then in those glorious *Hands* the *Food* he takes
 By which what e'er he please, what e'er he please he makes, *
 His hands and eyes at once to *Heav'n* he rais'd } 40
 From

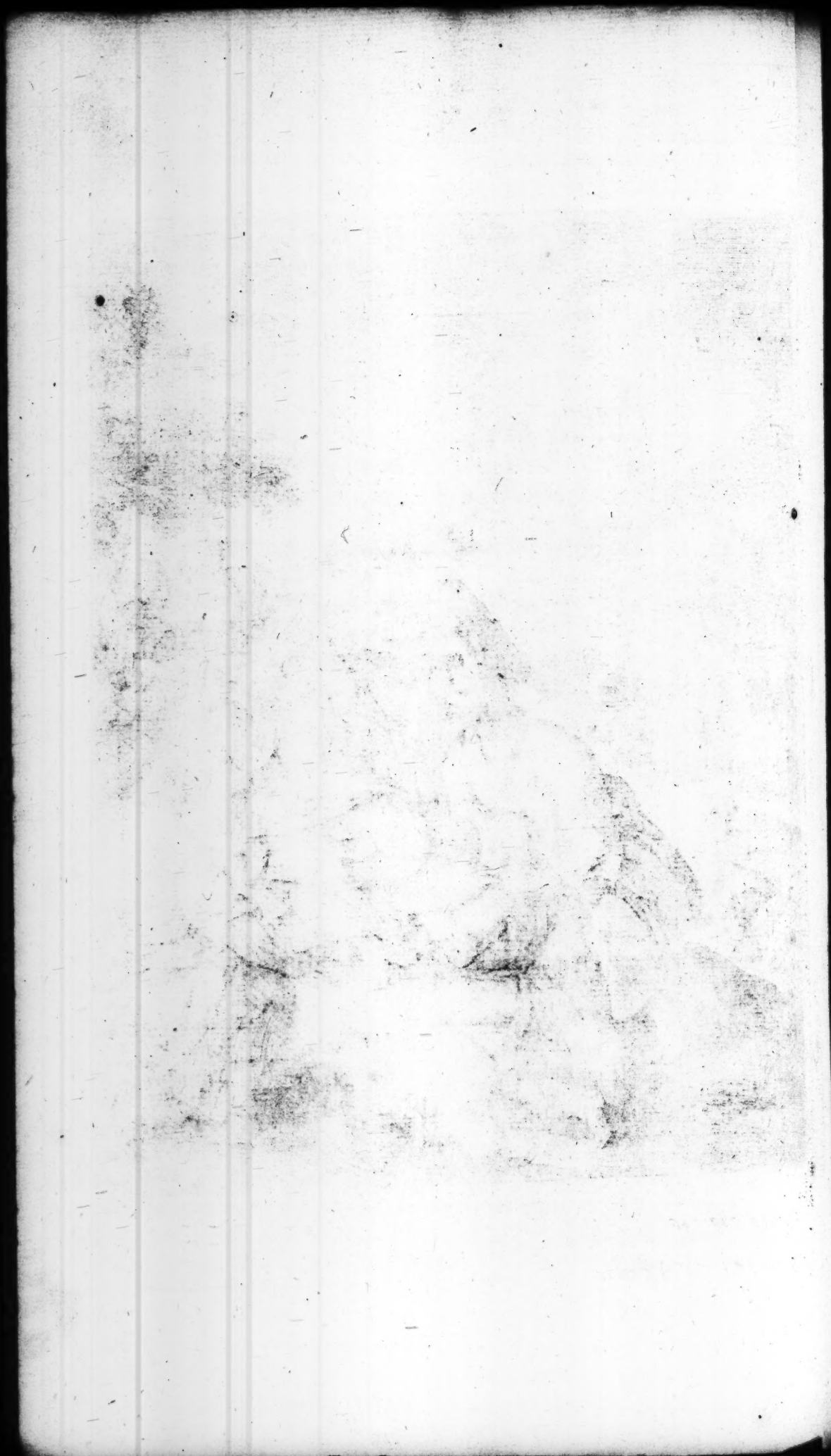
Matt. 14. 16.
 Luke 9. 13.
 John 6.



Mat. 14.

Book 5. pag. 148.

N.º 34



- From whence all good, and the great Giver prais'd;
 Then blest, and brake, and gave — A strange surprise
 Seiz'd all, nor cou'd we trust our hands or eyes
 Till tast affist'd — we from him receive
 And to th' astonish'd Crowd around us give
 * Both Fish and Bread, a welcom humble Treat;
 * Each wond'ring Guest with Thanks and Praises Eat;
 Still unexhausted our miraculous store,
 Till all the Company suffic'd give o'er;
 60 When, as he bids, what still amaz'd us more,
 Gathering the broken reliques of the Feast;
 We saw the Wonder like the Loaves increas'd:
 Twelve empty Baskets in the Vessel lay
 Wherein we Fish from place to place convey:
 For these t' our Mates on Shipboard left we call,
 And with the wond'rous Fragments fill'd 'em all;
 Loud shouts the People gave which shook the Ground,
 Tabor and Carmel's distant hills resound:
 In grateful Songs spread the soft Sex his Fame;
 70 "And teach their stammering Babes to list his Name:
 The Men in frequent knots together crowd,
 First whispering, murmuring then, then speak aloud;
 The Heathen Yoke why shou'd they longer wear,
 Proud Herod and th' insulting Romans bear,
 When Heav'n had sent 'em a Deliverer,
 Who all their Wounds cou'd cure, their Wants supply,
 Nay, e'en their Lives restore, if in his Cause they die
 Greater than Moses's self, by him foretold,
 And all the holy Messengers of old:
 80 That Greatness whence he learnt a Crown to scorn
 Declares he for a Crown was only born:
 We've Force enough, a greater Army we
 * Than join'd at Modia the brave Maccabees:
 No longer his injurious modesty
 Let's suffer thus to hide his worth in vain,
 And thus defraud all Israel of his reign.
 First for Tiberias under him we'll go,
 Samaria next, our Princes pow'r shall know;
 And next Jerusalem, where stronger grown,
 90 We'll fix him on his Father David's Throne?

which W

U 2

Wrought

Wrought to the height they Palms and Garments bring,
 Hail promis'd Prince they cry'd, hail Israel's King!
 Their dang'rous kindness quickly drives him thence,
 Against a Crown, Flight's only his defence:
 Of this far more than all his Foes, affraid;
 By hast'ning night at once, and the thick shade
 Favour'd; he escap'd, and did himself convey
 T' a place remote where oft he us'd to pray; *
 Wall'd on the sides, as custom is, to yield
 A shelter from wild Beasts that range the field:
 Wide open to Heaven, unless by chance 'twas found
 With pleasant Trees, like some fair Arbor crown'd,
 By pious Industry thick planted round:
 Here stay'd alone, till night began to wear, *
 In Meditation, holy Hymns and Prayer:
 Mean while the chosen Twelve at his Command
 Directly steer for rich Capernum's Land,
 Where with Bethsaida's pleasant Coasts 'tis joyn'd.
 Long had we row'd and beat it in the Wind,
 But yet with all our labour made no way;
 And now shrill Cocks foretold th' approach of day *
 Which glad we heard, tho' yet no beam of light;
 All Sea-marks hid in this tempestuous night:
 Still wrought the Waves, the Bark so rudely tost,
 Our Lord not there, we gave our selves for lost:
 The Mast came close by th' Board, the Helm was gone;
 An useless bulk we lay, and floated on,
 As the Waves pleas'd; 'twas vain we thought to strive,
 Nor cou'd two Glasses more expect to live *
 Some Ropes, and Boards provide, some ready stand
 To quit the Ship and try to reach the Land;
 Then of each other our last farewell take,
 —When sudden, thus concern'd, Barjonas spake;
 Or my Eyes fail me, Mates! or on the Lake
 Something approaching to the Ship I see:
 We look'd, and all in the same thoughts agree.
 Forward it mov'd, in humane Form appear'd,
 Till with us close came up; anon we fear'd
 Some danger worse than death — still nearer view'd
 Some horrid Spectre 'tis, we all conclude,

Which

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- Which when we at the very Poop perceive,
 We with loud Shreeks prepare the Ship to leave;
 While crowding to the Stern in haste we fled
 Distinct th' Appearance spoke, and thus it said:
 — "Courage my Friends! me still at need you'll find!
 "'Tis I my self — Give these vain fears to th' Wind,
 The dear-lov'd Voice we heard twixt hope and fear,
 Yet hardly durst believe our help so near:
 When Cephas thus, if Lord thy Voice it be
 140 Agen let's hear, and bid me come to thee!
 Agen he spake, whilst rapt in Joy we stand,
 And mild, invites him with his Voice and Hand!
 Away he springs on the wide watry field,
 Solid as Rocks the Waves refus'd to yield:
 With daring feet thro' paths unknown he goes,
 And rises as the rolling Surges rose:
 But when he saw the surly Ocean frown,
 The hollow hanging Waves look downing down,
 He in a dreadful Vale, the Seas and Night
 150 Conjoyn'd to intercept our Saviour's sight:
 The Storm more fierce, the Winds obstruct his race,
 And dash the twisted foam against his Face;
 Surpris'd with fear he felt the slippery Wave
 Sink underneath, and cry'd — O Master save!
 He heard, and did his want of Faith upbraid:
 He heard and sav'd, but asks him, Why affraid?
 Whence he so soon cou'd so forgetful prove,
 And whether he distrusts his Power or Love?
 Then to the Ship receiv'd —
 160 We knew him all, and all our Lord adore,
 And the next moment safely reach'd the shore:
 * Nor long upon the sounding Beach we walk'd
 And of the various fears and dangers talk'd
 That dreadful night escap'd, e'er welcom day
 * Did o'er sweet Hermon's Hill its beams display:
 To meet the Sun on a warm sandy Bed
 Fronting to East our Nets and Cloaths we spread;
 These quickly dry'd, thence to Capernaum went,
 To whose fair walls his steps our Saviour bent:
 170 But e'er we reach'd the Town, as back we threw
 Our

- Our wandring Eyes the pleasant Lake to view,
 John 6. 23. We saw the Western side thick cover'd o'r
 With Ships and Men, we saw the cluster'd shore
 Grow thinner by degrees, till black no more
 Its Face appear'd, but a fair prospect yields;
 Here ragged Rocks and Sands, there verdant Fields;
 Whilst the green Sea as late the crouded strand
 Is blacken'd o'r like some well-wooded Land:
 So when their way a flight of Locusts takes
 From Lubims wild and Chetonidian Lakes;
 While Mizraim's Sons their sacred Ox implore
 And trembling see the Plague wide hovering o'r;
 So when the Westwind clears their reedy Shore,
 Their Fields do's of their straggling Squadrons sweep,
 Precipitating in the Arabian deep;
 So looks the Gulph, when they a period find
 To their long Voyage, and driven by the Wind
 Almost from Shore to Shore, their Bodies spred,
 Changing the Sea to black which once was red:
 So lookt the Lake, when from the distant side
 Under a gentle Gale their Oars they ply'd,
 The Wind ver'd round to West, at once they sweep
 With equal numerous strokes the angry deep;
 At once their secret liquid way they find,
 And leave alike long closing paths behind;
 At once their Vessels cut the yielding Sand,
 John 6. 24. They at Chorazin or Capernaum land
 Where soon surpriz'd, our Lord again they found,
 For well they knew he cou'd not coast it round
 By Land thro' fair Bethsaida's bending Shore,
 Nor Boat, with winged Sails, or Fin like Oar
 To waft him cross, his own put off before,
 25. Solicitous they ask him, when and how
 He thither came; who with a steady brow
 Thus answers them severe; If I shou'd tell
 This would no more than the last Miracle
 Convince your unbelief-- Too well I see
 26. You rather seek the wondrous Loaves than me:
 Fond Men! employ not thus your fruitless pain
 The miscall'd Goods of this false World to gain

180

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Why

Why so much toil and care for perishing meat,
And why no more for what th' Immortals eat?
With this I all my faithful Followers cheer,
To scatter this my Father sent me here,
And seal's with Miracles; this you'll receive
If you his words obey, and mine believe.

7.2.

The indocile Croud more Wonders still desire,
New Signs from Heav'n, yet more august and higher:
Nothing but Manna pleases, that they fain

220 Wou'd tast, their stiff-neck'd Fathers did disdain: —

Num. 11.6.

* For Angels Food they long, to gratifie
Their curious, yet their lazy Luxury:
How gladly he had their Messia been
T' have sav'd 'em from their work, tho' not their Sin!
For this the Empire of the World to gain
That they in solid sloth might ever reign:
Not so our Lord, who Labour recommends,
And but th' industrious, none esteems his Friends:
Nor wou'd more Wonders work, lest if they grow

230 Too cheap and mean, they shou'd no more be so: }

John 6.32.

But tells 'em, 'twas not Moses did bestow
That Manna, which they did from Heav'n receive,
Nor was ev'n that the best that Heav'n cou'd give:
Its choicest Fare had Virtues far more high,
Virtues which those who tast can never die.

That Bread they fain wou'd have, That Bread am I,
Rejoins our Lord, tho' not as you desire;
I not the Body, but the Mind inspire
With Strength Celestial, Vigour all Divine;

33, 35:

240 To do my Father's Will, and his is mine:

38.

Whom thus I'll guard till Life's sad Scene be o'er,
Nor shall they ever thirst or hunger more:
Who e'r my Father sends, by the sure Sign
* Of a good Faith and Life distinguish'd mine;
These with his Grace and Holy Spirit endu'd,
(Man's bad is all his own, Heav'n's all his good);
These I'll receive, none e'r repell'd shall be,
Who leave the World and Sin and come to me:

37.

Yes, those who to my sacred Laws incline,

250 And keep sincere, for only these are mine;

Not

- Nor *Earths* weak force, nor *Hells* infernal hands
 39. Shall snatch or wrest from my tenacious bands :
 Them will I guard and keep in secret there
 Until the last great Day; then with me bear
 To judg the World unjust and doom to pain,
 40. Then by my side in endless Glory reign.
 These new uncommon Truths still more amuse,
 More *harden* still th' already *harden'd* Jews :
 Him for low Birth and high pretence they scorn,
 What——Was he not a Galilean born
 In little Nazareth? Know we not, they cry
 His humble Parents, can he them deny?
 43. Joseph the Carpenter — H' has oft workt here; *
 His Mother Mary — his Relations near *
 On either side--- How can it ever be?
 Did these too come from Heav'n as well as he?
 Our Saviour thus — if this you not receive
 How will ye yet far stranger Truths believe?
 Murmur no more in vain — Agen, I say,
 'Tis I, I only am to Heav'n the way;
 57, 53. My Flesh such Bread, who taste it never dies :
 My Body an unblemish'd Sacrifice
 To my great Father's pleasure I resign,
 My Blood effus'd at large, the only Wine
 Can cheer your Souls; unless you these obtain
 Your hope of Immortality's in vain.
 John 3. 13. Seems this so strange that I from Heav'n came down
 Stript from my Robes of Light and starry Crown
 John 6. 61, 62. What Admiration wou'd possess you then
 If thro' the Air you see me mount agen?
 If Angels you my Ministers shou'd find
 Acts 1. 9 11. A Cloud my Chariot, and my Wings the Wind?
 O hard of heart! Ye won't you understand
 What I reveal, nor do what I command?
 Your gross, your carnal minds immers'd in Love
 Of this low World, unfit for that above!
 John 6. 63. A hidden secrep Sense my words imply,
 Those who believe my words shall never die.
 Nor this can their false prejudice prevent
 Murm'ring, the giddy Crowd from Jesus went;
 Reprov'd

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33

Reprov'd and disappointed leave the Shore
 In ~~shoals~~ as thick as they ~~were~~ ^{in the deep} before him
 Almost alone himself our Lord did find
 And none besides his chosen Twelve behind
 Then with a sigh which none from Pride did flow
 But Pity, mildly asks -- Will you ~~venge~~ ^{quit} ~~me~~ ^{him}
 When fervent Cephas thus, who scarce cou'd bear
 So hard a thought -- ~~Tell him~~ ^{Tell me} dear Lord, or where?
 Thou, endless Life on those who thee implore
 Bestow'st, and is there any ~~more~~ ^{more}?
 We know thou must the true Messiah be,
 Our Hopes, our Souls, are all repos'd on thee
 Agen with Sighs he did his sorrow show
 More you, he says, than you your selves I know
 * Your Folly, and your Frailty I survey
 Your deepest thoughts as light and clear as day
 * I know the ~~wretch~~ ^{wretch} who will his Lord betray
 One of the Twelve from the World did chuse
 To obey my Father, then to my Life I lose
 * Soon will he with base Slanders me accuse
 Soon will the Fiend himself, a dreadful Guest
 Seize for his own his guardian's breast
 We all with just condemn and broken heart
 Each ey'd the next, but for himself did fear:
 * Why should I strive to mention what in thought
 I scarce cou'd mark, each mighty Wonder wrought
 While in Caperna'ms fruitful Coasts he stay'd
 What crowds of ~~Fools~~ ^{Fools} his dread Commands obey'd?
 What crowds of Men by Physicks feeble aid
 Left desprate, by their Friends and selves given o'r
 His healing touch or powerful Word restore
 With these, as oft as he occasion saw
 His perfect Doctrine mix'd and sacred Law
 Sometimes unveil'd relates, and sometimes tells
 In moving Schemes, and lively Parables
 Now do's some ancient Prophecie explain
 And blames the hardness of their hearts in vain
 Then a false gloss from some true Text remove
 And teach the People what to hate and love
 All must not pass untold, and some express'd,

66.

John 4:36

70, 71.

diW

X

You'll

You'll easier form a Nation of the testaments than a Nation

As chance'd, (without any Chance, with him Design)

Where at the Feast he Water chang'd to Wine

Returning from the Passah while we stay'd

Nor there we long our Residence had made

E'r thither posting from Capernaum came

John 4.36. A rich and powerful Lord, Chuzabhis Name

Herod's high Steward he, and did beside

O'r all the upper Galilee preside

Who when Youth found no pleasure and excess

Himself did of the Pharisee Sect profess

Worse ev'n than Sadducees, who near the same

Virtue they only thought an empty Name

All Good and Bad depending Standards Rules

And Heav'n and Hell but Tales to frighten fools

What wonder then, if madly they employ

Their thoughts less than in lewd voluptuous joys

If each some new device each day contriv'd

And to their Genius sacrifice their lives?

Among the rest too long young Chuzabhis laid

In the luxurious Court, too long betray'd

By Vices wiles, and Pleasures flattering Charms

Who clapt him close in their soft treacherous Arms

Till riper years the dang'rous Chain mental

And Judgment's Chain'd when Passion had conceal'd

To Business now, or to War he grew while

Once his Aversion, he himself apply'd

One secret Cause which with success did move

To such a happy Chance was without Loss

The bright Jewess she that caus'd his Flame

Who ev'n in such a Court preserv'd her Fame

Almost her looks with Virtue seem inspir'd

Her Mind and Lovely Form alike admir'd

Of a just stature and majestic mien

With sweetness, in the great, but rarely seen

She like an Angel look'd, and word, and song

Virtue that fill'd her Breast inspir'd her tongue

Her oft with transport had young Chuzabhis

Well-born and Fair, without one spark of pride

He saw and lov'd, and won her for his Bride

With

- With *wise Susanna* then, whose pious care
 Had form'd her tender Mind, did soon prepare
 His *Treasure* from the dang'rous Court to bear :
 So *her desire* ; and sought a blest retreat
 At his *Hereditary Country Seat*,
 Near fair *Capern'ums Walls* ; nor long they went,
 E'er *Heav'n* a joyful *Heir* to *Chuz*a sent ;
 Who now beneath a *Feavers* mortal rage,
 One *Lustre* hardly past of his short Age,
 380 Lay struggling, all sad signs of death appear
 T' his *Parents*, frighted, both half dead with fear ;
 Whilst his *sad Mother* weeping o'er him stood,
 With quick uneven strokes the poison'd blood
 Did thro' his *throbbing Veins* small Flood-gates roll,
 And beat a march to the departing Soul :
 Black his *chapt Tongue*, *earthy* his *Breath* and short,
Unnatural motions his quick *Eyes* distort ;
 Little *Convulsions* in each part appear,
 He catches swift at every *Object* near.
 390 When *Art* was pos'd, and him they yielded lost,
 They heard that thro' the *Galilean Coast*
 * Our Lord was seen *returning*, who they knew
 By his *Allmighty Word* cou'd all things do :
 Away the *Father* posts, more swift than death,
 For *Cana*, or for lofty *Nazareth* ;
 And vow'd, if he his *Son* restor'd receive,
 He'd the next hour with all his house believe.
 * When near small *Jephthael's* streams our Lord he found,
 Quitting his *Chariot*, prostrate on the Ground
 400 He lowly adores, and begs, if not too late,
 T' reverse his only *Son's* untimely Fate.
 * Our Lord who knew, tho' far remov'd, his *Vow*,
 Who best knows when to help, and where, and how,
 Resolv'd his *Patience* and his *Faith* to try,
 He'd his *Request* nor grant, nor yet deny :
 But turning to the *Crowd* his radiant Face
 His *Followers* thus accosts — O harden'd Race !
 How far shall *Infidelity* proceed ?
 How long will you these signs and wonders need ?
 410 How long shall stubborn *Sense* gainst *Faith* rebel ?

Why will you not be *say'd* without a *Miracle*?
 Th' impatient *Father* cou'd no longer stay
 But interrupts — "The *Case* bears no *delay*:
 Tho' to the *Town* we back like *Jehu* drive
 We hardly now shall find the *Child* alive:
 To whom our *Saviour* this kind *Answer* gives
Disturb thy self and me no more — He *lives*!
 With *Faith* and *Joy* his *Chariot* he ascends
 And back his course to rich *Capern'um* bends,
 The officious *Servants* meet him at the *Gate* 420
 With the glad *News*. — Tho' their glad *News* too late:
 What he well knew, they all in *Transport* tell
 His *Son* was on the sudden strangely well;
 He, whom giv'n o'er as lost, they lately mourn'd,
 His *health*, nay e'en his *strength* agen return'd:
 Careful he asks, exact, the *time*, the *hour*
 When first they did observe the *Feavers* power
 Abated — He the easie *Question* soon
Resolv's, 'twas when the *Sun* was past his *Noon*,
 The *Day* before, — 'Twas then, he *Ravish'd*, cries, 430
 Lifting to *Heav'n* his grateful *Hands* and *Eyes*,
 Precisely then the mighty *Prophets Word*
 Declar'd my *Son* was from the *Grave* restor'd!
Beauteous Joanna heard with *Tears* of *Joy*,
 And in her hand she led the smiling *Boy*;
 Him *safe* and *well* to his pleas'd *Father* shows,
 About his neck his little *arms* he throws,
 And welcom'd home, with pretty *folly* said
 — What e'er the *Servants* told, he was not dead!
 Lab'ring with *Thanks* the noble *Chuz'a* now 440
 T' his *Family* declares his sacred *Vow*:
 All freely grant he cou'd perform no less,
 And *Jesus* the *Messia* all confess!
 Nor long e'er thither with our *Lord* we went,
 Whose *Fame* did his *Arrival* still prevent.
 The news of his approach was soon aloud
 Proclaim'd, the *doors*, the *streets*, the *roads* they crowd
 With half dead *Patients*, by his *Touch* restor'd
 Or *Look*, or *Word*, they kneel'd and him ador'd:
 A brave *Centurion* there among the rest 450

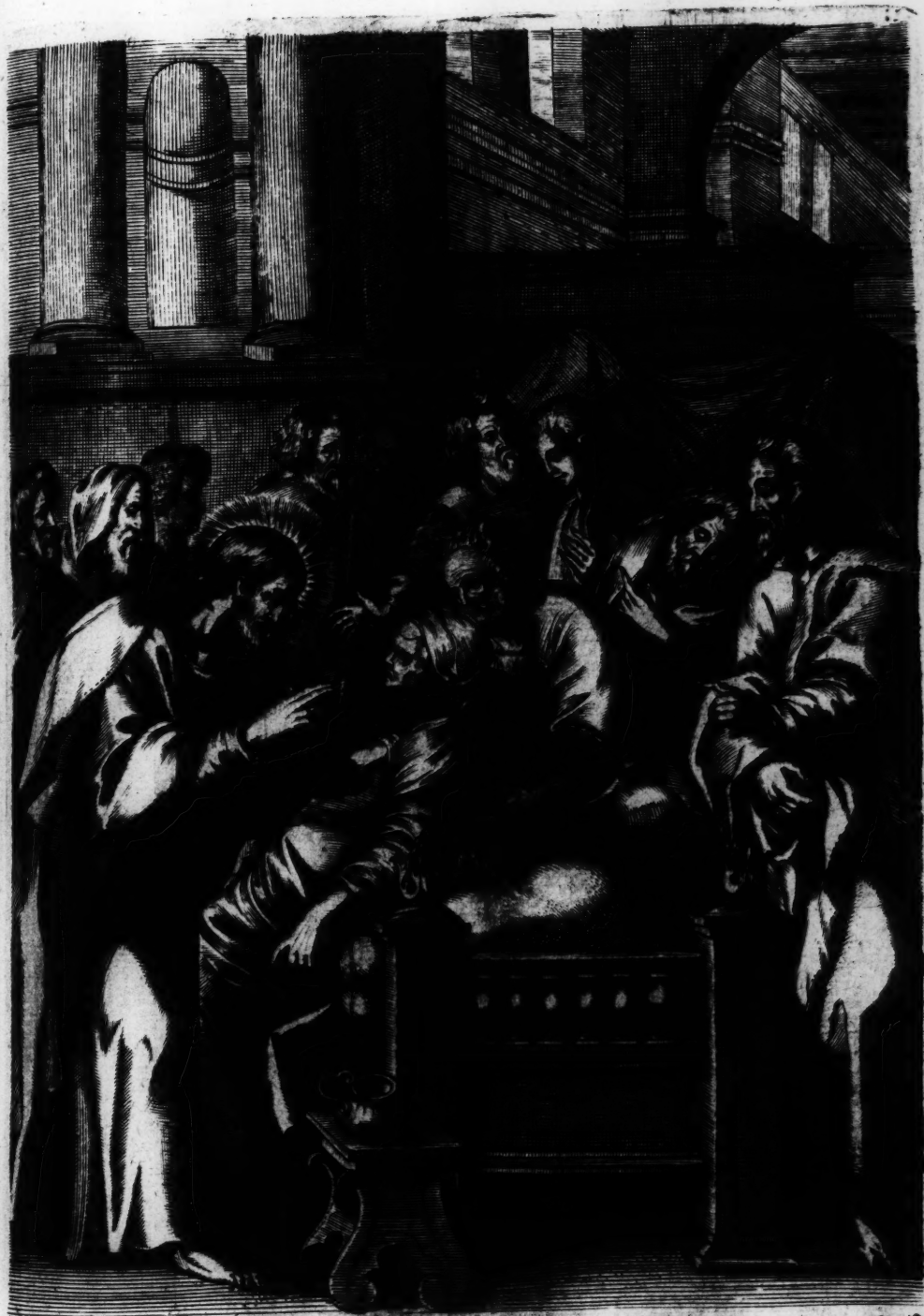
By

By Proxy humbly his desire exprest;
 Whole Word, the Roman Garrison that lay
 * To bridle hot Capern'um's Youth, obey;
 The Cause, a Servant he from Rome had brought,
 Whom justly dear for his deserts he thought
 Whom many a painful day he faithful found,
 And many a night spent on the frozen Ground:
 Full Thirty hard Campaigns he had endur'd,
 To Southern Heats, and Pontick Snows inur'd:
 460 But when his Fiftith Winter now did wear,
 His Age feels what his Youth with ease cou'd bear:
 Afflictive Cramps his stubborn Sinews bend,
 Which stronger in a deadly Palsey end:
 Helpless he more than half a carcass lay;
 A lump of cold disanimated Clay.
 All his right-side, his left but little less,
 And only his strong Vitals Life confess:
 Vast Sums in vain for his recovery spent,
 What Nature cou'd produce or Art invent
 470 His Master try'd, first to the Bathes he sent,
 * Near where Calirrhoe's Sov'raign Waters fall
 By Lasha's Brook, and strong Macheru's Wall:
 When these no alteration on him make,
 Him next the King's Physicians undertake;
 A tedious Course prescribe his health to gain,
 But they too find their boasted Art's in vain:
 No humane help did now untry'd remain,
 His generous Master did his Fate deplore,
 And kindly sigh'd that he cou'd do no more:
 480 A Servant whom such Faith and Love commend
 He justly thought a less familiar Friend;
 "Valiant and true, he him had often try'd,
 "No danger ever made him leave his side;
 "Nor gold cou'd tempt his Secrets to betray,
 "Nor knew he his own Worth too well t' obey:
 When now all humane Remedies were vain
 He seeks Divine, for only those remain:
 * "With ill-directed Pray'rs devoutly made
 To his own Æsculapius flies for Aid;
 490 * Vows he'd a Cock and greater Presents give

T en-

- T' enrich his *Fane*, if his lov'd *Servant* live :
 2 Kings 18. But the poor *Marble Idol* was not near,
 27. Or else too busie, or too dull to *hear*;
 His *Vow's* in vain, his *Servant* *desperate* grew;
 When some who of our *Lord's Arrival* knew
 Came *panting* in, the *welcom News* to bear,
 Persuading him to seek for *Succor* there:
 He rose and *vow'd*, if him our *Lord* wou'd hear
 He all his *helpless Gods* wou'd *strait cashier* :
 Not *Mars* himself shou'd stay — Long since his *Mind*,
 Tho' *weak*, had been to *Truths* blest *Laws* inclin'd :
 4 5. He lov'd our *Nation*, their *Devotion* prais'd,
 And a fair *Synagogue* his noble *Bounty* rais'd :
 Thus fix'd, his *Servant*, he'd have fain convey'd
 Abroad, and at the *Feet* of *Jesus* laid,
 But 'twas too late, he's *gasping* thick for *Breath*,
 And struggling in the *agonies* of *Death*:
 Yet durst he not *himself* to *Jesus* go,
 His *Thoughts* were of *himself* too *mean* and *low*;
 But ah! he *rightly* did not *Jesus* know :
 None for their *Merits* e'er did with him stay,
 None for *Humility* he turns away :
Jairus for him, and other *Friends* implore *
 That he his *much lov'd Servant* wou'd restore :
 He yields, and kindly to the *house* repair'd,
 Of whose approach when the *Centurion* heard,
 No, 'tis too much he cries — It must not be!
 Too much to go one *single step* for me.
 Tho' he e'en a *lost Gentile* not disdain,
Unworthy him those *Walls* to entertain!
 All I desire he'd do, which well he may,
 Since *Hand-maid Nature* must her *Lord* obey,
 (As me my *Soldiers* under *Discipline*,
Observant of each *beck* and *secret sign*,
 Nay hardly dare in *Thought* my *Will* controul ;)
 7. Is, that he'd *speak* the *Word* and make him *whole*.
 Pleas'd with his *noble Faith* our *Lord* looks round,
 9. The like in his own *Israel* never found,
 Aloud *professing*, nor were they alone
 Design'd *Assessors* on th' *Almighty Throne* :

Who



Mat: 8
Mar: 1

Book 5. pag: 159.

N.º 35



Io: 4

Book 5. pag. 159.

N^o

Who fear and serve him with a perfect mind
 In every Nation, though acceptance find;
 And while lost Israel's Sons expect in vain,
 In bliss with all the holy Patriarchs reign.
 But Faith like this what is there can withstand?
 'Twill e'en Omnipotence it self command:
 Bid the brave Man return, his grant is seal'd,
 And e'en this moment his lov'd Servant heal'd:
 — He said, 'tis done, he ease and strength receives,
 His Master, he, and all the house believes.
 In vain I all his Wonders would relate,
 How many rescu'd from the brink of Fate:
 How with a Touch he Simon's Mother rais'd;
 How him the joyful Paralytic prais'd:
 How, *Fairus*! thy Daughter he restor'd;
 Tho' dead she heard, tho' dead obey'd his Word.
 What Virtues e'en his sacred Robes diffus'd;
 How by th' ungrateful Nazarene abus'd:
 He vanish thro' the crowd, they beat the Air,
 Nor ever since his Presence blest em there.
 What wondrous Truths he did the Woman tell,
 In curst Samaria's Fields by Jacob's Well:
 How many long of their dear sight bereav'd,
 Earthly and Heavenly Lights at once receiv'd:
 This all Bethsaida's wondering confines know,
 And this thy Gates, delightful Jericho!
 E'en yet old Bartimeus lives, who there
 Did many a doleful year in darkness wear:
 To which yet still a heavier plague was join'd,
 He's miserably poor, e'en now than blind:
 * His head with reverend baldness doubly bare,
 Expos'd to all th' Inclemencies oth' Air,
 To heat and cold — Meriticks I see him there,
 Or in the Gate I see him begging lie.
 * Or at the lovely Balm-Gardens nigh,
 Once as it chanc'd our Master passing by,
 Vast multitudes attending, he admir'd
 The Cause, and earnest what it meant enquir'd,
 For he their noise and trampling feet could bear,
 And well he knew some mighty Concourse near.

Luke 4. 39.
 5, 18.
 8, 55.

Matt. 9. 20.
 Luke 4. 29.

Joh. 4. 5 & 6.

Mark 10.
 46.

Nor

Nor sooner to the *Blind* was *Jesus* nam'd
 But he with *Faith* and *holy Hope* inflam'd
 (For oft he heard what *Miracles* he'd done)
 Exclaims — *O mercy! mercy! David's Son!*
 Some bid be *still*! some cry to take him thence,
 Nor let him with his loud *Impertinence*
 Disturb our *Lord*, nor will he yet give o'er,
 But cries more loud and earnest than before,
 Great *Son of David!* let me *mercy* find!
 O shew thy *wanted pity* on the *Blind!*

— None e'er deny'd or *had* from *Jesus* part,
 His earnest *Prayers* soon reach'd his ears and *heart*,
 And till he's call'd he would no further go;
 Soon did th' old man the joyful *Tidings* know
 From those about him, soon he cheerful rose,
 Away his *Staff* and ragged *Garments* throws;
 His *Garment* left it might impeach his *speed*,
 His *Staff*, which he shou'd now no longer need:
 Away he runs, nor for a *guide* would stay,
 Following the *Voice*, oft *stumbling* in the way,
 Of whom when near arriv'd, our *Lord* inquir'd
 What *Boon* with such loud *enteries* he desir'd?

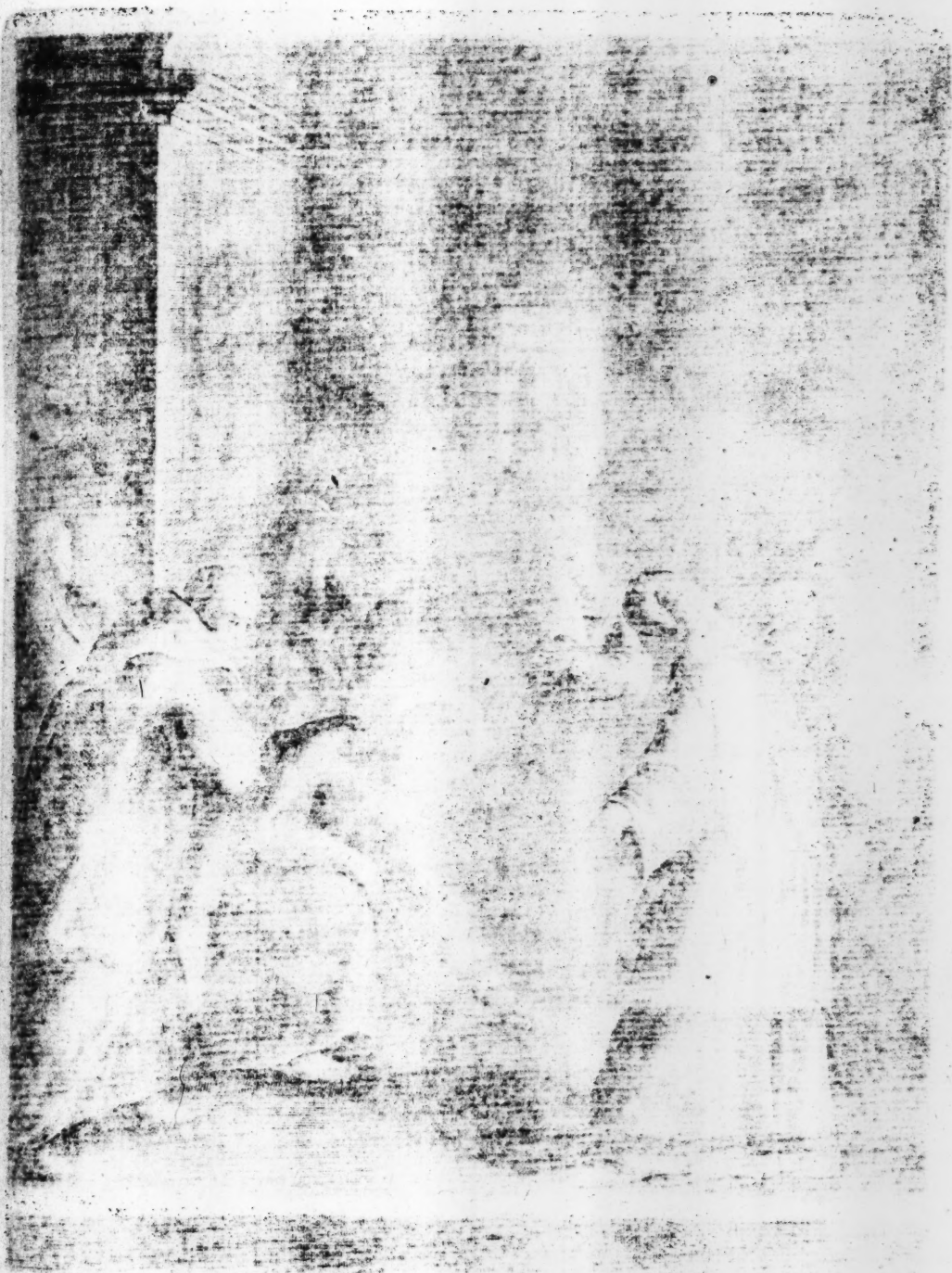
51. Lord! thou canst do't, he with large *Tears* replies,
 And thou alone, *restore* me my dear *eyes!*
 52. — 'Tis thy victorious *Faith* directs thee right,
 Well pleas'd our *Lord* rejoyns, — *Receive thy sight!*
 'Tis said, 'tis done, a thick and *churlish skin*
 Which stop'd the *windows* of his *Soul* within,
 Flew off, nor did he ought this *painful hind*,
 Like *Cobwebs* loose, unravel'd with the *Wind*,
 He saw, his *Saviour* with loud *Thanks* did meet,
 Embrac'd his *knees*, and prostrate kiss'd his *feet*.

Nor need I, *Fathers!* wait the day to tell
 Those *Wonders* all the *City* know to well:

Matt. 21. 19. The *blasted Fig-tree*, which you yet may see
 Without the *Walls*, iust way to *Bethany*,

John 9. per Him who at *Silo'm's Streams* receiv'd his *sight*,
 Nor ever saw, till then, the *cheerful light*;
 Where, after their exactest *scrutiny*,
 No fraud the angry *Sanbeard* could see.

Him





Book 5. pag: 161.

Nº 37

Him who so long at *Sam'd Bethesda* lay,

Beyond the Angels Cure, sent, heal'd away,

By our Saviour's powerful Word, whom *hundred* fill

For that good work the Jews attempt to kill

Too well, says *Joseph*, I their *Envy* know,

At him whom *height of Virtue* makes their *Foe*,

Much I remembering learn from what he taught,

Witness of many a mighty *Action* wrought,

But few have *scap'd* me here, my self I fear

With what just *anger* and *majestick* air

He did his *Father's House* the *Temple* cleanse,

And chas'd the *Sacrilegious Merchants* thence,

I saw too, when our *captious Elders* brought

Th' *Adulterers* in the very *Action* caught,

* Whence them he self condemn'd and blushing sent,

And clear'd the fair convicted *Penitent*,

But of this *Miracle* I only know

By *Fame*, and glad wou'd learn the *Truth* from you.

* 'Twas at the famous *Pool*, well known to all

Jerusalem, that *Heavenly Hospital*

Where every injur'd *Sense* a *Cure* may find,

The *Deaf*, the *Blasted*, *Palsy'd*, *Lame* and *Blind*;

* Here, says the *Apostle*, at the *Sun's* first rise,

While they present the *Morning-Sacrifice*,

* You know from *Heav'n* some *courtious Angel* brings

Unfailing *Cures* beneath his *healing Wings*,

To such as to the *Water* first descend,

You know too him who did so long attend,

Who *Blasted* in his *tender Youth*, had stay'd

Almost *six weeks* of *years* expecting *Aid*,

In vain expecting, weak and *Bed-rick* laid,

Whence others, readier, still *stap* in before,

Till *disappointed* oft, he hop'd no more;

His only *Comfort* now was his *Despair*,

With *speed* to end his *Life* and *Torment* there;

Our Saviour saw, and asks, his *Faith* to try,

If for his *pain* he wish'd a *remedy*;

Yes, *Death*, said he, with unconcern'd neglect,

Nor any other *ease* must I expect;

The *rich crowd* in, and meet a *speedy Cure*,

John 5. 2.

16.

John 2. 14.

15, 16.

John 3. 4.

John 5. 2.

7. Tho' e'en an *Angel* will not *help* the *poor* soul to *loose* him
 But *that* will *lay* out *Saviour*, *kind*, *replies*,
 8. And *bids* him *in* his *Father's* *Name* *Arise*
Arise and *Walk*, and *thence* his *Coach* *convey*
 His *blasted* *Limbs* *in* *Maker's* *Word* *obey*;
 9. *Vigorous* and *strong* he *in* a *moment* *grows*,
 His *Blood* *thru* his *forgot* *channels* *flows*,
 All o'er himself he *views*, but *do's* so *stranger*
 T' himself *appear*, he *scarcely* *believes* the *change*;
 Such *Acts*, such *Crimes* as *these*, if *Crimes* they *be*
 Have made our *Saviour* *in* his *Enemy*;
 True, on the *Sabbath* he *this* *Wonder* *wrought*,
 And has again *in* his *Traditions* *caught*,
 But sure those *Works* *for* which him *Heaven* *did* *send*
 To the *bad* *World*, can never *be* *offend*.
 All *Holy* *Works* of *Charity* *confess*,
 Nor do's from them e'en his *great* *Father* *rest*,
 Nor do's he *old* *Traditions* *blame* but *wilgre*
 With *Laws* *diuine* they *clash* of *interfere*,
 For never man so *meek*, so *good*, so *kind*,
 All *Love* himself *in* his *Laws* *enjoyn'd*:
 Compassion, *in* his *Forgiveness* *of* the *prize*,
 And a *good* *Life*, *true* *Faith's* *unfailing* *Test*,
 These the *fair* *Term* *on* which he *Pardon* *gave*,
 "He *gain'd* his *People* *from* their *sin* to *save*,
 This did he *oft* his *crowding* *Audience* *tell*,
 Now *plain*, now in *some* *lively* *Parables*,
 As *ancient* *Seers* *use* — And, but I *fear*,
 Already I've *too* *long* *detain'd* *you* *here*,
 Some of the *Chief*, *in* *English* *would* *recite*,
 Equally *yielding* *profit* and *delight*:
 Almost they're *angry* at so *short* a *stay*,
 All, all, they *ask*, *impatient* of *delay*,
 Th' *Apostle* thus — Then *gladly* I'll *relate*
 The *Prodigals* *Return*, the *Misers* *Fate*,
 The *Lord* who *with* his *Servant* *did* *contend*,
 His *Cruelty*, and *just* tho' *dreadful* *end*,
 The *Widow* and the *Judge* *did* *God* *nor* *Mind*
 Regard, the *Pharisee* and *Publican*:
 To *prove* we *ought* *repeated* *Prayers* to *make*

Luke 18. 1.

2.

4.

5.

At Gods high Throne, and no denial take
This Parable did our lov'd Lord declare,

— A Judge there was, no matter when or where:

* Neither on Honour he or Conscience stood,
Grown fat with Bribes, and Orphans Tears, and Blood:

A Widow near him h' had long since bereft

Of her lov'd Lord, and poor and friendless left:

Whom a vexatious Neighbour us'd to wrong,

No help she had besides her Tears and Tongue;

700 No Oly Advocate her Gold cou'd bribe

To espouse her Cause, no subtle smooth Tongu'd Scribe:

What shou'd she do, worse mischief to prevent

E'en to the wicked Judge himself she went;

And with loud Outcries close besieg'd his door,

With long Petitions begs he'd help the poor!

There did she everlasting Centry keep,

Nor wou'd in quiet let him eat or sleep:

In vain 's she threat'n'd Lash, as much in vain

His Servants drag her thence, she comes again

710 If in his Robes he to the Bench repair,

Or pays a Visit, or but takes the Air

'Tis still the same, she haunts him every where:

Attends him like his shade, go where he will,

And worries him with Justice, Justice still!

He grieves, he rages, fumes and swears in vain

Sweats, stamps, and rails, she still comes on again.

What's to be done, when he by chance got breath!

Was ever Judge before thus talk'd to death,

T' himself he cries — Altho' I neither care

720 For Man, nor God himself, much less for her,

Her for my own sake I must right, or she,

As many I have done, will murder me:

Good Woman say — What is't that you require?

She ask'd, he gave her all her hearts desire,

Punish'd her Eve, and then, and not before

She rais'd her siege and left his Lordships door.

The moral easie is, and plain in view;

If Importunity so much can do

E'en with the worst of men, if that can sway

730 The Great, and all but Gold it self outweigh;

- If here so strong, it will not less avail
 In Heav'n's high-Court, nor there of answer fail:
 Nor that th' Almighty Judge above can err
 As those below be ty'd with mortal Pray'r;
 But tho' this always prone and free to give,
 Man is not fit the Blessing to receive
 Till his unwearied Faith to Heav'n aspire,
 And help with ~~weak~~ humble Prayer define.
7. Then will he aid, for he can ~~do alone~~
 Rev. 6. 9. Those injur'd Souls who under th' Altar groan;
 Justice aloud their guiltless Blood demands;
 Close by th' ~~all~~ high full charg'd his Thunder stands:
 "Vengeance has lead'n feet, but iron hands."
- Rom. 12. Vengeance is God's, his Wisdom us secures
 19. It cannot but be just, be mercy yours
 If you'd of Heav'n no such requital have
- Matth. 18. As that bad Servant whom his Lord forgave
 24. We beg to hear't, which thus he did relate.
 A Lord of mighty Wealth, and vast Estate
 Ten thousand Talents to his Servant lent,
 Which either he in Duxury mispent,
 Or lost by negligence — As on a day
 His Lord by chance did his accounts survey
 And found he neither the rest wou'd pay,
 Nor Principal, he strain the whole demands,
 Nor longer will he trust to in his Hands;
 Speechless and pale the insolent Servant stands,
 Trembling with Grief and Fear, his Lord displeas'd
 Gives order, he and all his House be seiz'd:
 Low at his Feet the miserable fell
 And a short respite begs — He will be sell
 All his Estate, and his Friends bonny try,
 Rather than in abhor'd confinement lie:
 Nor his Petition unsuccessful prove
 His Words, and Tears his generous Master move
 Nor wou'd he seize his House, nor him enslave;
 27. But frankly all the mighty Sum forgave;
 Thence went th' ungrate, his Fellow-servant free,
 A hundred Pence was all his trifling Debt
 28. Yet grasps him by the Throat, with furious Hands,
 And

And every *mite* immediately demands:
Trembling and pale he at his Feet did fall,
Begg but a little Time he'd pay him all.
Ev'n that deny'd he's into th' *Dungeon* thrown,
Whose Fate when to his Fellow-servants known,
Themselves concern'd lest they his Fate shou'd share,
They to their Lord th' unpleasing Tidings bear,
For him, enrag'd, he the next moment sent,
And thus, arriv'd, did his just anger vent.

780 ---O worst of Wicked! cruel and ungrate!
Did I forgive so vast a Sum so late
And is't so soon forgot? such *Pity* shewn
To thee Distress'd, hast thou for others none?
Guards! without *Pity* drag him hence, and bear,
Repriev'd no more, to th' Executioner,
Slav'ry's too little now; him scourge and bind
That owns so much a worse than servile Mind.

So justly will my heavenly Father do,
So will severely be reveng'd on you
790 Unless you, as becomes my Followers, live;
And from the heart your Brother you forgive:
Why can you not this World's vain Goods contemn?
Why are they Lords of you while you of them?
On those if all the happiness depend
You must expect the chear'd Misfortune:
Who scarce himself his countless Treasures knew,
Scarce ever all his own Demands did view,
On ev'ry side cou'd lose his wilder'd Eye,
Scarce o'r one half a painting Kite cou'd fly,

800 But short of midway rest,
His Bags, his Chests so full, they both ran o'r,
His Barns so full, long since they'd hold no more,
High close-pil'd Stacks, besides his *Ornament*
In ev'ry corner of his yard he sees.
Let the poor wretch he hopes twill be more dear,
Nor will one *handful* sell till the next year:
Press'd with thick clays, and sunk in worldly care,
He none for his neglected Soul can spare:
Or fondly thinks, he shou'd might always please
810 With sordid Wealth, or dull voluptuous Ease

For

- For this considers deep what *course* to take,
 Resolves new *Houses* and new *Barns* to make:
18. Pull down, says he, those *Hovels* rais'd before ;
 Here's not *half-room* for my *increasing* store,
 And add me *twenty Bays* of *building* more !
19. Let's treat the *moments* kindly while they stay !
 I'll ev'n *enjoy* my *self*, and *live* to *day* :
 Sure I've *enough*, nor need a *Famine* fear,
 Enough for many a *long voluptuous* year !
 -- He said, when the *same hour* his *Fate* is seal'd,
20. Which in loud *Thunder* thus the *All-high* reveal'd :
 Ah *fool*, who fondly dost thy *self* deceive !
 Nor *one day* more is thine *lost* wretch ! to *live* !
 Another *cheerful Sun* thou ne'r shalt see,
 This very *Night* the *Fiends* shall *seize* on thee :
 Then whose shall all thy *boasted Treasures* be ?
 Hence for your *Souls* be *studious* whilst you may,
 Intend their *safety* while 'tis call'd to *Day* !
- Heb. 3. 13. They'll ask your utmost *diligence* and *care*
 To root out *Vice*, and plant each *Virtue* there :
 And all this done, to save the *Heav'n-born Soul*
 An *humble modesty* must *crown* the whole :
- Luke 17. 10. Pride's the most *dang'rous*, and the *last* *mistake*,
 Of *Saints* as well as *Angels*, *Fiends* 'twill make :
 The *best* you do needs an *attuning Friend* ;
Despise not others, nor your *selves* commend,
 To fix this *Truth* more deeply, yet attend
 And hear a *Parable* ! — Two *Men* there were
 Who to the *Temple* went one *morn* to *Pray'r*,
- Luke 18. A *Pharisee* and *Publican* ; the *first*
10. Who t'other scorn'd, the *proudest* and the *worst* :
 What dost thou here, he cries, thy *Pray'r*'s in *vain* :
 Touch not my *holy Robes* -- Stand off *profane* ;
 With *stately steps* then to the *Altar* goes,
 And thus, *erect*, tells *Heav'n* how much it *ows* :
11. -- O *Israels* God ! aloud I *praise* thy *Name*
 For such a *Life* as *Envy* cannot *blame* :
 That there shou'd such a *Gulph*, such *Diff'rence* be
 Betwixt th' *ungodly carnal World* and *me* :
 That no man e'er I've *wrong'd* by *Force* or *guile*,
- 810
830
840
8508
Or

Or ever did my Neighbor's Bed defile,
Unblameable my Life by God or Man;
Not like that reprobate Publican,
Each week I set apart two days as thine,

* Which almost equal makes thy Time and mine,
Nor am of those whose wicked heart would be
Of rightful Tithes to wrong thy Priests, and thee;
If ought from thence they gain, I triumph more
Than all their less below'd Lay-Classe before.

869

Not the least Fleck which in thy Garden grows,
Not the least Gail which from my Labor flows;
Nought Tube first made by Custom or Desire;
E'r I dare ever touch the other Nine.
I separate the sacred Texts as thine.

Thus he, with Voice articulate and clear,
Then round him looks in hopes that some did hear;
While thus i'th' outer Court the Publican
With Voice and Eyes submits, in Silence began.

879

O searcher of all hearts, who know'st me best!
I'm an unworthy Sinner, tis confess:
Father of mercy, Mercy I implore;
For Sins are past, and Grace to Sin no more.
This humble self-condemning Penitent
Answer'd and pardon'd from the Temple went:

The Pharisee returns, as he came in,
Or more confirm'd in Vanity and Sin.

These he, and many more, but most of all
That of the poor returning Prodigal
Deep fix'd I still retain.

880

And were not Day well wasted - Wast no more.
Gamaliel says, more earnest than before
To hear the rest, while Nicodemus cries
Those only wast the Day who lost in Vice.
The sliding Hours profusely misemploy
In short-liv'd pleasures and voluptuous joy:
Who while the sliding Hours fly swift away
Fondly themselves beguile, and not the Day:
But who like us their happy moments past

890

'Tis they, they on' of Life have a true taste,
They use their Time, which others only wast.

But

But pray proceed, those Parables recite
Which mix Instruction with so much Delights;
Slip not one word or passage careless o'er,
Believe we long to hear it all and more.

Then thus the younger Son of Zebulon:
Since yet I find I shall not tedious be
At large I'll every Circumstance relate,
In the young Prodigal's strange happy Fate:

Luke 15. 11.

A good old Sire there was, whom Age and Cares
Had blest with Wealth and crown'd with silver Hairs:
Two Sons he had, his ages Prop and Pride
Who at his Death must all his Wealth divide:
The Elder grave and careful of the main,
Enur'd to earn his Bread with sweat and pain;
Not so the younger, whom profuse and vain
His careful Father long with anxious mind
To lewdness and ill Courses found inclin'd
He hated Work, but if a Wake or Fair
In many a Mile, he'd never fail to be there:
Above his business he, too great and wise;
Did long the sordid Country Dirt despise:
What car'd he tho' an Old man did chide and frown,
So he for a few Days but saw the Town?
Oft he flew out, and prodigally spent
His own allowance and his Father's rent;
In vain he, prudent, every Method tries,
To make him quit each darling dang'rous Vice;
Oft begs with delug'd Cheeks and flowing Eyes,
He wou'd from what must prove his ruin, part;
What wou'd he gain to break a Father's heart?
Inexorably lewd he stops his Ears
Against his Words, or laughs at what he hears:
And thus ungracious answers— If he fears
To see his ruine, give him but his Share
He'd strait be gone, nor longer cause his care.
With Hopes he might in time grow wise again,
If trav'ling far he numbers saw and men,
The Father grants his wish, his Portion gives
Lib'ral and large, which he o'joy'd receives;
To this his Mother adds (her darling, He,)

906

910

920

930

Gold

- Gold, which before the Sun did never see,
 980 But rusting close remain'd for many Years;
 With these both give their Blessings and their Tears;
 Tho' neither did he, Graciously, much regard,
 But thought th' old Folks, that trouble might have spar'd:
 To bid 'em both Farewel, he scarce cou'd stay,
 But to some foreign Region speeds away:
 Thither arriv'd, rich, young, prophane and gay,
 Resolves to tast what e'er the World can give,
 And to the height of lawless Pleasure live:
 In Masks and Balls, in Gaming, Treats and Plays,
 990 In Mirth and Wine, he spent his thoughtless Days;
 Wit, Beauty, Musick, all the World can boast,
 Their Forces joyn, and they're a pow'rful Host,
 To Charm him theirs.—How did he now despise
 His old, his doating Fathers grave advice!
 His Brother, who still drudg'd for sordid Pelf!
 And how applaud his wife and happy self!
 Thus liv'd he till his Bags, exhaustless thought
 At first, to their low desprate Ebb were brought:
 And worse, when thence the last slow Drop h' had drain'd,
 1000 O'er all those Realms a dreadful Famine reign'd:
 His Trencher-Friends now no Relief afford,
 But drive him from their Houses and their Board:
 One only who more Kindness had profess'd,*
 And whom h' had more oblig'd than all the rest,
 Him entertains, first by himself did seat,
 Soon after bids him with his Servants eat;
 Till by degrees he lower did proceed,
 And sends him to the Fields his Swine to feed: *
 With them he lives, like them, or worse he fares,
 1010 For his allowance narr'wer far than theirs:
 On Acorns they, or Wildings richly dine,*
 He sighing sits, and envy's e'en the Swine;
 Tho' Hunger gnaws, he wisely did refuse
 To steal from them, lest he his Place shou'd lose:
 In this sad Posture when himself he found,
 Cold, naked, hungry, fainting on the Ground;
 Pleasures false mists from his deluded Eyes
 Remov'd, he views himself, and inward — Sighs;

13.

14.

15.

16.

17.

Z

Recalls

- Recalls to mind how *vast* the Gulf, between
 What now *he was*, and what he once *had been*: 1020
 How oft his *Fathers Plenty* he despis'd,
 When to his *Lust* his *Wealth* he sacrific'd:
 Then thus, his long despairing *Silence* broke,
 With trickling *Tears*, and deep-fetch'd *Sighs*, he spoke:
 --- Ah *Wretch*! who didst thy *Fathers House* despise!
 Ah hapless *Youth*! unwary and unwise!
 Whilst here for *Want*, I *perish* in despair,
 And only think of *Plenty* reigning there;
 Nor dare I from his *Table* ought desire;
 17, 18, 19. That *Bread* which those partake, who *serve* for hire 1030
 My utmost *Wish*, and thither gladly, I
 Wou'd now return tho' at his *Feet* to die;
 At least if *mine* have *strength* enough, I'll try
 To bear me on --- With much of *Pain* he rose,
 And by *short Journies*, homeward feebly goes;
 Of his unhop'd return his *Father* hears,
 Up starts the *rev'rend Sire* with joyful *Tears*;
 20. And do's far off in *hast* to meet him go,
Love wings his *Feet*, his *Age* no longer *slow*:
 See how they meet! How tenderly embrace! 1040
 What different *Passions* reign in eithers *Face*!
Here, with *Compassion* mixt, is painted fair,
Ingenuous Love, *Ingenuous Shame* dwells there.
Ibid. Surpriz'd he shou'd such kind *Reception* meet,
 The *Son* falls trembling at his *Fathers Feet*:
 21. Where thus --- O *Father*! If you not *disclaim*
 That *long abus'd*, that dear, tho' *injur'd Name*;
 If 'tis not yet too late my *Crimes* to grieve,
 If either *Heav'n* or *You* can yet *forgive*:
 Tho' I to a *Sons Honour* may 'nt aspire, 1050
 That *Tiule* lost, O let me *serve* for *Hire*!
 So may I oft enjoy the *envy'd Grace*,
 E'en tho' he *Frown*, to see a *Fathers Face*:
 Nothing to this, o'erjoy'd, th' *old Man* replies,
 Or if he *speaks*, 'tis only with his *Eyes*:
 Nothing to him, but to his *Servants* there,
 Gives *Order* they his *Festal Robes* prepare;
 Which brought, he in the *richest* and the *best*,
 With

- With his *own Hands*, did his lov'd Son invest:
 1060 With this his *Signet* from his *Finger* gave,
 A *mark* of *Honour*, he no more a *Slave*: *
 Then bids a *plenteous Feast* that *Night* prepare, *
 And call his *Friends*, so just a *Joy* to *share*: 23.
 They crowding came, and the blest *Moments* spent,
 In *temp'rate Joy*, and harmless *Merriment*; 24.
 In *Songs* which *Heav'n* it self did erst *inspire*, 25.
 And *Seraphs* sing to *David's* royal *Lyre*: *
 In modest *Dances*, no *Dishonour* thought, *Ibid.*
 When th' *Ark* of *God* to beauteous *Zion* brought.
 1070 The *sober Glass* with *sparkling Gaza* crown'd, *
 Grateful to *God* and *Man*, walks *slow* and *cheerful* round: *
 Mean while the *Elder* of the *Sons*, who now,
Night hasting on, came sweating from the *Plough*,
 Much wonder'd when, the *House* approaching near,
 He *Light* did see, and *Songs* and *Musick* hear; * *Ibid.*
 The *Cause* inquir'd, a *Servant* thus replies, 26.
 With *hast* at once, and *pleasure* in his *Eyes*;
 0511 Your *Brother* whom so long as *lost*, we mourn'd,
 In *distant Lands*, this *Evening* is return'd: 27.
 1080 For his arrival all this *Joy's* exprest,
 And only you are wanting at the *Feast*;
 Where, with *impatience* you've expected been —
 — Enrag'd the *Brother*, wou'd not enter in: 28.
 The *Guests* disturb'd, began to quit their *Seats*,
 The *Father* comes, and mildly him intreats:
 Still *resolute* and *fierce* without he stay'd,
 And thus displeas'd did th' *old Sire* upbraid:
 0512 — How many a *Year*, still *stupidly* content, 29.
 Have I in your *unthankful Service* spent?
 1090 *Slavishly* dutiful I've with you stay'd,
 Nor ever yet *displeas'd* or *disobey'd*;
 Yet never cou'd I yet *presented* be,
 With one small *Kid* to oblige my *Friends* and *me*:
 But when your *hopeful Son*, your *Darling's* come 30.
 From *Stews* and *Brothels*, *stript* and *naked* home;
 For him has all this *Feast* and *Rev'ling* been:
 Give me my *Portion* too! — *I'll* not come in.
 0513 — Agen the *Father* mildly thus replies, 31.
 Son!

Son! Why this *Anger* in your *Words* and *Eyes*?
 Thou know'st I only thee my *Heir* design,
 Wait a few *Days*, and all th' *Estate* is thine!
 Why art thou *Angry* then, and *Discontent*,
 At this *small part* upon thy *Brother* spent?
 Why shou'd we not *Rejoyce*, when since his *Birth*,
 There never yet has been such *cause* of *Mirth*?
 Whom giv'n for *dead*, we strangely see *revive*, *
 Lost and *despair'd*, again receive *alive*.

Scarce he the lively *Parable* did end,
 When *Chuzza* came, our *Saviour's* grateful *Friend*,
 And wise *Gamaliel's* both, whose welcom *Guest*,
 He often was at the great *Paschal-Feast*:
 Enters with him the *brave Centurion* too,
 Their *Benefactor* all our *Nation* knew:
 The first *Endearments* past, when looking round,
 Th' *Apostles* well-known *Faces*, *Chuzza* found:
 More pleas'd, he each *Embrace'd*, and tells 'em he,
 Hop'd not to meet so much good *Company*:
 I know, he adds, your blest *Employment* still,
 Is to *perform* and *teach* your *Master's Will*:
 I interrupted your *Discourse*, I fear,
 Which none, than *me*, with greater *Joy* wou'd hear:
 So much my self to that great *Man* I owe,
 You'll highly *Oblige* me if his *Truths* you'll show,
 Something I *know*, but more I *wish* to *know*: }
 Forgive me that I call'd him *Man* before!
 For sure his *Godlike Actions* speak him *more*;
 Around his *Face* mild *Rays* of *Goodness* *Shine*,
 His *Life* and *Law* confess him *All-divine*.
 Say, you who *happy* in his *Bosom* lie,
 If ought of this *tremendous Mystery*,
 Ought, which from *Vulgar Ears* is yet conceal'd,
 May be to us, your *Trust* still *safe*, reveal'd?

Yes, Sir, the *Son* of *Zebedee* reply'd;
 We from the *harden'd Crowd* some *Truths* must *hide*, *
 Till more prepar'd to hear 'em; but to you
 Rank'd by our *Lord* among the *favour'd few*,
 And these good *Men*, who tho' they much *discern*,
 From our low *Converse*, not *disdain* to *learn*;

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1130

1140

Pll

I'll speak, *permitted*; what from him I heard,
What he in *Closet-Privacy* declar'd;
What in my *Breast* th' *unerring Spirit* seals,
And by my *acted Tongue* to you reveals.

He said—But O! how vast a *Change* they spy?
What *awful Grandeur* sparkled in his *Eye*?

So *Truth* wou'd look, cou'd she a *Body* take,
And as like *Truth* he look'd, like *Truth* he *spake*:
Greater he seem'd, and something *more* than *Man*;

1150 And thus our *Saviour's* happy *Friend* began.

BOOK

The End of the Fifth Book.

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST

BOOK V.

14. **S**ome Shepherds to the neighb'ring Towns disclos'd.] As probable a way of his being known as any.

18. *At once instructs and cures.*] So says Beda, *Quoscunque in corpore salvabat, eos pariter & in anima reformabat*, He reform'd their Souls as well as heal'd their Bodies.

20. *Till lengthening Shadows shew'd declining Day.*] From Virgil's — *Majoresque cadunt de montibus umbrae.*

25. *And thus replies.*] 'Tis a common Scheme of Speech both in the Evangelists and other holy Writers, to introduce Persons replying or answering, where there's at most only an involv'd Question going before. So S. Matth. 11. 25. *Jesus answered and said, I thank thee O Father, &c.* tho we read of no preceding Question or Compellation; an usual Hebraism, as Maldonate on the places, the Word *ruy* signifying not only answering a Question, but also beginning or continuing a Speech.

47. *We in an hundred different Troops divide.*] St. Luke 9. 15. *They sat down by fifties in a Company*; an hundred of which fifties there are in five thousand.

49. *By which what e'er he please, what e'er he please he makes.*] I don't think changing Substance, to be so great a Wonder as would shock my Faith, had our Saviour ever declar'd he had actually done it in the Blessed Sacrament; because we've not only an example of that Nature in Sacred Story, in Moses's Rod, but, if I mistake not, Instances on't every day in that Proteus-Matter. Had our Saviour therefore been pleas'd to have chang'd the Bread into real corporeal Flesh, undoubtedly he might have done it, (as God, in the former Instance, chang'd Wood into that Substance.) But still, as a great Man of our Church observes, here's the Miracle, that after the Change, the thing's still the same that ever 'twas. At which rate our Saviour might as well have perswaded the People here, that a Miracle had been wrought, the Loaves multiplied, and their Hunger satisfied without giving 'em one mouthful; alas, their gross Senses were not to be believ'd, this being all Spiritual Food. Ludolfus here, has a very odd Allegory, *Mythic*, says he, *per quintos Panes quinti libri Moysi intelliguntur, per duas Pisces Prophetæ & Psalmi.* By the five Loaves are mystically understood the five Books of Moses, by the two Fishes, the Prophets and Psalms.

61. *Bids us collect the Reliques of the Feast.*] Grotius in loc. observes, "That this was more than Moses did in the Manna, or Elias in the Barrel of Meal. But Hemfius, "That our Lord did this, according to the use of the Jews, whose Custom 'twas to reserve their Fragments for the Poor: whence that of Rabbi Eleazar, "Whosoever

“soever eats without leaving any Fragments must not expect a Blessing. Tho’ indeed this was expressly forbidden in the *Manna*, where nothing was to be left till the Morning, and all had enough for that Day. And it might be enjoined by *Elijah*, tho’ not recorded; nor is it very much difference whether our Saviour gave or followed a good Example.

63. *Twelve empty Baskets in the Vessel lay,*
Wherein we Fish from place to place convey.] There are two different Words us’d for what we render *Baskets*, *Κερίαι*, and *αυλίδες*, the former in the Miracle of the five thousand, the latter of the four thousand. These *Κερίαι*, were so famous among the Jews, that their Nation was distinguished by them, as *Grotius* and others in *Journal*.—*Quorum* *Cophinus* *Fenumque* *Supellex*, whose *Basket* and *Hay* were all their Household-stuff, and — *Cophino* *Fenique* *relictæ*. The Word being changed from Greek to Latin, and perhaps further, into our English *Coffin*. These twelve Baskets then seem to be the proper Goods of the twelve Apostles, serving ‘em either for the conveyance of Fish, or as a kind of *Sea Chests*, to hold all their Necessaries. The *αυλίδες*, Dr. *Hammond* thinks, were a larger sort of *Κερίαι*; since one of ‘em was big enough to hold a Man, *S. Paul* being let down from *Damascus*, in *αυλίδε*, in a *Basket*, we render it, *Act. 9. 26.* our Word not noting a limited Capacity, but only the kind of the Vessel.

83. *A greater Army we,—Than join’d at Modin the brave Maccabee.*] *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 12. cap. 8.* says, those who join’d *Matthias* were no more at first than the Inhabitants of the small Village of *Modin*, and even when his Son *Judas* came against the Army of *Antiochus*, under *Gorgias* and *Nicanor*; consisting of forty thousand Foot and seven thousand Horse, he had no more than three thousand Men, and those raw and badly arm’d. *Cap. 11.* of the same Book.

98. *A place remote, where oft he us’d to pray,*
Wall’d on the sides as Custom is.—] I take that passage in *S. Luke 6. 12.* where ‘tis said our Lord continued all Night in Prayer to God, *ἐν τῇ πύλῃ τοῦ οὐνοῦ*, to relate to the Place even more immediately than the *Action*, according to the Notion of *Drusius*, Dr. *Hammond*, Mr. *Mede*, and other learned Men, who think this *ἐν τῇ πύλῃ τοῦ οὐνοῦ*, ought to be translated, in the *Proseucha*, Prayer-house, or Oratory of God. The Fashion of which *Oratories* Mr. *Mede* describes from *Epiphanius*, after whom I have copied. His Conjecture he makes more probable by *Philo’s* *ἱερὸς οὐρανός*, the *Alexandrians* cutting down the Trees of the Jewish *Proseucha’s* or *Oratories*: and the same is probable from that Comparison of *David*, *I am like a green Olive-tree in the House of my God*.

104. *Here stay’d alone till Night began to wear.*] The *τετάρτη φύλακον* or fourth Watch of the Night, among the Jews, was undoubtedly near day; but the Phrase *ἡμέρα γινώσκου* is here us’d, *S. Matth. 14. 23.* When the Evening was come he was there alone. 24. But the Ship was tossed. 25. And in the fourth Watch of the night, &c. Now the same word *ἡμέρα* is used *v. 15.* When it was Evening. Dr. *Hammond* thus reconciles these Places, “That the Word *ἡμέρα*, is taken in different Sences, sometimes for the precise Evening or Sun-set, at others Synecdochically for the whole Night; as Morning for the Day. So in *Moses*, the Evening and the Morning were the first Day, a natural Day of twenty four Hours. Thus, in the first place, ‘tis to be taken for the precise Evening or Sun-set, in the latter for the whole Night: to which might be added, (if any thing can be after Dr. *Hammond*) that the second *ἡμέρα* may be at a great distance from *τετάρτη φύλακον*, see *v. 23.* “When the Evening was come, our Saviour was alone in the Mountain Praying; which must take up some time, as it did, we know, whole Nights together: then *v. 24.* The Ship was in the Sea, and not till 25. In the fourth Watch of the night Jesus went unto them, &c. must join.

111. *And now shrill Cocks foretold th’ Approach of Day.*] Either some they had a Ship board, or, if not so well laid in, from the neighbouring Shores, since it appears on comparing the Evangelists, that the other Side, to which our Saviour ordered ‘em to row, was only cross a small Arm or Creek of that small Sea, compare *St. Matth. 14. 22.* with *St. Mark 6. 45.*

120. *Nor could two Glasses more expect to live.*] Some may object, I make the Disciples

Disciples better Seamen than they really were, and introduce 'em talking more Ship-shape, as the Sailors call it; but the same Objection lies fuller against *Virgil*, whose amphibious Heroes are as good at Sea as at Land-Service; being grown excellent Seamen as soon as ever put a Ship-board; whereas my Sailors were bred to it, probably from their very Cradles: nay they might have Glasses too: for we read of the fourth Watch of the Night, and how should they know one Watch from t'other, had they not Glasses to distinguish 'em, in the same manner with our modern Navigators.

162. *The founding Beach.*] I took the Epithet of *founding*, partly from *Homer's* *μαλ' ἀνέσσει*, tho indeed he uses it of the Sea, not the Beach; partly from Observation, the Sea or Shore, which you please, making a great Noise when the Pebbles are roll'd or trail'd along by the Motion of the Water, especially in a Storm.

165. *O'er sweet Hermon.*] *Hermon* was East of *Jordan* and the Sea of *Galilee*, *Deut.* 4. 47, 48. They possessed their land (of *Sibon* and *Og*) on this side *Jordan* (the Wilderness side, where this Book must therefore be written) toward the Sun-rising, from *Aroer*, which is by the Bank of the River *Arnon*, even unto *Mount Zion*, (70. the Mount of *Sibon*) which is *Hermon*.

180. *So when their way a Flight of Locusts takes*

From Lubim's wild and Chelonidian Lakes;

While Mizraim's Sons their sacred Ox implore,

And trembling see the Plague wide bow'ring o'er, &c.] All Authors who write of *Africa*, observe, that those Deserts produce vast Armies of these destructive Creatures, a People there called the *Axeu-Neyas*, or *Locust-Eaters*, taking their Names from making *Reprizals* upon 'em, and devouring them, because they have left 'em nothing else to eat. See the *Scholiast* on *Dionysius*, v. 339, 360. *Diodorus*, *Strabo*, and several of the Antients, (as *Ludolfus* since) and others quoted by *Bochart*, *Lib.* 4. *Cap.* 3. give us their Description and History; that learned Man deriving one of their Arabian Names, *Albahsan*, from *Habysinia*, a part of *Africa*, which they seldom fail to visit, being brought thither, by Winds, from those vast sandy Tracts of Ground that lie South and West, in which are the *Chelonidian* Fens, *Chelonides Paludes*, in the Geographer, by a continual Stream discharging themselves into the *Niger*. Now the same South or West Winds which brought them from the Wilderness, might carry 'em on to *Egypt*; *Bochart* being of Opinion, the *Egyptian* Locusts came from this Country: tho I rather believe they took not so long a Journey, being born from the Happy *Arabia*, East of *Egypt*, and where enough of 'em are often found to supply all their Neighbours, the *Arabians* being but too well acquainted with them, and their Writers giving a more particular description of them than any others. It may not be unpleasant to instance but in one, because of his odd Easterly way of Expression, who complains of their molesting 'em at their very Tables; he is quoted by *Bochart*, in his *Locusta*, in these Words, "Said *Algofer* the Son of *Aly*, we were sitting at the Table, I and my Brother *Adhamed* the Son of *Alchamaphia*, and the Sons of my Uncle *Abdalla*, and *Kotbeh*, and *Albidal*, the Sons of *Alibas*, and a Locust lit upon the Table in the middle of us, &c. However the *Bochart's* Conjecture mayn't here hold, because 'tis said 'twas a קרוח, an East-Wind that brought these Locusts, for which reason they must rather come from *Arabia* which lies East, than *Ethiopia* which is South from *Egypt*; yet they may be, and are frequently carry'd thither from *Abyssinia*, by those South and West Winds, which often bring 'em from the Cape, or the Deserts of *Mount Atlas*. For that Expression, *The Plague wide bow'ring.*] 'Tis agreeable to what Historians deliver of the vast flights of these Locusts, which sometimes obscure the Sun, and darken large Tracts of Ground, two of their Names, אר and אר, being deriv'd, by *Bochart*, from such Roots as imply *Veiling* and *Darkness*; further affirming out of *Cadomastus*, that they sometimes reach for twelve Miles together. And *Surim* says, "That even in *Poland*, Anno 1541. a Cloud of 'em appear'd two Miles in length, and hindred the Light of the Sun from all that Tract of Ground, over which they flew.

383. *So when the West-wind clears their Reedy Shore, &c.*] *Exod.* 10. 19. The Lord turned

turn'd a mighty strong West Wind, which took away the Locusts, and cast them into the Red Sea. I call it *Reedy Shore*, because that Sea is stil'd in the Hebrew, *Jam Zuph*, the *reedy, sedge, or flaggy Sea*; from the Multitude of Flags and Weeds which grow in it, as well as on its Bank; "Tho never so many ill Weeds there, says Fuller after his way, "as when the Egyptians were drown'd in it.

185. *Precipitating in th' Arabian Deep.*] The Red-Sea, of which see more Lib. 6. is also called by *Dionysius* and others, *Κόλπος Ἀραβικός*, the *Arabian Gulf*, (now *Mare de Mecca*) from its washing the Shores of *Arabia*. This is the usual end of those Creatures, as *Pliny*, *S. Jerome*, and others; I'll only instance in *Sigebert*, even in our own Countrey, who tells us in his *Chronicle*, "That after a parcel of these *Tartarian Travellers* had made a stragling Visit into *Europe*, and put all *France* under Contribution (or rather Military Execution) they were at last all carried away "by a Blast of Wind, and drown'd in the *British Ocean*, in such vast numbers, that "being thrown up again on the Shores, their putrified Bodies infected the Air, "and brought a terrible *Pestilence*, which destroyed an incredible number of Men.

191. *Under a gentle Gale their Oars they ply'd — The Wind veer'd round to West.*] The Gale must be gentle, otherwise they could not have us'd their Oars. It must be to West, or somewhere in that point, for their convenient and speedy Passage over to the East or North East side of the Lake, to *Chorazin* and *Capernaum*, whither our Saviour went after his Landing, it being the Place of his usual Abode, *vid. St. John* 6. 24. Tho they might well be surpriz'd to find him there so soon in the Morning, knowing his Disciples went away without him, it being at least fourteen or fifteen Miles from the *Mountain of Miracles*, supposing it to be South of *Bethsaida*, where 'tis generally plac'd, round to *Capernaum*; the Sea being, according to *Josephus*, fourteen or fifteen Miles long, and six or seven broad, and this Journey containing about half the Length, and all the Breadth of it, besides the Loss of Way by Creeks and Turnings. I say *Chorazin* and *Capernaum*, because they lie near together, being joined together by a Bridge, in *Fuller's Maps*, like *Southwark* and *London*; both of which Places, according to our Saviour's Prophecy, now lie buried in Dust and Ruines; the Pilgrim, who saw 'em, telling us, that even *Capernaum* itself is now nothing but three or four little Fishing-Cabins near the Lake.

221. *For Angels Food they long.*] It seems the Jews desired our Lord to give 'em *Manna*, which they tacitly beg, *St. John* 6. 31. and more plainly *v. 34*.

263. *Joseph the Carpenter has oft work'd here.*] I know the Word *τέκτων*, as well as *Faber* in the Latin, has a larger signification than our English *Carpenter*, and some of the Fathers were of Opinion, that *Joseph* was *Faber*, *Ferrarius*, a *Blacksmith*, as he's called in the Hebrew Gospel of *St. Matthew*; but the greater stream of Writers goes the other way, supposing him a *Carpenter*: thus *Justin Martyr*, who affirms that our Lord himself did make *Ploughs* and *Yokes*, and indeed he is called *τέκτων*, *St. Mark* 6. 3. and therefore, it may be presumed, actually wrought at his Father's Trade. And to the same purpose the famous Answer of the Christian to the scoffing Heathen. As for *Joseph's working at Capernaum*, I confess 'tis my own Addition, tho probable enough; for if he were a Good Workman, as I know not why I may n't suppose him, he might be sent for from *Nazareth* thither, not above some twelve Miles distant.

264. *His Mother Mary, his Relations near.*] These Relations of our Lord, call'd his Brethren in Holy Writ, according to the Jewish way of speech, seem to be no more but his Cousin-Germans, or Sons of his Mother's Sister; for she that's called the Mother of *James* and *Joseph*, *St. Mark* 15. ult. and 16. 1. is stiled *Mary the Wife of Cleophas* and *Jesus's Mother's Sister*, *St. John* 19. 25. For which reason there's no need of taking the famous *ἐξ ἁν*, in that same sence with *Helvidius* and his Followers: not but that I think full as bad Arguments are made use of, even by some of the Fathers, and by *Walker*, and other Moderns, to prove the perpetual Virginity. To instance in that *Ezek.* 44. 2. *This Gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened*, &c. tho they might as well have prov'd it from *Gideon's Fleece*, or the *Bush in Horeb*, both of which *Vida* makes Types of the Blessed Virgin, *Hæc Virgo est rubus ille*, &c. and it's a wonder none of her zealous *Idolizers* ha'nt all this while found out that

Text in the following *Ezek. 46. 3.* to enforce her *Adoration, The People of the Land shall worship at the door of this Gate before the Lord*; the same *East-Gate*, as appears on comparing the places. This, I say, might, in my judgment, be as properly and decently urg'd for her worship, as the other for the purpose to which 'tis brought. The best on't is, this *Matter of Fact* can be no Article of Faith, either of one side or t'other, since nothing's said on't in Scripture. For which reason it should seem 'twas only a piece of *Monkish Zeal* that made *Helvidius's* mistaken Opinion a downright *Heresie*: an Extremity those ill natur'd Hermits were driven upon out of an abundant Caution for their darling Doctrine of *Abstinence* in those matters, in which many of 'em seem more than half-Gnosticks, or *Priscillianists*, if not akin to those mad Hereticks, the *Valesii* and *Severiani*, of whom *Eusebius, Eccl. Hist. lib. 4. cap. 27.* and *Epiphanius, Heres. 58.*

287. *An hidden secret Sense my Words imply.*] *S John 6. 63. It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the Words that I speak unto you they are Spirit, &c.*

289. *Nor this can their false Prejudice prevent.*] It seems plain, that the Jews understood our Saviour's Words, *I am the Bread of life*, in a gross, carnal, literal Sense, founding to *Transubstantiation*; which Mistake our Saviour endeavours to rectifie, but they continued obstinate, and would not give him leave to understand his own Words.

307. *I know the Wretch who will his Lord betray.*] *v. 64. Jesus knew from the beginning who should betray him.* This being a wonderful Instance of his *Humiliation* and *Submission* to the *Divine Will*, that in obedience unto it, he chose such a Person for one of his Family, as he knew from the very first wou'd prove a Traitor.

310. *Soon will he with base Slanders me accuse, — Soon will the Friend, &c.*] I take the Word *ἄδελφός* here, *one of you*, namely *Judas*, is a Devil, in the largest sense, as 'tis used in the Sacred Writings, answerable to the Hebrew, *יָדוּעַ*, which signifies, as *Dr. Hammond* and *Grotius*, among other things, an *Adversary in Face*, a Delator, an Informer, an Accuser, especially a false Accuser; so here, *ἄδελφός*, says one, is as much as *qui deseret me apud Principes*, One that will accuse me to the Elders. But I understand it in a yet stronger Sense. He is a Devil, that is, our Saviour saw he was already given up to the Power of the Evil Spirit, who would, at the last Supper, enter into him, tempting him to betray his Master; and indeed, without some such Diabolical Instigator, 'tis hard to suppose any thing humane could be capable of such a piece of Villany.

314. *What in Thought — I scarce could track, each mighty Wonder wrought.*] Agreeable to *St. John's Hyperbole, St. John 21. 25. And many other things did Jesus, which if they should be written every one, I suppose the World would not be able to contain the Books that should be written.*

327. *Arise and powerful Lord, Chuzzle his Name.*] *Lightfoot, Walker*, and others, think that the Nobleman, *St. John 4. 46.* whose Son was sick at *Capernaum*, was no other than that *Chuzea* the Husband of *Joanna*, who ministred to our Saviour and his Apostles, *St. Luke 8. 3.* which Opinion I follow, for reasons, which will be plain in *Lib. vi.*

370. *He saw, and lov'd, and won her for his Bride.*] The Courtship, I confess, should, in decency, have taken up more time; but that I've greater Business on my hands, and must therefore omit that Formality.

391. *That through the Galilean Coasts, — Our Lord was seen returning.*] *St. John 4. 43. After two days, he departed thence, (from the Coasts of Samaria) and went into Galilee.*

398. *When near small Jiphthael's Streams, our Lord he'd found.*] A Brook of that name in *Galilee*, the same, I think, with *Sibor-Libanus*.

453. *To bridle hot Capernaum's Fount.*] The Centurion being fixed in this place, there seems little doubt, but that 'twas a Station of the Romans, of whom there was need enough in that factious Country of *Galilee*, whereof *Capernaum* was one of the most considerable Places, if not the Metropolis.

472. *Near where Callirhoe's Streams, &c.*] *Josephus* describes these Waters, both in his *Antiq. lib. 8. cap. 17.* and in *Bell. Jud. lib. 7. cap. 25.* He says, "They arise about *Magbarus*,

" *Machærus*, from two Springs of contrary Natures; one hot and sweet, the other cold and bitter; which meeting together, have many excellent Virtues, giving Help, both by drinking and bathing, for several Diseases: tho *Herod the Great* try'd 'em in vain, by the Advice of his Physicians, they being like to kill instead of curing him. These Waters are so plentiful, that they not only run off, but make a fair Current, or *River*, on whose Banks, stood the antient City *Lasha*, afterwards *Callirrhoe*, whence the Baths themselves are named, being filed by *Josephus*; the Baths of *Callirrhoe*, as our *Tunbridge-Waters* take their Name from the Town, tho 'tis some Miles distant from them.

488. *With ill directed Prayers, devoutly made.*] From Cowley's, *With good and pious Prayers, directed ill.*

490. *Vows be'd a Cock.*] A noted Sacrifice to *Æsculapius*; I suppose, because while a *Mortal Quack*, the Good Women us'd to present him with a *Pullet* or *Cock-rill*, now and then for a *Fee*.

492. *But the poor Marble Idol, &c.*] *Æsculapius* his first Seat was at *Epidaurus*, thence, in a great Plague, his Godship was sent for to *Rome*, or the Devil in his stead; for *Ovid* says, a great Serpent appear'd in the Ship that was sent to fetch him thither. But above all their foolish Gods, I wonder what good Wife first deified the Son of this *Æsculapius*, I mean *Mæchaon*, who, it seems, got a List among the Stars for nothing less than inventing the most excellent *Art* of *Tooth-drawing*.

512. *Jairus for him and other Friends implore.*] *St. Luke* 7. the Centurion sent the Elders of the Jews; the Rulers of their Synagogues were chosen out of these Elders; one of these Rulers was *Jairus*, with whom undoubtedly the Centurion was intimate, since he himself had built the Jews a *Synagogue*.

565. *Or at the lovely Ballom Gardens nigh.*] For which the *Jews* quarrell'd with the *Romans*, vid. *Joseph*.

584. *Soon did th' Old Man the joyful Tidings know.*] In the History thus, *Be of good comfort, for behold he calls thee.*

597. *A thick and churlish Skin.*] I suppose it a sort of a *Cataract*.

608. *Nor ever saw, till then, the chearful Light.*] He was born *Blind*, and therefore his Cure such a Miracle, as *Grotius* observes, as was unanswerable, after all the Cavils of the *Jews*.

625. *Whence them he self condemn'd and blushing sent.*] *St. John* 8. 9. being convicted by their own Conscience they went out, &c.

629. *'Twas at the famous Pool, well known to all—Jerusalem.*] 'Tis hardly to be supposed so remarkable a thing could be unknown to any about *Jerusalem*, any more than that *St. John*, who was an *Eye-witness* of all, would invent such a Story, had it not been true; especially when the *Circumstance* related not to the Honour of his Master: our *Lightfoot*, I think, gives the most probable Reason for the Silence of the *Jewish Writers* in this matter; namely, "That the wonderful Virtue of these Waters, might be reckon'd as a sign of the *Messiah's* Coming; *Miracles* being expected as a Token of his *Reign*, for which Reason, he thinks, the *Rabbies* never mention it.

635. *You know from Heav'n some courteous Angel brings.*] That 'twas a real *Angel*, not the *Priest's Boy*, which wrought these Miracles, *Grotius* brings these following Arguments, "1. 'Twas done at a certain set time. 2. All Diseases were cured. 3. The Waters were first to be moved, whereas in natural Cures they must be calm. As for the first and last of these Arguments, the odd *Hypothesis* which a very excellent Person stumbled upon, in relation to this matter, absolutely precludes them; but the second, I think, is unanswerable; he endeavours indeed to avoid it, explaining all Diseases by some, the Word *whatsoever* there denoting, as he thinks, a limited *Universality*, referring to the Diseases after-mentioned, the *Blind*, *Halt*, *Witber'd*, &c. But neither will this do, for tho there may be a kind of a Virtue, in the Remedies he mentions, against *Lameness*, I believe 'tis a new discovery that they're good against *Blindness* too.

668. *Nor does he old Traditions blame, but where, &c.*] He bids his Disciples,

Whatever the Pharisees commanded, that to observe and do; that is, undoubtedly, in Cases indifferent, since he was very severe against 'em, as in the business of Corban, where they made God's Word of none effect by their own Traditions.

673. And a good Life, true Faith's unfailing Test.] From that of our Saviour, *Ye are my Friends, if ye do whatever I command you.*

677. Now in some lively Parable — As ancient Seers us'd.] Those who would know the difference between the *Secular* and *ecclesiastical* of the Antients, wherein consisted all their *Wisdom*; and the parts of the *Secular*, the *poetries* and *divinations*, may consult Grotius on St. Matt. 13. These Parables, Apologues, Similitudes, or Fables, were much used by the Eastern Nations, especially the Syrians, and those of Palestine; who, as St. Jerome observes, seem to have a particular Genius for them.

694. Neither on Honour be, or Conscience stood.] The same with, *He feared not God, nor regarded Man.*

750. Ten thousand Talents to his Servant lent.] Which, unless I'm out in my Calculation, supposing the Talent but Silver, is, three Millions seven hundred and fifty Thousand Pound.

843. Touch not my Holy Robes.] His Fringes and Phylacteries, and some wore a huge Flapping Hat besides.

855. Which almost equal makes thy time and mine.] The Jews fasted Mondays and Thursdays; from a Tradition among them, as Drusius has it, that Moses went up to Mount Sinai on a Monday, and came down on a Thursday.

905. Not so the Younger, who profuse and vain.] Grotius justly observes, that among all our Saviour's Parables, this seems to be the most excellent, adorn'd with the finest Colours, and full of the liveliest Passions, "*appositum*, says he, in *Juniore ponitur Exemplum depravati Ingenii*, Youth having generally less *Wisdom* and more *Passion* than other Ages.

Ibid. Not so the Younger, who profuse and vain.] By *profuse* I would express the *Συδαίνων*, living prodigally, lewdly, vainly, or naughtily, nequiter, which Grotius thinks exactly hits the Greek *ἀδών*, after which, v. 14. 'tis said, *He began to be in Want*, *ὀρεῖσθαι*, which, methinks, from the notation of the Word, should be translated to *run behind hand*, or *run out*, as we usually say.

1004. One only who more Kindness had profess'd.] I confess, I thought this might have been some good Substantial Citizen, of his former Acquaintance; but Ludolfus, on those Words *Civi se adjunxit*, (*ἐκκολληθῆναι*, was a sort of a Hanger on) tells us, "by this Citizen was meant the Devil, the Inhabitant of the Kingdom of Darkness, and the Shadow of Death.

1008. And sends him to the Fields, his Swine to feed.] *Quo nullum vilium Ministerium*, says Bochart de Porcis. Who also tells us, out of Donatus, that there were three sorts of Pastors among the Antients, *Bubulci*, our Cowherds, from whence the *Bucolies*, now the name for all Pastoral; the *Opiliones*, our proper Shepherds, the chiefest Subjects of our English Pastoral, tho I think least of the Greek; the *Caprarii*, or Goat-herds, famous with the Grecians. But of *Swineherds* there's no mention, either in Theocritus or Virgil; tho what's greater, Grandfire Homer has made *Eumæus* immortal who was *Swineherd* to Ulysses, vid. *Odys. lib. 22.*

1111. On Acorns they or Wildings.] There's much dispute what's meant by these *καρπία*, which we render *Husks*, the Latin *Siliquas*. Some think 'em the Shells or Husks of Beans, Pease, or such Pulse, which pleases not Bochart, because he says, out of Theophrastus, those are not called *καρπία*, but *λίκοι*. Others make them the Fruit of the Caroub, or Wild Fig-tree. But leaving the Learned to agree among themselves, I take a new way of my own, feeding 'em with Acorns and Crabs, as probable in it self as either of the other.

1061. A mark of Honour, be no more a Slave.] A Ring was a mark of Liberty and Ingenuity with the Romans, and Wealth and Honour in the Eastern Nations, vid. Gen. 41. 42. and St. James 2. 2.

1062. Then bids a noble Feast, that Night provide.] The *μύσος κνίδος*, the fatted Calf, may be put, in the *μεσσηνίᾳ* of this Parable, for all sorts of Dainties, in the

the *illumination*, Maldonat says, all Interpreters agree that our Saviour is thereby intended.

1067. *And Seraphs sing to David's Royal Lyre.*] David's Psalms were sung in the Temple, where the Angels were present.

1070. *The Sober Glass, with sparkling Gaza crown'd.*] We are not to suppose they made a Dry-Feast; but that when they had Musick and Dancing, they had a Glass of Wine too; which sure was innocent, if a sober one: as honest Theognis says bluntly,

Οἶκός τε μένος κρατὺς κρατὺν, ἢν δὲ τις αὐτῶν
Πῖνῃ ἐκτραχέλιος, ἔραδος, ἀλλ' ἀγὰδος.

1071. *Grateful to God and Man.*] To God in Sacrifices, *Judg.* 9. 13. and *Num.* 28. 14.

1075. *He Lights did see.*] Coming from work, it must be now the Evening, and Lights in the House, tho, I suppose, not like our *Illuminations*.

Ibid. *And Songs and Musick heard.*] We read, *Musick and Dancing*, in the Original, *Κυμαγίας ἔχοντες*. *Canoro, exultantem Catum, or concinentis Catui Carmina.*

1108. *Whom given for dead.*] Those are called *vixet, dead*, in the Holy Scriptures, who are lost in Vice, or dead in Trespasses and Sins. So *Philo* defines the Death of the Soul, the Destruction of Virtue; and *Pythagoras*, as *Hammond* on the Place, was wont to erect *Cenotaphs*, or empty Tombs, for those that left him.

1136. *We from the hardened Crowd some Truths must hide.*] *Jesus* spake in Parables for the Hardness of their Hearts. vid. *Hammond* on St. *Matt.* 8. Not. b.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Sixth BOOK.

ST. John, in a Pindarique Ode, asserts the Divinity and Eternity of our Saviour, as he has done in his Gospel and Epistles; describing the Trinity in the greatest part of the three first Stanza's; the Creation of the World by the Son in the fourth; the Fall and Restitution in the fifth and sixth; Proving our Saviour's Existence before his Birth, by his appearing to, and conversing with, the Patriarchs in humane Form, in the seventh; and like an Angel with the Israelites in the eighth; further, in the ninth, proving him to be God by *Isaiah's* Vision and Prophecy; and that he, some way or other, enlightens all Men, in the tenth; as he is the Divine Word, and Eternal Essential Reason.

The Centurion appears surpriz'd at his Discourse, thinking he had been deeply read in the Platonic Philosophy, the Sibyls, &c. and wondering to find so much Learning among the Jews, whereas they were represented, both by Grecian and Roman Historians, as a
mean

mean and ignorant People. Gamaliel sets him right, and tells him, that tho' 'twas true, what the Disciples knew, was miraculous; yet the Jews, not only had all parts of Philosophy amongst them, but that they were also the first Learned Men in the World, and both the Grecian and Roman Antiquities originally came from them. Of which the Roman appearing very diffident, Gamaliel instances more particularly, and proves the Heathens had their very Gods, their History and Poetry, and other Learning from the Eastern Nations, as they from the Jews; beginning his Discourse on that Subject with a Disquisition concerning the first Rise of Idolatry, and ending it with Praises of the Ancient Poetry, which Linus and Orpheus first brought from Phoenicia into Greece; adding, that even as far down as their own Ovid, their Poets borrowed their Matter from the Hebrew Prophecies and Histories. The Centurion owns himself convinc'd with the Reasonableness of his Assertions, and Clearness of his Evidence, only thinks he is too severe against all the World besides his own Nation, on the account of their Image-Worship; which, tho' himself had left, he had yet more Charity for those that us'd it, pleading, the very Images were not worship'd, but the supreme God by them, and urging all the common Shifts, made use of on that Topick. All which Gamaliel answers, and closes his Argument with the second Command, wherein all such Worship was expressly, and unanswerably condemn'd. The Roman rejoins, that it's not fair to bring Scripture against them, when they themselves won't abide by it, as the perfect and only Rule of Faith and Life, the Pharisees not only equalling their Traditions with it, but exalting 'em against it. To this Gamaliel replies, He'll dispute no further on that Head, but if they desired to hear what could be said in defence of Traditions, he had a Pupil eager enough for 'em, and learn'd above his Age; and, if 'twere possible to be done, able to defend them, and whom he'd call in for that Purpose. On their agreeing to his Proposal, and St. James's undertaking to manage the Dispute, Paul of Tarsus enters, warmly urging the Common Arguments for Tradition and Infallibility, against the Scriptures, and Judgment of Discretion or Private Reason, which St. James answers, and withal prophesies, that he himself shall become as strenuous a Defender, as now he was a forward Opposer of the Christian Faith. After he has left the Room in a Rage, Chuza, being pleas'd with the Discourses he has already heard, and finding some of the Sadducees Opinions and Arguments, which he could not yet well answer, desires Liberty to propose them, in order to his intire satisfaction in those Matters: and, Leave obtain'd, produces their received Tenets and Arguments against immaterial Substances, the Resurrection, and future Punishments and Rewards; to which Joseph of Arimathea and Gamaliel return him satisfactory Answers. After which St. Peter subjoins other Proofs, taken from our Saviour's Miracles and Discourses, and that they had not only heard him assert there were Evil Spirits, but had seen him cast them out; concluding with the Parable of Dives and Lazarus. Which ended, the Company breaks up, and the three Disciples return to our Saviour.

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IOHANNES



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THE LIFE OF CHRIST:

A Heroic Poem.

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BOOK VI.

*



OE! ch' Eternal Word I sing,
Whose great Spirit my Breast in-
spire!
Whilst I touch the sounding string,
Tune, some Angel! Tune my
Lyre!

John 1.

Rise, my Eagle-Soul! arise!
Mount and mean thy Native Skies,
And view th' eternal Sun with thy ambitious Eyes!
(If once direct his Glories on me shin'd,
How gladly wou'd I be for ever Blind?)

10

Let thy first bold Essay be,

What

What wou'd employ *Eternity*,
 To sing the *Father* of the *World* and *Thee* :
 — In the *beginning* of his *endless now*,
 Before this *beauteous World* was *made*,
 Before the *Earth's Foundations* laid,
 Before th' *officious Angels* round his *Throne* did *bow* ;
 He *was*, he *ever is*, we know not *how*.
 No mean *Succession* his *Duration* knows, *
 That *Spring* of *Being* neither *ebbs* nor *flows* :
 No *Point* can mortal *Thought* assign,
 In his *interminable Line*,
 Nor our short *Compass* meet the *Circle All-divine*.

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II.

Whatever *was*, was *God*, e'er *Time* or *Place* ; *
 Endless *Duration* he, and boundless *Space* :
 Fill'd with himself, wherever *Thought* can pierce
 He fill'd himself alone the *Universe*.
 One undissolv'd, nor ceases to be *One*, *
 Tho' with him ever reigns th' eternal *Son*.
 In his eternal *Mind* conceiv'd,
 Not to be *argu'd*, but *believ'd*. *
 Down goes my *Reason*, if it dares *Rebel*,
 As the ambitious *Angels* sunk to *Hell*.
 Ineffable the way, for who
 Th' *Almighty* to *Perfection* ever knew ?
 But he himself has said it, and it *must* be true.
 The *Father's Image* he, as great, as bright,
 Cloth'd in the same *unsufferable Light* ;
 More closely joyn'd, more intimately one
 With his great *Father*, than the *Light* and *Sun*. *
 Equal in *Goodness*, and in *Might*,
 True *God* of *God*, and *Light* of *Light* :
 Him, with the *Father* we adore ;
 There is no *After*, or *Before*. *
 Equal in their *Existence* have they been,
 Nor ever did the *Son* begin ;
 No room for one short *Moment*, or bold *Thought* between.

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III. The

III.

The *Father lov'd the Son, the Spirit came*
 From their conspiring mutual *Flame,*
 From both proceeding, yet with both the *same.*
 50 *Equal to th' Father and th' eternal Word,*
 The *eternal God, th' eternal Lord,*
 With *equal Reverence his Great Name ador'd.*
 One *God, for what's supreme can be but one:*
 * *Three more then Names, the Father, Spirit and Son.*
 Triad and *Monad both, where Faith may find*
 What strikes *Philosophy and Nature blind,*
 * *Three Great self-conscious Persons, One self-conscious Mind.*
 Who made the *World is God, and he*
 Who made all *Time must needs Eternal be.*
 60 * *This by the Spirit did the Son,*
 The *Fathers, Will by both was done,*
 * *As was resolv'd i'th' Consult of the great Three-One;*
 High on his *Throne with dazling Glory crown'd*
 Sate the *Algood, Alwise,*
 And with his *piercing Eyes*
 Surveys wide *fields of nothing round,*
 Privations *airy Realms, and Wast profound.*
 To his lov'd *Son ay-reigning by his side*
 With *equal Glory dignify'd,*
 70 Let's make a *World he cry'd!*
 * *Those fair Idea's be express'd*
 Retain'd in our *Almighty Breast.*
 This, mild, no sooner said
 His ready *Son, his lov'd Commands obey'd.*

IV.

And first the *Heav'ns he built*
 Not those above we see
 So gaily deckt in glitt'ring *Bravery,*
 * *With Luna's silver Waves and Sol's fierce beauties gilt.*
 Far more *refin'd, far more remov'd than they,*
 80 Their *Light wou'd soon put out Sol's twinkling Ray,*
 B b Their

Gen. i.

Their *Light* is Gods high *Throne*, scatt'ring *eternal day*.

The *Angels* next he made *

In *Love* and *Flame* array'd

The *new-born Angels*, chearfully adore

Their *Maker* and their *Lord* unseen before:

Job 38. 7.

Their *new-born Voice* and *Lyre* they try

In sweet *Celestial Poessy*,

In lofty *Hymns*, and Heav'nly *Harmony*.

The *Refuse* of their *World* did ours compose

Which yet's so *beautiful* and *bright*

Each scatter'd *spark* of Heav'nly *Light*

Falling from thence some *Sun* or *Planet* grows.

But first on the dark *Void* the gentle *Spirit* descends,

First, *Matter* wills, then *Form* to *Matter* lends, * [Friends.

First different *Somethings* makes, then makes those *Somethings*

No longer with wild *Ferment* now they strove,

O'er *Matters Waves* the gentle *Spirit* did move,

And all around was *Light*, and all around was *Love*. *

V.

After the *glorious Orbs* above were made

And *Earth* and *Sea* and *Air* were fram'd,

The *Albigh* with *Pleasure* all his *Works* survey'd,

And *Man* the *King* of all his *Works* he nam'd:

But ah! how *short* his *reign*!

How soon by *God* who plac'd him on the *Throne*

When *Lawless* he and *Arbitrary* grown,

By *God* who had the *Pow'r* alone *

Dethron'd again.

Ill *Councillors* his *Fall*, he did receive

Into his *Cabinet* the *Devil* and *Eve*.

Th' *Albigh* as much as what's *Divine* can grieve

Resents his *Fate*, and fain wou'd save

Both him and that fair *World* he for his *Palace* gave,

But first he must his *Justice* show

Before he *Mercy* cou'd bestow.

If any, asks, wou'd satisfy *

His *Wrath*, that *Adam* might not dye?

Archangels trembl'd, no bright *Warriors* there

To

To undertake the vast adventure dare:
Rather all Earth and Heav'n they'd chuse to bear
Than the Creator's Wrath, sad Notes they sing,
Each Cherub seems to flag his beauteous Wing,
Those gentle Spirits signs of pity gave,
And mourn'd the loss of man they cou'd not save.

VI.

When forth th' Eternal Son undaunted stood:
(How vast, how infinite his Love?
How deeply him did our sad Ruins move?)
The dang'rous Enterprize to prove,
To God to reconcile us by his Blood.

A Body he did for himself prepare,
To save the World by suffering there.
Nor like an Angels, form'd of air,
Which when their Work on Earth is done
Is the next moment into Atoms flown,
But true and solid like our own,
In all but Sin, like man-- With goodness mild
On his lov'd Son the Father smil'd,
Accepts his offer and declares
For him the guilty World he spares.
Whilst th' accursed Spirits below
Trembling fear a greater Blow:
While the gentle Spirits above,
Who Mankind protect and love,
The Great Redeemer's Glory raise
In lofty Notes of Godlike praise.

VII.

'Twas he who oft in humane Form arriv'd
Stoop'd to our World below.
As he our better State wou'd know,
Or Company desir'd.

Now shorter he, now longer Visits made,
And once in Royal Robes array'd,
At sacred Salem stay'd.

To him their Gifts obedient Nations bring
 At once a wondrous Prophet, Priest and King
 He, frequent, with the Holy Patriarchs walks,
 With him they eat, with him they talk!
 At hospitable Father Abraham's Feast
 He, with two menial Angels, once a Guest,
 Where the old Sire his kindness did require
 When coming faint and weary from the Fight,
 He him & his frugal Board did call:
 There Abraham saw his Day and did rejoice,
 To Heav'n he rais'd his grateful Bye and Voice,
 And gave him Titles of All.

160

VIII

'Twas he who did the wand'ring Jacob guide;
 'Twas he, who met by Jabbok's side
 That valiant Shepherd cry'd;

His more than holy boldness did dislike,
 And him with gentle Lamens's strike.

Gen. 32.25.

'Twas he to whom the expiring Father pray'd,
 When on his Grandsons head his Hands he laid,
 And begs he them as well as him wou'd aid.

170

This uncreated Angel he,
 Whom Moses in the Bush did see
 When it with Lambent Lightning flam'd,
 What Angel else those Titles durst have claim'd,
 In every sacred Page Adonai nam'd.
 Him Royal Esay saw, whose lofty Vein
 Excels bold Pindar's Dithyrambic strain,

Isaiah 6.

Him saw and lov'd, and learnt his Will
 Whose Glory did the Temple fill,
 Officious Seraphs waited round
 And Holy! Holy! Holy! found.

180

And when with Sacred Fire they touch'd his Tongue
 Almost as loud as them he thus their Master sung.

IX.

Isai. 9.6, &c.

"Sad Israel! Weep no more!
 "Dry those vain Tears, those Sighs give o'er!

"Thy

" Thy God will thee increase, and thee restore !
 " He comes, he comes, Welcome as the sweet Morn
 " That follows tedious Night, the lovely Day is born;
 190 * " The lovely Boy, in whose auspicious Face
 " Already opens each Majestic Grace
 " With Virtues equal to so vast a gain
 " Unmov'd the Frame of Heav'n and Earth he'll bear.
 " But who, alas ! who can proclaim
 " All his high Titles, and his awful Name ?
 " Proclaim his Titles far abroad
 " Stupendous Wisdom ! O all-pow'rful God !
 " Eternal Father ! for he's our
 " With his Eternal Son
 200 " O Silems Prince ! with speed thy Empire gain,
 " And o'er the peaceful Nations ever reign !

X.

— Tho' us, who from the Word a difference boast
 He with more large effusions do's inspire,
 Not the poor Gentiles are entirely lost
 Their Reason is a spark of his Celestial Fire
 His Beams, than Sol himself more strong and fair
 * Enlight'ning all, and every where
 They Life and Light at once impart,
 Thro' Error's scattering mists like Thunder dart
 210 Direct the Head, and warm the Heart ;
 Altho' alas ! to most they useless be,
 Who, stupid, close their Eyes, and will not see
 Useless to those who in the Twilight stay
 When Revelation brings the Day
 Too short, too dim to those to Heav'n the Way
 Yet still there were a wiser few
 Improv'd and practis'd what they knew
 Devout and pious, chaste and just,
 * And did in their unknown Creator trust ;
 220 These shall acceptance find where e'er they live
 Who well improve their narrow store,
 Kind Heaven will soon indulge them more ;

And

And such a Talour given, how good yet
 That sun, that glimmering Light
 Which pierces thro' the Clouds, and shines in sight
 Of Errors and of Vices Dregs
 If follow'd close will to such Beauty convey
 Such orient Light, to Divine Ray
 As shall encrease to perfect, and eternal Day
 That this is God, the Argument stands fair.
 It can be all things, and is every where
 Or God himself, or at the least must be
 Some Emanation of the Deity
 The Word Divine, tho' not by his own receiv'd
 Expected by the Fathers and Belov'd
 In the Messias this must needs be
 And if enjoy'd the Baptist, Herod, and we
 Can ought of Faith deserve, our Lord is He.

X

Surpriz'd a while were all the Audience by,
 With such mysterious Teachings, and high, T
 Beyond the reach of harrow Natures Rules,
 Or Roman Eloquence, or Grecian Schools,
 Tho' something not unlike in Greece which you
 From ancient Sacred Histories Fountains drew
 Your pleasant Walks divine, Plato knew
 Hence the vain Heav'n World, and vainer Tribes
 Of Mankind, to thee ascribe
 Many a noble Truth and Mystery
 More ancient than the Grecian Names, or Thee,
 From all the blinded World before conceal'd,
 And only to the chosen few reveal'd,
 Nay ev'n by them kept secret, and alone
 To the few wise and good amongst them known,
 To all his Followers by our Saviour shewn.
 Hence even the learned Doctors they outdo,
 Who wonder'd whence such wondrous things they knew:
 So those who here But freer than the felt
 Thus the Concession his surprise express
 — That you're good men is easily discern'd,
 But I confess I never thought you learn'd
 And are the Grecian Arts too hither spread?

For

Post. loqui-
 tur.

Vid. infra.

* For I perceive, Sir! you have *Plato* read!

* Nay e'en our *Virgil* or I guess amiss,
For many strokes of yours resemble his.

* Our *Sybils* too, who mingling false with true
I nought believ'd till 'twas confirm'd by you.
I find our *Roman Writers*, to be free,
Unjustly brand you with *Barbarity*.

To whom *Gamaliel* thus reply'd, and smil'd:

270 Learning which is at *Greece* and *Rome* a Child
Has been so long amongst the *Hebrews* known,
'Tis at full Age, if not decrepid grown.
Egypt from us, from us the *Grecians* drew
Their *Arts*, and as their own they lent 'em you,
Who borrow all you think of us you know
* From *fabling Greece*, and *falsè Manetho*,
Who by *Abuses* cunningly provide
Their ancient *Thefts* from all the *World* to hide.
What have they that's not ours, had all their due,

280 'Twere easie to convince you this is true.
That who the *Jews* as *barbarous* contemn,
Have borrow'd all from us, we none from them,
Their very *Gods*, their ancient *History*,
Their *Shipping*, and their boasted *Poetry*.
Letters and *Laws* — Half this if you cou'd prove
Replies the *Roman*, you'd my wonder move,
Till then, excuse my *Smiles*, for *Truth* to tell
Yet, Doctor! I'm a very *Infidel*.

I ask no favour, no Opponent fear

290 Replies the Sage — Lend an impartial Ear
And first their *Gods*, with which when wand'ring wide
Phenicia all the *Heathen World* supply'd.
To us their *Gods* *Pharice* and *Egypt* owe,
We only their true *Origin* can show.

* Their ancient mighty *Jao* was the same
With our conceal'd, unutterable *Name*,
Their false *Jove* from our true — *Adonai* came.
And he to whom you did a *Temple* rear,

* Was only the *Phenician Thunderer*.

300 Tho' skulking in as many different shapes
As when employ'd below in *Thefts* and *Rapes*.

Now

Now *Hammon* him from ancient *Cham* you call,
 Now *Belus* name him from our injur'd *Baal*; * }
 Your *Juno* has the same *Original*
 Howe'er *disguis'd* as when she once did rove
 O'er all the *Earth* in quest of wand'ring *Jove*.
 Whether by *Sydon* nam'd, *Baaltis* she, *
Belisama, or fair *Astarte* be :

Where is not great *Astarte* known? the same
 Th' *Egyptians* *Isis*, you *Diana* name, * 310
 Whom when your *Matrons* fruitful pangs invade
 They loud invoking cry, *Lucina* aid! *
 Now *Berecynthia*, Mother of the Gods, *
 A *Huntress* she in *Ida's* sacred Woods;
Rhea the same, the same with both the *Moon*, *
 Whose beauteous silver *Rays* make *Night* pale noon.
 Thus track 'em to the *Spring* and still you're poor,
 Your Gods but few amidst the your boasted store,
 In vain you one poor *Idol* oft divide,
 He's still the same however multiply'd; 320

The same in vain 's in different figures thrown,
 All our *Three hundred Joves* in less than one, *
 From *Phenice* first he round the *World* did rove,
 Old *Saturn*, *Moloch*, *Phæbus*, all but *Jove*.

Roundly you all assert, but Sir, I fear
 The *Roman* urg'd, we little proof shall bear.
Sol, *Saturn*, *Jove* — You young and old confound,
 In *Errors* endless *Circle* wand'ring round.

Astarte, *Isis*, *Juno* — How the same?
 What likeness in their *Worship* or their *Name*? 330
 How from *Phenicians* we, and they from you
 Divide their Gods? and if th' *Affertion*'s true
 How you'll avoid the shame of *Idols* too. }

To your *Objections* freely I'll reply,
 And doubt not but I them shall satisfy
 Rejoyns *Gamaliel* — You must with me bear
 While first the rise of *Idols* I declare.
 When *Man* forgot his God, he soon began
 Himself t' adore, and make a God of *Man*:
 With Gods true *Knowledge* all good *Arts* beside
 In a few *Centuries* decay'd and dy'd: 340

The

The wicked World grew barbarous again;

* As e'r the Flood, and monstrous Beasts and men

Rang'd o'er the Plain; the strong the weaker awe;

Love then was only Lost, and Force was Law;

Among the rest some few bright Spirits arose

Who shield the Weak, and Force with Force oppose;

Incense as well as Praise the Vulgar bring,

Nor was't enough to make a Heroe, King;

350 But of their Benefactors they devise

Prodigious Tales, and numerous grateful Lies:

A Centaur then who d'r a Horse bestrod;

And he that kill'd a Bear was made a God.

Of some departed Father, Friend, or Lord

They first an Image form'd, and then ador'd;

While others, who above the rest cou'd boast

Their skill and knowledge of the heavenly Host,

How all things by the Sun's kind Influence grow,

* And Seas, as Luna bids them, ebb and flow;

360 What friendly Influences fill the Skies,

When o'er th' Horizon the sweet Pleiads rise;

* Or mighty Mazzaroth, thro' silent Night

Scatters profuse his Donations of Light;

These scorn'd their Adoration there to give

From whence they cou'd no Benefits receive,

While to the glorious Bodies plac'd above

* Which some thought living, for they saw 'em move;

Which chearful Heat and Light to all dispense,

* And as they dream, some secret Influence,

370 Which as they pleas'd, unblest or happy make,

To these, by a too incident mistake

To humane Minds, they think they all things owe,

Which from the first Great Cause of Causes flow:

These they adore, nor him did them create,

Their kindly properties they celebrate.

Hence came the ancient Mythologic Tribe,

Who secret venerable Names ascribe

To what they worship'd, tho' as Time roll'd on,

380 The Reason of the name perhaps unknown,

Yet Footsteps of our Language still remain

In spite of Time and Ignorance so plain,

That their first Origin wou'd hide in vain.

Sometimes their *Heroes* they, and *Stars* wou'd join,
 And both to oblige, they make 'em both *Divine* :
 At others, they import, afraid, and loth
 To disoblige 'em, *Gods* of foreign growth :
Fish, *Fowl* and *Beasts* and *Man* their *Gods* they call,
 Nay to make all things sure, the *Fiends* and all. *
 They'd need some kind of *Pantheon* now provide
 So much at last the *Race* is multiply'd,
 Which neither they nor we can marshal fight,
 For *Truth* is one, but *Error* infinite :
 How e'r we've yet some glimmering *Tracks* of *Light*,
 Some marks in most, which not unlikely show
 From whence at first they came, where e'r they go.
 Most of *Phenician* growth and *Language* be,
 The same we not in fruitful *Egypt* see,
 First founded on our *Tongue*, or *History*.
 Of *Jove*, if more there need, I'll prov't agen,
 Father by you esteem'd of *Gods* and *Mens*.
 Now him *Baalsamen*, the *Phenicians* call
 Great Lord of *Heaven*, now *Eliun*, *Belus*, *Baal*. *
 'Tis plain they only mean the *Sun*, by all.
Moloch and *Belus* is with them the same,
Saturn with both, the difference but in name. *
 These one *Inscription* oft together ties,
 Alike their *Form*, alike their *Sacrifice*. *
 To both the *Nations* their *Betylia* raise,
 And both far more for *Fear*, then *Love* they praise. *
 Agen, that *Isis*, *Io*, *Juno*, are
 The same, your own best *Writers* oft declare. *
 The same their way of *Life*, all giv'n to rove, *
 And all, (but one indeed,) the *Wife* of *Jove*. *
 All horn'd alike their *Images* we see, *
 Whence *Jove* himself too in the mode must be,
 For *Isis*, e'r to *Libyan* *Wasts* he fled
 With her own double *Crown* adorn'd his *Head*. *
 But what's more plain than that so odd a *Dress* :
 In *Hieroglyphicks* did the *Moon* express :
 Tho' something further too was their intent,
 Their sacred *Oxe* did *Joseph* represent :
 Him then e' a *Star* they join'd, and long before
 Your

390

400

410

420

Your *Rome* was *Rome*, his *Crest* their *Idols* wore
E'en their *Astronomy* by us was taught,

* By *Father Abraham* first from *Chaldee* brought,

* Whether from *Seth's eternal Pillars* learn'd,

Or by *Traditions* glimm'ring *Light* discern'd.

* To them the *use* of *Letters* long unknown,

* Their boasted *Hermes* ours, and not their own,

430 * Nay e'en the old *Chaldeans* sacred *Fire*,

Which *Delphos*, you, and all the *World* admire,

Your *Vesta*, *Persia's* *Mitra*, are but one,

The same with *Moloch*, *Ammon*, and the *Sun*.

With as much ease I shall convince you soon

Astarte's *Juno*, *Isis*, and the *Moon* :

Th' *Egyptian* *Isis*, *Queen* of *Heav'n* you name

* Your *Juno*, our *Astarte* is the same,

* And all the *Moon*, in *Venus* all agen

You find, great *Mother* she of *Gods* and *Men*.

440 See then whence your *Divinities* do flow !

Or *Sun* and *Moon* above, or *Men* below.

Your *Vulgar* e'en their *Images* implore,

And the less stupid sacred *Blocks* adore ;

From place to place where e'er they trav'ling come

Officious, carry, or they'd stay'd at home ;

For whatsoever their false *Priests* declare

That *Gods* meet *Gods*, fierce-jostling in the *Air*,

Further than them their *Votaries* did bear,

They never stirr'd — Thus came *Astarte* o'er

450 * To *Cyprus* first, from the *Sidonian* shore,

Cypria, and *Paphia* call'd, and thence went on

* From *Isle* to *Isle*, and past *Icaria* gone

* At *Samos* touch'd, where they her *Temple* rais'd,

* And by the *Grecian* Name of *Juno* prais'd :

Whence *Men* the neighb'ring *Land* *Ionia* stile

And *Samos* bears the name of *Juno's* *Isle* :

* Not far remov'd other *Erythians* live,

To whom the neighb'ring *Goddess* Name did give

Fair *Erycina* call'd, when wafted o'er

460 By *Cytheron* to rich *Trinacria's* shore,

* *Melita* past, thence her the *Tyrans* bore.

By her old Name to those new Walls they found
 Your Rival Carthage: — West to utmost ground
 They next proceed, where no more World is found,
 To Gades, and the rich Terrestrial strand
 Arriv'd, and fierce Geryon's fertile Land
 Whom their brave Captain slew in manifold fight,
 And seizes his rich Isle by Conquest's right;
 It's Name it changes, as it chang'd its Lord
 Erythia call'd, from Venus there ador'd
 Now Aphrodisia it the Ancient's stile,
 Astarta now; now Juno's sacred Isle.
 Nay, thro' Herculean straits neer past before
 To that new World without their Gods they bore,
 Whose fair white Rocks oppose the Celtic shore
 Where Cesar late, for Life, not Honour fought,
 And at so dear a price their Conquest bought,
 Bel and Astarte known and worshipp'd there,
 And Taramis, the dreaded Thunderer.
 If back agen to East you turn your Eye
 In the Red Sea a little Isle you'll spy
 Which Erythra, the name pronouncing false
 The Falsing Grecian for Erythia calls:
 To Venus here a Fane the Tyrians found,
 And gave her the whole Isle as sacred Ground.
 From her Astarte term'd — Still further on
 Past e'en the Ethiopian Floods they're gone,
 There early and undrest surpriz'd the Sun:
 Where he retir'd, least Mortals shou'd behold,
 By Heav'nly Art turns the blest Earth to Gold.
 Where Gomer's Land thrusts out its double head
 To West of Ganges Gulf, e'en there they spread
 Their Idols praise, tho' by a different Name,
 Colias, is Venus call'd, tho' still the same.
 Next more to East, threat'ning the Seas and Skies,
 Outstretch'd the Corean Promontory lies;
 Near where a Town the Natives Cory Aile,
 In Taproban, that ancient Indian Isle,
 Which easily, I think may be believ'd
 From Chora, Juno's Name, their own receiv'd:
 Nor more than her has Jove himself stood still,

First born to Crete, and then to Ida's Hill,
Now you at fam'd Olympus him might view,
Then wand'ring with the Corymbant Crew
The Thracian Samos him did entertain,
* Where he did with the sad Cabiri reign.

Thus far we're then advanc'd, and you I've shewn
That Isis, Juno, Venus are but one;
510 As Moloch, Saturn, Hammon, and the Sun,
That those choice Gods were from Phenicia born
From utimost West, to utimost rising-morn;
What yet remains as easie 'tis to clear,
That they'd their very Names and Language here
As Greece and you from them, and yet that we
Cannot be blam'd for their Idolatry,
Beelsamen, Ashteroth, Baaltin, Baal
Howe'er since chang'd from their Original,
Must at the first be own'd pure Hebrew all.
520 Some Names of God, which the vain Mimic Tribe
Of Idol-slaves to their false Gods ascribe,
(Those which so light an Honour cannot boast)
At least claim Kindred with the Heavenly Host;
If hard enough, they well contented be,
For then there's something in't of mystery:
Like our unutterable Name 'twill shew,
Tho' not their Priests themselves the meaning know,
From Hebrew Histories ill-understood,
They sometimes borrow; hence with humane Blood
530 Barbarous, Heav'n's angry King they drive it, attone
With Virtue and with Mercy pleas'd alone.
* Hence Moloch's cruel Food his ancient Tyre,
Where precious Victims fed their sacred Fire,
* Thence did the Savage Race to Carthage come,
And thence, if I can not misinform'd, to Rome
Where oft your bravest Youth devoted dies,
Or them, to live the Heav'nly sacrifice
* The same cursed Offerings are in altars made
When of their dreadful Painted Faces afraid
540 From Isaac all, whose Father's Faith to try
His Friend his Son requir'd, but wou'd not let him dye
Ill Apes of what they think from us they learn,

Or

Or by Traditions glimm'ring Beams discern
 Those two great Lights our Books describe, which sway * }
 By their successive motion night and day; }
 Hence to those Lights the stupid Gentiles pray, }
 Now several Hero's they in one comprize, }
 To ancient Truths new Dreams and Tales devise, }
 And oft they know not whom they Idolize, }
 Now mighty Nimrod they their Bacchus make, }
 Then our great Moses for the same mistake; * }
 Who sometimes must the fam'd Tantes be, }
 The German and Egyptian Mercury.

550

That Letters did from us, and Learning flow
 The Elements themselves, consulted, show.
 From us — Had yours their Order, Names, and Pow'rs, *
 Their very Form not much estrang'd from ours.
 Cadmus who taught the Grecians first to write, *
 What was he but a Coward Cadmonite?
 Who long in Rocks and Holes was skulking laid, }
 Of Gods and Joshua's vengeful Sword afraid, }
 Whence their old stories, mingling false with true, }
 Make him at last a Serpent's Form indue: * }
 Nor only this, the Letters Colour too }
 Where large and great, their Origin confess, }
 Their rise in glorious Tyrian stains express.
 Those Letters first to the Phenicians came *
 From Grandfire Sem, and Father Abraham,
 Whose mighty Prayrs, nor less prevailing Hand
 Incredible! with his small faithful Band

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Gen. 14. 15.

From four invading Kings set free their grateful Land: }
 Then, Arts and Piety amongst 'em brought, }
 Which Abraham Sem, Sem holy Noah taught; }
 Whose story learn, like his they Vessels wrought, * }
 And coasting, travers'd many a distant shore,
 E'er Rome was Rome, or Greece handled Oar.
 This he whose Birth-place Samos boasts well knew; *
 Whom Fame of Hebrew Knowledge higher drew,
 Nor thought his Blood too dear a price, to learn
 Those sacred Truths which only we discern; }
 These once obtain'd, the precious Treasure bore }
 To Croton's Walls, and your Calabrian shore,

580

This

* This learn'd *Hermippus* owns, who with delight
 And diligence his *Masters Life* did write;
 This *Plato's* self had done, whose piercing *Eyes*
 Unveil'd beheld our deepest *mysteries*,
 * Had that *great man* but been as just as wise.
 His *One* and *Many* he from us receiv'd;
 And our *mysterious Triad* he believ'd:
 * His *Psyche*, *Logos*, *En*, what can they be
 590 But *Elohim's* great undivided *Three*?
 Who e'er his *Works* with curious *Eyes* survey'd,
 Would there perceive a *World of Nothing made*,
 By the first *Cause*, the *Angels*, and the *Fall*,
 And *strokes* of our great *Moses* in them all.
 * Whom the first *Legislator* you must own,
 The *Founder* he of *written Laws* alone;
 Nor was this *useful Art* by him conceal'd,
 By *God* to him, by him to us reveal'd,
 * Before *Troy's War*, as from our *Books* appears,
 600 By many rolling *Centuries* of years.
 Hence *Grecian Lawgivers* their *Pandects* drew,
 Who when they of so rich a *Treasure* knew,
 * Did to our neighb'ring *Iles* from *Greece* retire,
 And steal some *sparks* of our *Celestial Fire*.
 * To us the *Athen* *Laws* esteem'd so wise,
 * To them your old *Twelve Tables* owe their *Rise*.
 For *Poetry*, which you your *selves* confess
 * An *Heav'nly Art*, and we believe no less;
 Long e'er 'twas ap'd in *Greece*, we had it *here*,
 610 And can assign the *Century* the *Year*,
 When our best *Authors* flourish'd, yet we show
 Their *Works*, which true and genuine all we know,
 Within our *sacred Archives* kept with care,
 * Each *Line*, each *Word*, each *Letter* number'd there.
 Then *Poetry* was pure, a *Vestal* then,
 The *Acts* of *God* she sung, and *Godlike men*;
 By the *Great sacred Spirit* himself inspir'd,
 And not by *Wine*, or *Gain*, or *Passion* fir'd:
 Poet and Prophet then indeed the *same*,
 620 Their *Inspiration*, not an empty *Name*,

Past, ~~former~~, present at one glance they see,
 Gen. 49. Fathers their Children best in Poetry.
 When righteous ~~Heav'n~~ some monstrous Tyrants crimes
 Exod. 15. Aveng'd, his Fall they sung in sacred Rhimes;
 How on the Clouds great Elhim conq'ring rod,
 And all the ancient glorious Wars of God;
 Nor did such Godlike men forget to praise
 Whom for those arduous Works he pleas'd to raise;
 Good Princes, which by suffering bad, we know
 The best good thing Heav'n can on man bestow;
 For Love they praise, not sordid Hopes of gain,
 Reward enough to share their peaceful reign.
 To wicked Nations they just Plagues foretel,
 But promise to the virtuous All things well;
 And Heav'n with Signs attests their Oracle.
 This saw th' ~~Arab~~ ~~Arab~~ and better to beguile
 The Nations, strove to ape the sacred Style.*
 But ill at first succeeded the design,
 His Priests invoking him, and all the nine
 With much of pain wrung out one dogger Line.*
 Rough and deform'd with tale their Author known
 Ev'n Envyers self would think 'em Satan's own.
 Ah! had he such a Poet still remain'd
 He ne'r had thus the cheated World enchain'd:
 Some Renegades to his side he drew,
 Who something of our sacred Learning knew;
 Old Linus, first chasing ebo's the Sea;
 The Master of the Tyrian Hercules;
 Fam'd Orpheus next, whose honest martial blood*
 Stain'd the wild Thracian Fields, and Hebrus' flood;
 His Priests and Poets they, his rites attend,
 File his rough Verse, his frightful Style they mend;
 And that they might not him ungrateful call
 He to requite 'em, made 'em Laureats all.
 Aided by them, his Idol worship sped,
 And all the World ador'd the Stars or Dead:
 Yet all by Rote they sung, the Prince of Night
 Yet had not taught his Potaries to write:
 Not he himself, who next succeeded these
 The Grecian Bard, old Melesigenes
 And

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His

His Works e'er saw to written Rolls consign'd
Worse than the Sibyls, wand'ring in the Wind,
* But leaning on a Staff, (the Bard was blind)
T' his Harp he sung, his Follow'rs do the same,
Thence Rhapsodies his scatter'd fragments name.

But to whatever distant Fields they've gone
Our Siloam first supply'd their Helicon.

Something of the first Taste there still remains
Tho' ting'd with passing thro' such various Veins

670 * Hence his fam'd Chaos, drew th' Ascrean Sage,
And many a God that fills his antic Page.

Hence ev'n your Ovid his, and if y' admire
Whence we our Learning; we more justly enquire,
Whence he the Old World's Flood, the New's last fated Fire.

He said, and paus'd --- The Roman,--- I must own
Far more than I cou'd e'er believe you've shown,
Evincing clear to an impartial View

That all the World has been at School with you;
And there's some Reason for the Nations Pride,

680 Whom we unjust, as barbarous deride,
Far more our selves --- But might I Sir, be free,

For those I've left, I've yet some Charity;
And in my Judgment, you Idolatry
Unjustly on 'em charge; for Images

* They only make the Properties t' express
Of that Great Jove who fills the Thunders Throne,
Whom King of Heav'n and Earth we all must own.

Nor scarce the stupid Vulgars selves believe
Those Images relief or aid can give,

690 Only design'd to fix the Thoughts and Eye,
And since at once we scarce can mount so high

Or apprehend Heav'n's boundless Majesty,
What fits frail Mortals shorter steps they take,

The Mediums these of their Devotions make:
This better still t' attain, for this beside

They all their Train of lesser Joves provide;
In these their weakness, and their Maker's State

Consult, betwixt 'em both they mediate,
For since when here, they Mortals ne'r did fail,

700 Much more the Heroes will, when Gods, prevail,
D d If

If this the *Vulgar Gods*, much rather then
 The mighty *Mother* both of *Gods* and *men*,
 The glorious *Queen of Heav'n* that reigns above,
 The pow'rful *Mother* of our mortal *Jove*. *
Isis her self, who may her *Son* command,
 And stop the *Thunder* in his lifted *Hand*.

The fairest *Plea* that is, or e'er can be
 Reply'd the *Sage*, for their *Idolatry*
 You've now produc'd, and if I that confute
 I've then for ever silenc'd this *Dispute*. 710
 For what you've urg'd, and oft has been before,
 That they the very *Image* don't adore,
 I must dissent, since evident we see
 In numerous *Instances* the contrary.
 From these all good they ask, all bad they fear,
 These they from conquer'd *Cities* with them bear; *
 They to the very *Image* lift their *Eyes*,
 To that pay *Incense*, *Pray'rs* and *Sacrifice*,
 If then their *Incense*, *Vows*, and *Trust*, and *Pray'r*
 Not proper *Acts* of *Adoration* are, 720
 We fain wou'd know what 'tis they such believe?
 What have they more to *Jove* himself to give?
 Besides, if them they *Mediums* only made,
 Why should not all alike *Devotion* aid?
 Why glutted this with *Pray'r* and *Sacrifice*,
 While that forsaken and neglected lies?
 Where foul and old he's sour and wayward grown,
 Half starv'd to *Death* sits gloomy on his *Throne*.
 Whilst o'er his mouth their *Nets* the *Spiders* spread,
 And *Owls* and *Bats* perch on his *Godships* head. 730

Acts 19.35. That dropt from *Heav'n* --- Unless her *Priests* do lye?
 To all her *Sister Idols* her prefer,
 Tho' as well made substantial *Blocks* as her?
 Those whom they chuse for greater *Ease* and *State*
 Betwixt their *Jove* and them to mediate,
 Whom they their *Demy-Gods* or *Heroes* call
 Were now the worst of *men*, now none at all, *
 Meer fabled *Names*; now *Death's* and *Hell's* sad *Lord*
 In *Satyr's* or in humane *Form* ador'd. * 740

But

But grant 'em Good, yet wou'd it, think you, be
A Testimony of your Loyalty

To snatch your Prince's Scepter from his Hand,
And contrary to his exprels Command

That and his Crown to some great Courtier bring,
And seated on his Throne, salute him King?

Agen, if we this baffled Plea shou'd take
That Stocks and Men they only Mediums make,

E'en this, if God himself a Judge may be,

750 Reason or God, is still Idolatry.

For Reason's self declares, the Deity

A Spirit unbodied, boundless, simple, pure,

And thence can no base Mimic Form endure:

This e'en your ancient Law-givers confels,

* Old Numa's Temples knew no Images.

Our sacred Books in every Page declare

God's Glory he with others scorns to share.

All Images forbid in that Command

Spoke by th' Almighty's Voice, writ by th' Almighty's Hand,

760 So plain exprest, 'twill no excuse admit,

No vain perverse Essay of humane Wit.

Nor yet, replies the Roman, must I yield,

Once more I'll charge before I quit the Field.

No solid Reason e'er I yet cou'd see

Why that Command you urge confin'd must be

To such a Sense, since God by whom 'twas writ

More largely seems himself t' Interpret it:

Did not that Moses whom you all admire

When God he met in Sinai's smoak and fire,

770 Observe his Laws, and his Direction take,

* By that, exact, your moving Temple make.

And did not he, as your own Books declare,

Place glorious Forms with Wings extended there?

Besides, if you a final end of strife,

A Rule exact and sure, of Faith and Life,

Those sacred Books affirm, the World condemn,

How comes it you your selves appeal from them!

* Your Corban you'd unwillingly decide

By that, but take Tradition as your Guide.

The Rabbi thus — The Cherubin we own,
 By which the Form of God was never shown,
 But of those bright Attendants round his Throne,
 These there by his express Command were wrought,
 Tho' of their Worship yet we never thought.
 Not visible, how can they Idols be,
 Or Images ador'd we never see?

780

*Vid. Joseph.
 contra Appi-
 on.*

None e'en o' th' Priests themselves might enter there
 None but great Aaron's Mitred Successor,
 And he himself no more but once a year.

For what you further argue, to be free,
 Other Opponents you must seek than me:
 Corban for Corban's self must plead, I fear,
 But if their usual Arguments you'd hear,
 A Youth there is at ancient Tarsus bred,
 Of Hebrew Race, whose Father lately dead
 Him to my Charge committed, deeply read
 In all that Rome or Athens yet have known,*
 In boasted Grecian Learning, and our own;
 Deeply in all our Principles imbu'd,
 Altho' too hot his Zeal, too warm his Blood:
 In him, or I mistake, if you're inclin'd
 His Force to try —
 You'll no contemptible Opponent find.

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Gladly, rejoins the Roman, wou'd I hear
 Their utmost strength, but since my own I fear,
 Least a good Cause, and this I'm sure is so *
 Disgrace by an ill Champion undergo,
 The Argument I gladly wou'd transmit
 To these good men, who oft have handl'd it:
 Oft have they heard, with Eloquence Divine
 This Topic manag'd by their Lord and mine:
 (For since for me such mighty Works h' has shown,
 'Twere base, if I his Service shou'd disown:)
 Whom both at Feasts, and Synagogues I've heard
 As of Traditions he his Sense declar'd,
 And e'en your Sect who teach 'em, nothing spar'd.
 The fair Proposal, James, desir'd by all
 Accepts, when speedy, at Gamaliel's call
 His Pupil enters, who no sooner knows

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The

820 The Cause, but glad his Art and Zeal he shows;
Thus, eager, all Opponents did prevent,
Full of himself, and the lov'd Argument.

Still were those wholsom Laws our Fathers made
In force, nor thus despis'd, and disobey'd;
Who their Traditions break, condemn'd, t' expire
* 'Midst show'rs of stones, or sheets of deadly fire,
That wou'd the curst Transgressors best confute,
For ever silence the abhor'd Dispute:

* But since our ancient Discipline is broke,

830 Our shoulders worn beneath the Conquerers yoke,
With Reason's Sword we now content must be;
With that alone extirpate Heresie:

* Whose Patrons, sacred Oral Truths deny,
And to the Scriptures still for shelter fly:

* "For Heresies have all the same pretence,
"And quote the Scripture in their own defence:

Thus I demonstrate then from Reason's School

* The Word is neither clear, nor perfect Rule.

Not clear — It can't the doubtful Sense declare

840 "When Piles meet Piles, contending in the Air,

"Squadrons of Texts drawn out on either side,

How shall the controverted Truth be try'd,

Without a last Appeal to some unfailing Guide?

And where shou'd that, search all the World around,

But in th' High Priest and Sanhedrim be found?

Nor perfect is the Word, since much is lost
Of what the ancient Hebrew Church cou'd boast;

And Moses self did to the Guides commit

Many a sacred Truth that ne'er was writ:

850 Those Cabala, the Fathers did receive,

To the great Synagogue and Ezra leave,

As they to us, these all Disputes decide,

By these the doubtful Word it self is try'd,

They our unerring Rule, the Church our Guide.

"Thus ev'ry Age do's one another move,

"And trusts no farther than the next above.

"Our good old Doctors always took this way,

"Each asks but what he heard his Father say,

All doom'd to Death who dar'd their Sentence disobey.

Thus

Thus he, with *zealous Fury* in his eyes, 860
 To whom thus, *temperate*, the *Saint* replies.
 With those who are to your *sage Sect* inclin'd,
 Beyond *gross Sense* and *Reason* too refin'd,
 The surest way to *see* is to be *blind*;
 That thus, their *eyes* subdu'd, and *mortify'd*,
 They, with *Tradition's* broken *Reed* supply'd,
 May grope about for some *unerring Guide*.
 That *Criminal* must have a *desperate Cause*
 Whose only *Plea* 's t' object against the *Laws*:
 The *Statute's* clear, but those it won't acquit 870
 May well use all their *skill* to *darken* it.
 Cast by plain *Texts*, you to your *selves* appeal,
 By your own *Votes* declar'd *infallible*.
Reason and *Scripture* both alike cry down,
 Since they defend not you, you them *disown*.
 You urge not *Reason*, you, but its *pretence*,
 Not *Scripture*, but *false Glosses* drawn from thence,
 Reject — But is it not the same if you,
 Must the sole *Judges* be of *false* and *true*?
Reason you plead, if you it seems t' acquit, 880
 But if condemn'd, its *Vote* you won't admit.
 But still, if *private Reason* you pretend
 Must be the *Judge*, *Disputes* will never end:
 Were this *suppos'd*, you cou'd but thence infer
 That *men* must still be *men*, and still may err.
 Nor shall they that, if they with *Minds* prepar'd
 A *higher Guide* than *Reason's* self regard,
 Attending, free from *Prejudice* and *Sin*
 The *Word* without, th' *unfailing Spirit* within.
 Still you complain the *Scriptures* are not clear, 890
 And you the *Spirits* must try before you bear:
 Your meaning is, you fairly both reject,
 For both *Tradition* and the *Church* erect:
 But what can *easier* be to understand
 Than *Gods* own *Word*, his own express *Command*?
 Or what's more plain than that on no pretence
 You ought must add, or ought *diminish* thence?
 That his blest *Law* all *perfect* is, and *pure*,
 Nor can *Tradition's* base *Alloy* endure.

Deut. 13:
 32.
 Psal. 119.

Perfect.

- 900 Perfect as well as clear, approv'd and try'd,
In every part of *Life* a *Rule* and *Guide*.
In *Faith* and *Life* the *Scriptures* both avail,
Nor can you give *one Instance* where they fail.
The *justest* *Notions* they, of *God*, impart,
And teach to *serve* him with a *bumble heart*,
Describe the *terms* of *Happiness*, and more
That wond'rous *Prince* who shall the *World* restore,
* That *Christ*, that *true Messia* we adore:
By whom, if ought from *Ages past* conceal'd,
910 The *Fathers Will*'s entirely now reveal'd.
If then some *Books* are *lost*, (which if they are,
Where's the *High Priests* and *Elders* boasted *Care*?)
This not affects the *rest*, since still we find
A *clear* and *perfect Rule* is left behind.
Much of the *Cabala*, so highly priz'd
* Are *Trifles* by the *Learned World* despis'd;
* Your *Sephiroth* are *Truths* i'th' *Scriptures* plain,
But *darken'd* whilst you them *unfold* in *vain*.
Ezra and the *great Synagogue* you boast,
920 Whose *Doctrine* both and *Piety* you've lost:
Much younger those *Traditions* you embrace
Beside the *Word*; for them in *vain* you'd trace
* One step beyond the *Hasmonaean race*.
Fallacious all those *Arguments* you use,
And for *Infallibility* produce:
Tho' manag'd they with all your *Art* and *Care*
They still against plain *Fact* expressly bear;
For tho' *High Priest* and *Sanhedrim* you say
Can without *Error* shew to *Heav'n* the *way*,
930 'Tis plain to *Sense*, you this unjustly boast,
Themselves in *Error* oft, or *Vices* lost,
* Sometimes th' *High Priests*, as you must own, embrace
Th' abhor'd *Opinions* of curst *Sadoc's Race*;
* The *Elders* too, as *sacred Writ* avers
Have *Israel's God* deny'd, and turn'd *Idolaters*:
And can *two crooked Lines* compose *one right*?
Two *Finites* ever make an *Infinite*?
But what the *Fathers* told, you must *believe*,
Since such *good men* nor cou'd, nor wou'd deceive,

Since

Since every Age do's on the other move,
 " And trusts no farther than the next above :
 — But the blind *Heathen* take the self same way,
 " Each asks but what he heard his *Father* say,
 He errs, they follow, and stupidly obey.
 While those no false or dangerous steps shall make
 Who Reason's and the Words safe conduct take ;
 Which them, if from their paths they never stray,
 To our great Prophet will at last convey,
 Whose Divine Spirit shall with resistless might
 Soon fill the dazzled World with Heavenly Light :
 Gentile and Jew shall his blest Law receive,
 Vain Idols, and as vain Traditions leave ;
 E'en you your self — Unless amiss I see
 In the unerring Glass of Prophecie,
 You, who so fiercely now our Law oppose,
 And think us Gods at once, and Cesar's Foes,
 Struck to the Earth by a kind dazzling flame,
 Your Conqueror shall to Gentile Worlds proclaim, [Name.
 And round the spacious Globe shall spread the Christian }
 He said, th' young Disputant shot furious thence 960
 Too weak, and much enrag'd to make defence.
 When Chuzza thus — You so successful prove
 In this, my doubts I hope you'll too remove :
 From a loose Court to Sadok's Sect inclin'd, *
 Some Notions I imbib'd which yet disturb my mind,
 These in their usual Words I'll urge, nor fear *
 To find a just and candid Answer here.
 You know that Sect all future Life decry,
 All Immaterial Substances deny :
 A Spirit they'll not believe, unless they see, 970
 What they've no Notion of can never be,
 No pains for th' ill, or joys for those live well ;
 They laugh, as idle Tales, at Heav'n and Hell.
 Those distant hopes and fears alike despise,
 Impossible to them the dead shou'd rise ;
 Much less, shou'd they an after-state receive,
 Cou'd ought therein of endless pains believe,
 Since finite Sin is disproportion'd quite,
 They think to Punishment that's infinite

And



Book: 6: pag: 208.

S. PAVLVS.

N.º 39



980 And hard, for *Thoughts* or wand'ring or impure,
We shou'd t' eternal *Ages*, pains endure.
This is the sum of what they *Reas'ning* call,
The rest *Scurrility*, and *Nonsense* all :

Thus, *modest* he objects, thus calm and wise,
He who of *antient Rama* nam'd, replies.

That *immaterial Substance* cannot be,
Because *some* can't conceive 't, and *none* can see,
VVith ease is answer'd-- *Brutish Atheists* own
They can't conceive a *God*, but is there none ?

990 Ask the received *Sense* of all *Mankind* !

Is there no *Sun* because the *Beetle's* blind ?

* Their *Breath*, the *Air*, their *Thoughts* they cannot see,
Yet still they *Breathing*, *Thinking* Creatures be.
That *God's* a *Substance* 'tis confess'd by all,
VVhom, but *Blasphemers*, none *material* call :

* *Matter's* extended, *passive*, *finite* own'd ;
If *God* be such, he's from his *Heav'n* dethron'd,
Equal with that *vile Man* of *Dust* he made,
Nay lower yet, and nearer *Nothing* laid.

1000 He must have *Parts*, *Mutation* must prevail
O'er his weak *Frame*, "and what may *change* may fail.
Angelic minds who ever reign above,

Ay hymning the Great *Spring* of *Joy* and *Love* ;
These are all *Spirits*, for they, tho' young and fair
They seem to *Men*, drest in light robes of *Air* ;
Their business done their *short-liv'd* *Bodies* leave,
Their *elemented Form* the *Winds* receive.

Loose from dull *matters* *Laws* no longer stay,
But the next moment *think* themselves away ;

1010 Preventing ev'n th' amaz'd *Spectators* *Eyes*,
From *East* to *West*, from *Earth* to *Paradise* ;
And from the *Altar* off to *Heav'n* aspire.

In *Clouds* of curling *Smoke*, and *Globes* of *Fire*.

Can you such *Pow'rs* as these in *Matter* find ?

Can ought do this, unless 'tis perfect *Mind* ?

There is a *Spirit* in *Man*, th' *Almighty's* *Breath* ;
Something *Divine*, that must survive his *Death*.

Who can with *patience* think he all must die,

And in dark *Nothing's* *Chaos* floating lie,

1020 Who wou'd not rather with a blest *Eternity* ?

If *Man*, as *Sadoc* dreams, all matter were,
 How cou'd he apprehend, compound, infer?
 How *Universals* form, *Reflect*, or *Will*,
 And on those *Acts* make new *Reflections* still?
 How *Sciences* invent, or *Arts* devise,
 And ev'n by *Folly* and *Mistakes* grow wise?
 How everlasting *Poems*, *Works* divine,
 Which to compose both *Earth* and *Heav'n* must join;
 How these produce, how weave each *Notion* there,
 And give each *stubborn Thought* its *Turn* and *Air*?
 As soon wild *Atoms* into *Whirlpools* hurl'd
 Might make this beauteous *Poem* of the *World*.
 A heap of *Letters* in a *Mirror* seen
 As soon might form great *Maro's Works* therein.
 If all were *Matter*, *Sadoc* argues well,
 Wou'd no *Hereafter* be, no *Heav'n* or *Hell*?
 All wou'd be *Fate*, and *Man* as justly then
 Might punish *Stones*, as *God* cou'd punish *Men*.
 But shan't the *Judge* of all *Men* justly do?
 Shall not eternal *Truth* it self be true?
 That here things equally he don't dispense,
 Ev'n *Sadoc's Sons* must own, who argue thence
 Against his *Justice* and his *Providence*:
 Tho' we more fairly a future *World* conclude
 To plague th' *Unjust*, and recompence the *Good*;
 Which by th' inspir'd of old in every *Age*
 Was fair inscrib'd on many a *sacred Page*;
 Tho' far more legibly than all the rest,
 By him of *Heav'n* and *Earth* belov'd, exprest.
 Nor this last *Refuge* to th' *unjust* remains,
 This glimm'ring *Hope*, that *Time* shall end their pains:
 As soon the *Fiends* may break their *Iron Chains*,
 As wretched *Souls* from the sad *Prisons* rise,
 From those eternal *Shades*, regain the *lightsom Skies*.
Habits of *Vice* are *Hell*, that *World* of *Woe*,
 They needs must with 'em bear, where e'er they go:
 The loss of *Heav'n* is *Hell*, who banish'd thence,
 Their pain of *Loss* equals their pain of *Sense*;
 And cou'd they to that *blissful Place* repair,
 Yet what, ah! what cou'd *vicious Souls* do there?

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1040

Dan. 12.2,3.

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1060

Who

Who *Life* and *Death* propos'd; the latter chuse,
And a fair *Option* granted, *Heav'n* refuse.

Thus he — When *Chusa* — Easily we learn
Those *Truths* we might from *Natures self* discern,
And you my *Faith* with small reluctance, gain
T' *unmatter'd Minds*, and endless *Joy* and *Pain*:
But that which shocks *Philosophy* and *Sense*,
And crosses all our *Notions* drawn from thence,
Is your assertion that the *dead* shall *rise*,

1079 Our mouldring *dust* agen enjoy the *Skies*:
Those *Seeds* of things thro' *Air* and *Water* rost,
Thro' *Earth* and *Fire*, *Bodies* in *Bodies* lost;
That these shall be in their *old Form* rejoyn'd,
Each *Atom* shall its brother *Atom* find:
If then there's ought your *sacred Books* contain,
If ought in *Reasons School* can this explain,
The useful *Knowledge* candidly impart,
And ever more command a *grateful Heart*.

1080 *Gamaliel* thus — Who erring *minds* regain,
Their *Pleasure* richly do's reward their *Pain*;
And *Reasons self* no worse *success* secures
* In those so well prepar'd for *Truth* as yours.
Not that from *Nature* you clear proofs can see
Of what's a *supernat'ral Mystery*.
But first we'll prove 't, tho' from the *World* conceal'd,
By Gods *unerring Spirit* to us reveal'd,
Then to our *Faith* the aid of *Reason* bring,
And prove no *Contradiction* in the *Thing*.

* The *Law*, the *Prophets*, and the *Psalms* contain,
1090 This *Truth* the *Sadducee* denies in vain,
When Fate the *Souls* and *Body's link* unties
* The *Spirit* says, Man rather *sleeps* then *dies*.
Express great *Esay* writes the *Dead* shall *rise*;
When the *last Trump* the joyous news shall bring,
That those who dwell in *Dust* shall *rise* and *sing*.
Tho' this seems strange to our *short sights* who dwell
In mortal *Clay*, with God 'tis possible.
His *Pow'r* can do what *Nature's* never can,
And reproduce the same *numeric Man*;

1100 From various things that *Body* can restore

IIa. 26. 19.

Which his dread Word from Nothing made before.
 Those Seeds of things too fine for humane Sight,
 Tho' granted numerous, can't be infinite;
 But were they, the Almighty is the same,
 And knows 'em all who calls the Stars by Name;
 Each Atom can't his proper place return,
 And raise a Phoenix from a dusty Urn.
 Tho' should he different parts of matter take,
 With the same Soul he the same Man wou'd make:
 The Soul's the Form, by this dull matter lives,
 And th' individuating Seal it gives;
 That still survives; for what can that destroy?
 The Bodies Harbinger in Pain or Joy.
 While Body's still in Flux, still loose it flies,
 Ev'n join'd to Soul, each Day 'tis born and dies, *
 And when Fate calls, it thence divided, must
 Scatter in Air or moulder into Dust.

1110

He said and paus'd, all pleas'd with what he spoke,
 When zealous Cephas thus his silence broke.

Well have you reason'd, Fathers! and as well
 For Truth have urg'd Truths sacred Oracle;
 Yet Reason some evade by Sophistry,
 Some Scriptures wrest, but none can Sense deny.
 To this our Lord by Miracles appeals,
 In all those Truths which he from Heav'n reveals
 By Miracles him his Great Father seals;
 Which thousands can as well as we attest,
 By Friends admir'd, by Enemies confest:
 Who can by his own Pow'r both Worlds command,
 And raise the Dead by his dread Voice or Hand;
 Whom Heav'n and Earth obey, all must believe,
 His Testimony all the World receive.

1120

But never Man like him these Truths e'er taught,
 He Immortality to Light has brought;
 That Heav'n the Good with endless Joy shall gain,
 The wicked mourn in Hell with endless Pain.
 As little, immaterial Substance, we
 Can doubt, so much we've heard, so much we see.
 Legions of Fiends we see our Lord obey,
 VVho spiteful him confests, and hast away; *

1130

VVhether

1140





Book: 6: pag: 273.

N.º 40

Whether to their own dark *Abyss* confin'd,
Or them he in the howling *Desarts* blind,
Whether before they haue some lively *Tomb*,
Or bolder into *Towns* and *Cities* come,
And strike afflicted *Mortals* blind on dumb,
This haue *Capernaum's Walls* with wonder seen,
* This from his *Hills* the affrighted *Galilee*,
Where to their *Saviour* they their *Spine* prefer'd,
Where *Beasts* and *Fiends* obscene in *Legions* herd,
1150 Were our *Eyes* false, we've stronger *Evidence*,
And proof ev'n more infallible than *Sense*,
These *Truths* did *Trials* in self to us reveal,
Or plain, or in some lively *Parables*,
One I among the rest remember yet,
And think I hardly ever can forget;
Still are, methinks the *Scene's* before my *Eyes*,
The pains of *Hell*, the joys of *Paradise*,
And were not *Day* well wasted -- *Wast no more*
Gamaliel says, more earnest than before
1160 To hear the whole: while *Nicodemus* cries,
Those only *wast* the *Day* who, lost in *Vice*,
The *sliding Hours* profusely misemploy
In shortly'd *Pleasures* and voluptuous *Joy*,
Who while the *sliding Hours* fly swift away,
Fondly themselves beguile, and not the *Day*:
But who like us their happy *Sands* have past,
'Tis they, and they alone, *Live* truly *cast*,
They use their *Time* which others only *wast*.
But pray proceed, slip not one *passage* o'er,
1170 Believe we long to hear it all and more.
He thus -- I'll every *circumstance* relate;
Thus was the *Poor-Rich-Mans* tremendous *Fate*,
-- See his luxurious *Body* cover'd o'er
With *Royal Purple*, fetch'd from *Tyre's* proud *shore*.
* The softest *Linnen* next his tender skin
Richly perfum'd; (and need) to hide within
A lothsom *Load* of *Vanity* and *Sin*,
Arabia's choicest *Odors*, purchas'd thence
With the exactest *Care* and vast *Expence*,
1180 Rich *Nard*, *Amomum*, sacred *Frankincense*:

All

All these profusely smoaking fill'd the Air;
 As if the Land of Spices had been there;
 Where nothing else they burn; the choicest Fare *
 His Tables load, the panting Servants come
 Half crush'd with their pil'd weight into the room:
 Those Birds with which wise Heaven our Fathers fed,
 And thought the fittest meat with Angels bread, *
 As coarser Fare, despis'd, he'd scarce afford
 A room at th' end of his luxurious Board:
 The beauteous Fowl by distant Phasis bred, * 1190
 Almost as richly as their Master fed;
 Both fatted for destruction, scarce he'd deign
 To tast, almost untouch'd born off again;
 And cou'd the fancy'd Phenix self been caught,
 The Dish he at a Kingdom's price had bought.
 While in a stately Gallery hard by,
 Adorn'd with Babylonian Tapistry
 His Honours Musick late, and as they bring
 Each Course, anew they sweep the sounding string;
 At once to charm his Conscience and his Cares, 1200
 Lull his loose Soul with melting Lydian Airs,
 Or soft Anacreon's Words from Greece they bring,
 Which Eunuchs bought from Rome or Egypt sing;
 No Words e'er better chosen to excite
 His sated, yet his furious Appetite,
 And urge to lawless Loves, and vain Delight; }
 Thus on his yielding Couch exclin'd he lay,
 Thus he, Luxurious, past the scorching Day
 Till cooler Evening come, he bids prepare
 His stately Chariot. He must rake the Air: 1210
 At his broad Gates arriv'd he casts his Eye
 And sees a miserable Object lie
 With sores all cover'd — Strait with cruel Pride
 He turns his Head and haughty Eyes aside,
 Then frowning, thus t' his crouching Servants near
 Take hence this Dirt he cries, what makes he here?
 Drag him to th' Dungbil, that's the fittest place;
 Let him rot there, and not these Walks disgrace:
 Too soon they obey, and spurning bid him rise
 And get him thence. — He lifts his fainting eyes, 1220

With

With much of *Pain* he lifts his heavy *head*,
Which soon fell down agen, and sighing said
With a *low Voice* — What *hurt* or *injury*
Will 't be, if here you let me *faint* and *die*;
Tho' while I might have *liv'd*, you'd not afford,
'Twas all I ask'd, the *Fragments* of your *Board*
Which e'en the *Dogs* had left — The *Wretch* dares *prate*,
Replies the *Lord* — Here *trail* him from the *Gate*!
They did, across the more relenting *Stones*,

1230 Scarce cou'd he *speak*, but just expiring *groans*;
The kinder *Hounds*, who as it chanc'd were there;
Soon *scented* him, where half expos'd and bare,
His *fest'ring* *nauseous* *Sores* infect the *Air*;
Scarcely one part from *head* to *foot* was sound,
One frightful *Ulcer* he, all o'er a *Wound*:
Around him the poor *Curs* with *pity* wait,
And as they cou'd seem'd to *bemoan* his *Fate*;
They of their *Masters* *cruelty* complain;
With *heads* thrown up they deeply *howl* — In vain

1240 The *Huntsman* rates 'em off, they ne'er the more
* Will from him stir, but gently *lick'd* his *Sore*.
Some *Ease* he found e'en in the *pangs* of *death*,
Tho' whence he knew not; with his *parting* *Breath*,
Too late's your *Aid*, who e'er you be, he cry'd,
Requite you *Heav'n*! — With all his *strength* he try'd,
A little *rais'd* his *Head*, then *sunk* and *dy'd*!
— His active *Spirit* no sooner wing'd away
From her untenantable *house* of *Clay*,
But strait fair *Angels* from the *Clouds* descend,

1250 And thitherward their *Course* directly bend;
His shiv'ring *Soul* wide wand'ring in the *Air*,
On their warm *Purple* *Wings* to bliss they bear;
Safe to the *Realms* of endless *Peace* convey'd,
And in great *Abraham's* *bosom* softly laid;
There all the glorious *Orders* round him shine,
* " And calm the *Relicks* of his *Grief* with *Hymns* *Divine*.

When now *Sol's* *Beams* almost had left the *Air*,
Back did the Miserably-rich repair;
Who near his house, the lifeless *Carcafs* there

1260 Did at first glance a little startled see,

But

But soon himself recalls — What is't to me,
 If he be *dead*, he did insulting cry?
 That *Wretch* had nothing else to do but die.
 For me, I better can my time employ,
 And many an *unexhausted Year* of Joy:
 Shou'd *Fate* and *Death* be sawcy and pretend
 To rush into my presence e'er I for 'em send;
 Rich *Cordials* soon shou'd make 'em quit their hold,
 I'd bribe 'em thence with *show'rs* of liquid Gold,
 — Now let 'em keep their distance — When I'm old,
 With *Virtue* and the *Palsy* bedrid lie,
 Return, I may have *leisure* then to die.
 — He said, and a new *Banquet* bids prepare,
 Rich *Syrian Unguents* crown his flowing *Hair*;
 Resolv'd that *Night* in all the Joys to live
 That *Wit* or *Wine*, or *flatt'ring Vice* cou'd give;
 A few choice *Friends*, as great, as lewd as he,
 Sate round, t' *augment* and *share* his Jollity;
 At length the *Tables* clear'd, the *Banquet* o'er,
 Profusely plentiful as that before,
 He a huge *golden Goblet* rais'd on high,
 And *swears* to all their *Healths* he'd drink it dry,
 Then brought t' his head, when on the sudden, fall,
 His lips scarce touch'd, he, *Goblet*, *Wine* and all;
 The *Servants* shrieking overturn the *Board*,
 And run to th' aid of their expiring *Lord*;
 Rich *Cordials* fetch'd, they force 'em down in vain,
 His hand upon his heart, there, there his *Pain*;
Death-struck, he fell, hard comes his rattling *breath*,
 His jolly *Face* now *pale* and *cold* as *Death*;
Atheist no more, believes a *God* too late,
 Trembling with *Horror* of approaching *Fate*:
 All *Arts* in vain, with wild *distorted* eyes
 He desp'rate in their arms reluctant dies;
 So soon his *Carcass*, black and horrid grown
Corrupts, it longer cou'd be born by none;
 But as the *time* permitted, they Inter
 With *State*, in his *Parental Sepulchre*; *
 Proud *Flatchments* o'er, perhaps some *praise* him too
 For twenty *Virtues* that he never knew;

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Their

Their *Flatt'ries* help him not, nor reach him, where
His Soul, by th' ugly *Dæmons* of the Air
Is seiz'd their own, their *Mark* they on him found,
Which in firm *Adamantine Fetters* bound,
To *Ætna's Gulf*, or further on, they bear
To the sad *Northern World* thro' *mirk'som Air*,
O'er *utmost Thule*, thence thro' *Hecla* steep, *
Sink with him down *headlong* to the boundless *Deep*.

- Amidst the *dreadful Pains* of that sad *State*,
1310 Which for all those who now *despise 'em*, wait;
Where long he *Tortur'd* lay, he lifts his *Eyes*
Unto the now almost *forgotten Skies*;
The *Earth* to him, *Diaphanous* as *Air*,
With ease look'd thro', for *Souls* see every where;
Beyond *Heav'n's* mighty *Gulf* he saw as well,
Tho' vast as that, from th' *under-World* to *Hell*; *
Within whose shining *Borders* soon he found
Sweet *Paradise*, that blest, that happy *Ground* }
Where *Father Abraham* sits, the *Patriarchs* round, }
1320 And *holy Souls*, ay reign in boundless *Light*,
Expecting greater *Bliss* than *Infinite*; *
Among the rest when *Lazarus* he spy'd,
With a loud lamentable *Voice* he cry'd,
O *Father Abraham*! Tho' so far from thee
Remov'd, O *Father* hear, and *pity* me!
To live in yon blest *Realms* I must despair,
What wou'd, alas! my guilty *Soul* do there?
All the small *Boon* I ask, O that I might
Obtain 't! Is but less *Pain* than *infinite*;
1330 Since I in this dire *Place* must ever dwell,
O give but a more tolerable *Hell*!
If this too much, one *Moments* *respite* give,
What's that t' a *Wretch* must here for ever live?
Still less than that, yet let me, let me gain
Some small *alleviation* of my *Pain*:
The happy *Lazarus*! — O what a *Change*,
(But sure the *Blest* above knew no *Revenge*,)
Betwixt his *Fate* and mine! Let him descend,
And with one drop of *Water* me befriend,
1340 Tortur'd in quenchless *Flames* e'er since I fell,

And Thirst, next Guilt, the greatest Plague of Hell.

Ah miscall'd Son, Abraham severe replies,
 With unrelenting Justice in his Eyes,
 The time of Mercy's now for ever o'er,
 No more thy Friend, thy Father now no more:
 Then, then thou shou'dst have su'd, when long in vain
 God did a Pardon offer, you disdain;
 Nay dar'd, ungrate, his Providence arraign:
 E'en from his Goodness, wou'd no God believe,
 Because he suffer'd such a Wretch to live: *
 Then thou in Wealth and Opulence didst flow;
 Two are too much, thou hadst one Heav'n below,
 Where Lazarus his Hell; now all things weigh'd
 In his just Ballance, Retribution's made;
 He lives in endless Joy, who then did mourn;
 Thou in unpity'd Flames must ever burn.
 Besides, th' interminable Gulf's so wide,
 That do's 'twixt your sad Realms and ours divide;
 Yours cannot hope a Change, nor ours can fear,
 You must be ever there, we always here.

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1360

If then my Pain I must uneas'd deplore,
 O let it not (but can it?) e'er be more,
 The hopeless Wretch returns; for even here
 In Hell it self I've something worse to fear:
 I th' lightsom World above I call to mind,
 I yet have Five dear Brethren left behind;
 Them my false Rhet'ric did too oft entice,
 My bad Example them inclin'd to Vice:
 I fear lest their Damnation mine enhance,
 Their added Sums my vast Account advance:
 If he so long a Journey must not go,
 Or make a Visit to our Worlds of Woe;
 At least half-way let Lazarus descend,
 Rowze 'em from Vice, and warn of my sad End;
 This, this wou'd strike their Souls with pious Fear,
 Sure they'd the Dead, tho' not the Living hear.

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Nor e'en can that be granted, Abraham says,
 If they neglect Lives fix'd and stated ways,
 What the great Moses their Forefathers told,
 Thunder'd from Heav'n, what all th' Inspir'd of old;

1380

If

If they the *Law* and *Prophets* not receive,
Nor wou'd they the returning *Dead* believe.
—He said, the *Fiends* about their *Pris'ner* came,
And sink him deep in liquid *Worlds* of *Flame*;
While *Lazarus* forgets those *Miseries*,
By which he thinks too cheap his *Crown* he buys,
And learns triumphant *Hymns* in *Paradise*.

The *Apostle* breaths, the *Story* all commend;
Hence *Fathers*! See, reply'd our *Saviour's* *Friend*,

1390 Our *Master* came not, as the envious say,
The *Sanction* of our *Laws* to take away,
Or mighty *Moses* teach to *disobey*;
Perpetual Doctor of the *Churches*, where
His *Truths* of *moral Obligation* are,
Nay even those who sit in *Mose's* *Chair*,
He bids *obey* in all that's *just* and *right*,
Suffer or *do*, nor must his *Servants* *fight*.

Gamaliel thus—Since you so much have *shown*,
1400 I've now far other *Thoughts*, I frankly own,
Of your great *Masters* *Doctrine*, than before,
And must th' *Iniquity* o'th' *Age* deplore
That him rejects, our *Rulers* *Spite* and *Hate*
The *Cause*, he worthy a far better *Fate*.
But chance what may, avert my boding *Fear*,
Kind *Heav'n*! You ever shall be *welcom* here.

And now the *Sun* behind the *Mountains* fell,
Gilding, with parting *Beams*, fair *Siloam's* *Well*; *
The *Guests* arise, *Gamaliel* with 'em rose,
1410 Since they'll no longer stay, he forward goes,
Conducts 'em to the *Gate*, and parting there,
Back the *Disciples* to our *Lord* repair.

The End of the Sixth Book.

Ff 2

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK VI.

1. **L**O! Th' Eternal Word I sing, &c.] I chose *Pindaric* here, being most suitable to the *Loftiness* of the Subject. And for my *Excuse* in using it, desire no better than Mr. *Cowley's Example*. For the *Matter* of the *Ode*, it includes, for the most part, little more than what's express'd or hinted in the *First Chap.* and other places of *St. John's Gospel*.

5. *Rise my Eagle-Soul! Arise!*] That *Egibet* may be more proper to *St. John*, because he's generally thought represented by the *Eagle*, among the four living Creatures in the *Revelation*; which is accordingly pictur'd near him.

18. *No mean Succession his Duration knows.*] I am not ignorant that our famous *Parker*, and the Men of *New Notions*, are generally of another mind. But this has not only been the Opinion of all *Antiquity*, who thought *Succession* disagreeable to the *Nature* of *God*; but of the best and most Learned of the *Moderns* in our own Nation. See *Bishop of Worcester's Sermon* on the *Adversities* of the *Christian Faith*; *Mrs. Bevely*, and others; and among Poets, Mr. *Cowley*,

* Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an Eternal Now does always last.

23. *Whatever was, was God, e'er Time or Place.*] From *Vida's*: *Quicquid erat Deus illud erat.*

27. *One, undissolv'd!*] The nearest word I could find to *undivide*.

30. *Not to be argu'd, but believ'd.*] As to the *Modus*, I mean, the *Manner* of the *Eternal Generation*; as I explain it in the following Verse, — *ineffable the way*, &c.

39. — more intimately one
With his great Father, than the Light and Sun.] This usually is given as an *Illustration* of the *Trinity*, and particularly the *Procession* of the *Son* from the *Father*; tho it must come short, or else it would not be a *Similitude*, but the same thing. All that is pretended to be proved by such Instances as these, being that such things are no *Contradiction* in *Nature*.

43. *There is no after or before.*] From that in the *Athanasian Creed*. In this *Trinity* none is *before* or *after* an other; that is, all the *Divine Persons* were co-existent from all *Eternity*, and do now equally partake of the *Divine Essence* and *Perfections*.

46. *No room for one short Moment, or bold Thought between.*] The *Arrians*, who had much more to say for their *Heretic* than their modern Kindred, did grant, in some of their *Confessions* of *Faith*, that the *Son* was from all *Eternity* by such

an *Emanation* from the Father, as that whereby the *Light* proceeds from the *Sun*, but yet contended for a *Moment's* difference between their *Existence*; the *Son* receiving his, as they think, from the *Father*; whereby they unavoidably fell into the same Absurdity which other Pretenders to Reason since have done: That I mean of a *made God*, or a *subordinate Supreme*. To which, if they can, let 'em find one that's *equal* in the whole *Athanasian Creed*.

47. *The Father lov'd the Son, &c.*] Thus some endeavour to *solve*, or rather *illustrate* the Doctrine of the Divine Processions.

54. *Three more than Names, the Father, Spirit, and Son.*] 'Twas the Hereſie of *Sabellius*, that the three Persons in the Trinity were only *three Names* for *one Person*, as well as *one Essence*. Which some have charged on *Dr. Cudworth*, tho, I think, with more *ill Nature* than *Justice*. Nor seems there need of many Arguments to confute it. Names can't act. Names are not *distinguish'd* by *Personal Pronouns*; one Name can't send or satisfy, or attest another: But there are in the Divine Essence *different Agents*, *different Actions* being attributed unto it, and those who perform 'em are distinguish'd by *different Personal Pronouns* in the Sacred Scripture. Of the *Father* and *Son* there's no doubt: Of the *Holy Spirit* 'tis said, *He shall teach you all things*. The *Father* is said to *send*, the *Son* to be *sent*, the *Holy Spirit* to *witness*. Therefore they are more than *Names*, and I think Persons is the plainest Word we have whereby to express them.

57. — *one self-conscious Mind.*] With all *Submission* and *Respect* to that Reverend Person, who, if I mistake not his meaning, asserts *three distinct Minds* in the *undivided Trinity*; I must acknowledg I can't be of his Opinion for these short Reasons; if *three holy Minds*, then *three Holy Ghosts*: But says the Creed, *One Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts*. Again, if *three Minds*, then I see not how to avoid *three individual Essences*, as much as of *three Men*: Therefore not *one individual Essence*, tho this all Catholic Christians acknowledg.

60. *This by the Spirit did the Son.*] *Gen. 1.* The *Spirit of God* moved upon the Face of the Waters: Which could not be a *Wind*, the *Earth* not being yet made to send out any *Exhalation*, or so much as any *Air* to be mov'd, without one of which, *Wind* could not be produced.

62. *As was resolv'd it's* Consult of the great Three-One.] That our Church thinks all the Trinity consulted or agreed together in the Creation of the World, and understands that Expression, *Gen. 1. 26. Let us make man*; in that Sense, appears, I think, plain enough from her ordering that Chapter to be read on *Trinity-Sunday*.

71. *Those fair Idea's be express'd, &c.*] According to that Notion so much talk'd of by some, of an *Ideal World*; tho thus much is certain, that the *infinite Mind*, had before all *Time*, and therefore from *Eternity*, *fore-seen* and *decreed*, what were then only *possible Essences*, should be in *Time* reduced into *Existence* or *actual Being*.

78. *With Luna's Silver-Waves, &c.*] Alluding to the new *Notion of Light*; that 'tis perform'd by repeated *Undulations*.

82. *The Angels next he made.*] So in *Coloss. 16. By him were all things created in Heaven and Earth, Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, Powers*: And in the Old Testament, "The *Morning-Stars* sang together, and all the *Sons of God* shouted for Joy, when the *Son*, the eternal, essential *Wisdom* of God, as the *Fathers* interpret it, laid the *Foundation* of the *Earth*; and if he made the *Angels*, he could not be himself an *Angel* in a proper Sense, tho he's call'd by *Accommodation* or *Comparison*, the *Angel* of the *Covenant*; and by *Jacob* the *Angel* that preserv'd him from all Evil. Of which see more below.

92. *Falling from thence, some Sun or Planet grows.*] Alluding to *Galileo's* Notion, "That every *Globe* of the *Universe* was created at a *distance* from the *Place* wherein it was to *move*, and thence let fall to the place of its *design'd Residence*."

94. *First, Matter wills, then Form to Matter lends;*
First different Somethings makes, &c.

Matter, the Heaven and the Earth,
Ff 3, Gen. 1. 1.

Gen. 1. 1. which must relate to the *Matter* of them only, the whole being at first *abysſ* and *darkness*, *inform* and *void*, till 'twas in three *Revolutions* of the first created *Light*, and three more of the *Sun*, reduced into that beautiful and lovely *Order*, which denominates it a *World*; all the *jarring Elements* being separated and disposed into their proper *Places*:

98. *And all around was Light, &c.*] Gen. 1. 3. God said let there be light, and there was light; immediately after the Spirit's moving upon the Face of the Waters.

106. *By God, who had the Pow'r alone.*] This certainly held then, whatever some may think it does since.

115. *If any asks, can satisfy*——— *His Wrath.*] This *Thought* has been labour'd at by some of the greatest Genius's the World has e'er produced, *Milton*, *Dryden*, and others, after whom I should scarce have dared to attempt it, had it not been almost necessary to the Subject.

131. *Nor like an Angel's, only form'd of Air.*] 'Twas the Opinion of some wild Hereticks in former Ages, that our Saviour's Blessed Body was only *fantastical* not *real*; whom 'tis not worth the while to confute.

150. *And once in Royal Robes array'd, — At sacred Salem stay'd.*] Many Learned Men have been of Opinion that *Melchizedeck* was our Saviour, who, as well might appear like a Man as an Angel; and as well stay some time as just appear. They think that 'tis a harsh Interpretation of *ἀνθρώπου ἀκτίνων*, without Father without Mother: to say, that it only meant his Father and Mother were not known, or not recorded, especially considering what follows, that he had neither *beginning of Days* nor *end of Life*; for further Christ is said in the Psalmist to be *Sacerdos in æternum*, a Priest for ever, after the Order of *Melchizedeck*: Whence it should seem that he himself was a Priest for ever, eternal, and therefore no other than the Son of God; as it seems implied in the Apostle's Words, of whom 'tis witness'd that he liveth, *Heb. 7. 8.* made after the Power of an *endless Life*, *v. 18.* as in the *third*, without *Descent*, *ἀναβυθίζεσθαι*. (Who shall declare his Generation?) And, he abideth a Priest continually. And when that's objected, made like to the Son of God, therefore not the same; they answer, that he may be the same with him, tho' said to be like him, and produce that Instance where Christ is said to be *ἐν ὁμοιότητι ἀνθρώπων ἡλικίας*. *Philip. 2.* Made in the likeness of men: and yet more plainly and unexceptionably, *Revel. 1. 13.* One like unto the Son of man: Whom yet all here grant to be Christ. Other strong Probabilities might be added, but these I think are sufficient to defend my making use of that Opinion.

157. *He, with two menial Angels, once a Guest.*] Gen. 18. 1. The Lord appeared to him; as *Cap. 17.* The Lord appeared to Abraham, and said, I am the Almighty God; which could not be an Angel, could not be the Father, must be the Son. *v. 22.* God went up from Abraham; therefore must have taken a bodily Shape, which the Father ne'er did. And in the following Chap. when the two Men, or two Angels, went to destroy Sodom, they tell Lot, The Lord had sent them to destroy it; that Lord whom they left talking with Abraham: And that Passage, "The Lord rained Fire and Brimstone on Sodom and Gomorrah from the Lord out of Heaven; the very *Arrians* understood of the Father and the Son; as we find in some of their Confessions of Faith in *Eusebius*.

161. *Then Abraham saw his Day, and did rejoice.*] A not improbable Sense of our Saviour's Words, *John 8. 56.*

164. *'Twas he who did the wandering Jacob guide, — 'Twas he whom met by Jabbok's side, &c.*] That the Angel who deliver'd Jacob from all Evil, and whom he prayed to bless his Grand-Children, was the uncreated Angel, our Blessed Saviour, has been the Sense of *Antiquity*, as *Petavius* observes, tho' he seems not willing to believe it, lest the Church of Rome should thereby lose one main Argument for worshipping Angels. But without him we are sure he was God: For Gen. 48. 15. The God of Abraham and Isaac which fed him all his Life long, is call'd, *v. 16.* the Angel that redeem'd him, &c. tho' no doubt but 'twas the same who redeem'd and fed him. Again, *Exod. 3. 2.* The Angel of the Lord appeared in a flame of fire out of the midst of the Bush: But *v. 4.* God called to him out of the midst of the Bush:

Bush: And v. 6. *I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.* The same also who wrestled with *Jacob* at *Peniel*, Gen. 32. who tho call'd a *Man*, v. 24. because appearing in the *Form* of *Man*, yet was really *God*, v. 28. *As a Prince hast thou power with God*: And so it seems *Jacob* himself thought; for he call'd the Place *Peniel*; for, says he, I have seen *God face to face*.

175. *What Angel else those Titles durst have claim'd?* — In every sacred Page *Adonai nam'd*.] 'Tis not proper to make a *Jew* pronounce the Name *Jehova*, which was, I suppose, long before this esteemed *unutterable*, for which was used *Adonai* or *Elohim*. Now that the *Angel* which went before *Israel*, which appeared often to the *Patriarchs*, was call'd *Jehova*, is plain in twenty Instances: See *Exod.* 23. 20. *Behold I will send an Angel before thee*: And 21. *My Name is in him*: Now the Name by which *God* revealed himself to *Moses* and the Children of *Israel*, when he brought them out of *Egypt*, was *Jehova*: *Exod.* 6. 3. *By my Name Jehova was I not called*: And say to the Children of *Israel*, *I am hath sent me unto thee*. But *God* will not give his *Glory*, *Isai.* 42. 8. His *incommunicable Attributes*, and *essential Glory* to any other *Being*: Therefore whoever has this *Glory*, must be *God*; and this *God* the *Son*, whom the *Jews* tempted in the *Wilderness*, as the *Apostle* says, *1 Cor.* 10. 9. and of whom all the *Fathers* interpret it: Nay, the very *Jews* themselves do the same, as I find in the *Notes on Gratius de Veris. Relig. Christian.* p. 368. Out of *Moses Ben Nachmen*, as quoted by *Masius*; *Iste Angelus, &c.* That *Angel*, if we might speak the very *Truth*, is the *Angel the Redeemer*, of whom it is written, my Name is in him. The *Angel* who said to *Jacob*, I am the *God of Bethel*: He of whom 'tis said, *God* called to *Moses* out of the midst of the *Bush*. He's called an *Angel*, because he governs the *World*: For 'tis writ, *Jehova* brought us out of *Egypt*. And again, he sent his *Angel*, and brought us out of *Egypt*. Again it is written, The *Angel* of his *Presence* (of his *Face*) saved them, to wit, that *Angel* who is the *Presence* or *Face* of *God*; and of whom 'tis said, My *Face* or *Presence* shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. Lastly, that *Angel* of whom the *Prophet*, The *Lord* whom you seek, shall suddenly come to his *Temple*; the *Angel* of the *Covenant* whom you desire. Again, The *Face* or *Presence* of *God* signifies *God*, as all *Interpreters* agree; but none can understand this, unless he's acquainted with the *Mysteries* of the *Law*.

177. *Royal Isaia him.*] He's generally reckon'd of *Noble*, or *Royal* Off-Spring. The *Glory* he saw in the *Temple* when the *Seraphim* cry'd *Holy, Holy, Holy*, *Isai.* 6. was the *Glory* of our *Blessed Saviour*: For so says this *Evangelist* in his *List*, *John* 12. 41. *These things said Isaia, when he saw his Glory and spake of him*.

190. *The lovely Boy, in whose auspicious Face.*] This is borrow'd from *Mr. Dryden's* Translation of *Virgil's Sicelides Musæ*.

207. *Their Reason is a Spark of his celestial Fire.*] *God* the *Son*, who made *Man*, and breathed into him the *Breath* of *Life*, gave him also *Soul* and *Reason*, forming him in this, as well as *Piercy*, after his own *Image*, who is the eternal *Alty*, or *helt Essential Reason*.

251. *And only to the chosen Jews reveal'd.*] *Vid. Joseph's Speech*, in *Lib. VIII.*

262. *For you, Sir, I perceive, have Plato read*] As the *Heathen* said of *St. John*, when he read the beginning of his *Gospel*.

275. *Who borrow all you think of us you know,* — From *Fabling Greece* and *fals'er Manetho*.] See this prov'd at large by *Josephus* against *Apion*.

295. *Their ancient mighty Jao was the same, &c.*] This *Jao*, or as *St. Jerom.* *Jabo*, was very famous among the most ancient of the *Heathens*: Him the *Devils* themselves were forc'd to acknowledg to be the true *Supreme God*. So the *Oracle* of *Apollo Clarius*, *sed eto ty mdyon Jao dyu dyu tyu dyu Idu*. He was the same with *Jehova*, and as well as *Jove*, deflected from it. That this was the *God* of the *Jews*, we learn from *Diodorus*, who speaks as much of 'em as most of the *Heathen Writers*. "*Moses*, says he, inscrib'd his *Laws* to the *God Jao*: And *Sanchoniathum* tells us, he received much of his *History* from the *Priest* of the *God Jao*, by which Name, as *Irenæus* tells us, the *Gnostics*, who affected *Antiquity*, were us'd to call *God*.

298. *And him to whom you did a Temple rear,* — Was only the *Phœnician Thunderer*.]

The

The Saxon *Thor*, and Scythian *Taramis* are concluded by learned Men to be the same, both signifying *Jupiter the Thunderer*; the Name of the latter, as *Bochart* thinks, deriv'd from a Root, which both in the *British* and *Phœnician* Language signifies to *thunder*. And to the same God did *Augustus* erect a *Temple*, I suppose after some great *Thunder*, that probably which *Horace* alludes to, in his *Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem*.

302. Now *Hammon* him from ancient *Cham* you call,
Now *Belus* name him from our injur'd *Baal*.] There can't be a more natural or easie Derivation of *Jupiter Hammon*, than from *Cham* or *Ham* as we write it. And that *Belus* is the same with *Baal*, and *Baal* with *Jupiter*, and yet a true name of God, *Hos.* 2. 16. I think all learned men are agreed. See more below, where also of *Belisama*, *Astarte*, *Isis*, &c.

312. *Lucina* aid; — Old *Berecynthia* Mother of the Gods, &c.] *Lucina* is the same with the *Moon*. *Berecynthia* seems a compound from *Hen* which is either *Venus* or *Juno*, and *Cynthia* the *Moon*, both the same with *Rhea*, so call'd from *fluo*, *fluo*, from an obvious reason. *Berecynthia* was Mother of the Gods, So *Isis*, *Cybele*, *Rhea*.

322. All your three hundred Joves.] A fair Company of them, for so many *Varro* reckons, tho most of them different Names for the same Person, nay often only *Fable* at the bottom.

334. Of some departed Father, Friend or Lord
They first an Image made, and then ador'd.] This has been look'd upon both by Antients and Moderns as the first rise of Idolatry, generally thought to have been begun by the Worshipers of *Belus*, though this the *Egyptians* were probably guilty of as soon as any others, because they had not only the Images of their Relations and Friends, but their very *Bodies*, as they have to this day preserv'd amongst them; and when they are reduced to straits did really often get help from 'em, by pawning their *Father* or *Grandfather* to the rich; whom they thought it a great piece of *Impiety* not to redeem again as soon as able.

359. And Seas, as *Luna* bids 'em, ebb and flow.] I'm not concern'd, whether 'tis the *Moon's* Influence, the Motion of the Earth, or whatever other Cause, to which the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the Seas are owing; 'tis enough that what I assign has been believ'd as most probable by Antiquity, which Mr. *Cowley* follows in his "Undisturb'd by Moons, &c."

362. Or mighty *Mazzaroth*.] I confess I can give no better Reason for calling him mighty, than because he has a very hard Name: But what's the true meaning on't, after all the Guesses of the Critic, perhaps he only knows who calls all the Stars by their Names, however *Gamaliel* might then know what it was.

367. Which some thought living, for they saw 'em move.] They believ'd 'em intelligent Beings, says Mr. *Bentley* out of *More Nechochim*; and the same appears from *Plato*, *Diodorus*, especially *Ensebius*, *Demonstr. Evang. Lib. 1. Cap. 6.* *ἡτοιμασμένους δὲ Ἀγῶνις ἀνέναντι ἀπάντων κατὰ τὴν λόγον ἡλίου καὶ σελήνης, καὶ ἀστέρων, διὰς ἀποφθίνας.* The *Egyptians* and *Phœnicians* first worship'd the Sun, Moon and Stars, as Gods.

388. Nay, to make all things sure, the Fiends and all.] Which *Porphyry* fairly acknowledges, owning that *Belzebub* and *Serapis* were the same.

402. Lord of Heaven.] *Beelsamen* signifies no more, as *Belisama*, Queen of Heaven, two Idols of the *Phœnicians* the same with *Jupiter* and *Juno*.

404. *Moloch* and *Belus* is with these the same.] *Moloch* signifies King, or Lord; *Belus*, or *Baal* is much of the same Signification. That *Jupiter* is the same with *Belus* I think few question. That the Sun had the same name appears from the Grecian *Ἡλιος*, derived of the *Phœnician Eliun*, of whom *Sanchoniathon*; and we learn from *Damasc.* in *Phor.* that the *Phœnicians* confound *Hel* and *Bel*, as our *British* learn'd to do from them, the Father of our *Cassibelaunus* (rather *Cassibelinus*) being call'd in some of our old Writers *Hel* or *Heli*, in others *Bel*. And in *Gruter's* Inscriptions we find one at *Aquileia*, *Apollini Beleno*; and the Herb *Apolinaris* was called by the ancient Gauls, *Belinuntia*; to which add that *Macrobius* in *Saturn. ult.* affirms *Jupiter* and the Sun to be the same.

405. Saturn with both.] *Tballus*, an old Historian commended by *Lactantius*, *Tertullian* and *Minutius*, mentions *Belus* and *Chronus* as the same 'ἐνιοὶ μὲν οὖν οἱ βέλους' τὸν Χρόνον some, says he, pay divine Honours to *Chronus*, and name him *Baal*, or *Bel*, the Romans call him *Saturn*, and some say that *Linus* first introduc'd his Worship. So *Apollinaris* in *Catena* on *Psalms* 106. 28. 'ΕΛΛΗΝΙ Ν Τὸν Βαλ Βῆλ γινώσκον ἐν πασὶν εἶναι τὸν Χρόνον.' The Grecians call *Baal* *Bel*, who they say is the same with *Time* or *Saturn*. *Scaliger* thinks this *Baalpeor*, Δία Βεργεδιον, *Taramis* the Thunderer, *Vossius* the Sun, *S. Jerom* *Priapus*; and I suppose are all three in the right.

406. The same Inscription both, &c.] That famous one ΑΓΑΙΒΕΑΩ, ΜΑΛΕΧ. ΒΕΛΩ, mention'd in *Bochart*.

407. Alike their Form, alike their Sacrifice.] Their Form, a King with a Scepter in his hand; their Sacrifice humane, as is notorious, both to *Saturn*, *Baal*, and *Moloch*.

408. To both the Nations their Baetylia raise.] These were very ancient Idols, Name and Thing, as the learned conjecture, corrupted from *Betbel*, where *Jacob* anointed a Pillar and dedicated it to God, whence the *Phenicians* his neighbours might do the same to their Idols. These *Baetylia* were dedicated to *Saturn*, *Jupiter* and others, being found formerly in great numbers near Mount *Libanus*, particularly at *Heliopolis*, the City of *Hel*, or *Bel* the Son of *Jupiter*; as *Photius* from *Damascius*, which latter says he saw one of them himself sustain'd and moving in the air, sometimes bigger sometimes less. That they had some Motion and a sort of Life we learn from *Sanchoniathon*, who calls these Βαυῖλια, λίθοι ἡμυρῶν. Their Form was different, sometimes like a Pillar; whence *Cowley*: *Baal's* spired Stone to dust was ground. Which I suppose was the proper σῆμα, which the Jews were so often forbidden to make: at others round and white, like an exact Globe. This Stone is also called *Abaddir*, as *Gale* from *Priscian*, whence perhaps the Devil's name *Abaddon* in the Revelations; all of them I'm inclin'd to believe the same with that *Jupiter Lapis* or *Terminus* of the Romans, whom *Lactantius* mentions, who was so stubborn he'd not yield an Inch to *Jupiter Latialis* himself, but kept his ground in the Capitol, when all the other Gods were afraid of the Thunderer.

409. That *Isis*, *Io*, angry *Juno* are
The same your own best Writers oft declare.] *Euripides* as quoted by *Bochart* says, the *Phenicians* and *Thebans* thought *Isis* the same with the common Mother. *Herodotus* in *Euterpe*, as I find him quoted in *Gale*, says, the Image of *Isis* was of the same Form with the Grecian *Io*. Now further, that *Isis* was *Juno* is plain, because *Plutarch* says in *Crassus* that the Hieropolitan Goddess, who was this *Isis*, is also called *Hec* or *Juno*. And the same *Isis* is called by *Julian* in his Oration, *De matre Deorum*, ἡ μήτηρ ᾧ θεῶν, &c. Mother of the Gods, and Wife of *Jove*; and again, Διὸς συνδύουσα καὶ συνδρονσα, which could agree to none but *Juno*.

411. The same their way of Life.] See *Herodotus*, who describes *Isis* as πνευροῦσα τῷ οὐρανῷ, running to and fro on the Earth. So *Plutarch*, *Apuleius*, *Sanchoniathon*, *Lucian* and others; and the same is true of *Io*, and *Juno* rambling after her *Jupiter*.

413. And all-- The Wife of *Jove*.] Of *Isis* 'tis prov'd, of *Juno* not doubted, nor can it be of *Io*, if the same with *Juno*, as she was by *Ovid's* leave, only a Contraction of it, tho he only makes her a Concubine of *Jupiter*.

414. All born'd alike.] So says *Herodotus* of *Isis* and *Io*, βουκιστὶν ὄντα, therefore true of *Juno*. See more below in *Astarte*.

416. Hence *Isis*, ere to *Libyan Wasts* he fled,--With her own double Crown, &c.] *Libyan Wast*, where the Temple of *Ammon* is describ'd by *Dionysius*, καὶ τῶν Λιβυῶν θεῶν ἱερὰ πολλὰ. Where the Scholiast thus: 'Ἡεὶ δὲ, λέγει ἐπὶ χειροτέλειαν τῷ θεῷ Διὶ ἢ αὐτῷ ἀγαλμα, Ἀμὼν δ' Ἀγύπτιος τὸν Δία καλεῖσθαι. That *Herodotus* says, that this Image of *Jupiter* had Horns like a Ram, whence the Fable of *Jupiter's* turning himself into a Ram when he fled from the Giants into Egypt; and some think

think *Aferoth* or *Astarte* was worshipped in the form of a *Sheep*, as we learn from the *Rabbies*:

421. *Their sacred Ox did Joseph represent.*] So *Vossius*, and most other learned Men; which is made more probable by the Etymology of *Serapis*, which signifies as some think *Ox Father*. *Joseph* was, as he himself says, a Father to *Pharaoh*. The *Ox*, a laborious Creature, is the Emblem of Plenty and Industry: Further, the Image of *Serapis* had a *Bushel* on its head, as *Suidas* describes it, in memory of his providing Corn for the people: And *Sandford* tells us, that *Minutius* the Prefect of Provisions at *Rome* was honoured with the Statue of a golden *Ox* for much the same reason.

425. *By Father Abram first from Chaldee brought.*] That the *Chaldeans* were the most ancient Philosophers there is but little doubt, any more than that *Abraham* was a *Chaldean*. *Philo* ascribes the invention of Letters to *Abraham*, tho *Eupolemus*, *Artapan* and others to *Moses*. *Abraham* might teach them to the *Phoenicians*, as they, we know, did by *Cadmus* to the *Grecians*, and *Moses* to the *Egyptians*; who tho they might teach him their own Learning, there's no necessity they should teach him his Letters. But that the *Egyptians* learned 'em from a *Stranger*, their own Writers acknowledge, and we find in *Plato*.

426. *Whether from Seth's eternal Pillars learn'd.*] As *Josephus* asserts, and speaks of one of them as remaining in *Syria* to his time; which one would think he'd scarce have done, had there been no foundation for such a thing: nor is there any Contradiction or Absurdity in it.

429. *Their boasted Hermes ours and not their own.*] *Hermes* is said to have invented Letters, or at least brought 'em into *Egypt*. This *Moses* is concluded to have done, therefore he must be that *Hermes*.

430. *Nay even the old Chaldeans sacred Fire,*
Which Delphos, you, and all the World admire,
Your Vesta, Persia's Mitra, are but one

The same with Moloch, Ammon and the Sun.] The old *Chaldeans* were the first who worshipped the Fire, which some attribute to *Nimrod*; this 'tis thought was done at *Ur*, which the vulgar render *Fire*. The same sacred Fire or Symbol of the Sun was also ador'd at *Delphos*, and almost every where else, especially by the *Romans*, under the name of *Vesta*; the *Persians* worship'd it under the name of *Mitra*; and at other times they call'd it *Amanus*, why not from *Ammon*? who had also his sacred Fire perpetually preserved, of which see *Plutarch* in his discourse of Oracles.

436. *The Egyptian Isis, Queen of Heav'n, you name*

Your Juno, our Astarte is the same,

And both the Moon, in Venus all agree

Agree, great Mother (he of Gods and Men.)] *Julian* begins his Prayer thus to *Isis*, the same as he thinks with *Dea*, *Rhea*, and *Demeter* or *Ceres*, *Ὁ θεὰ Ἰσις ἀστέρα υἱάνη*.

'O thou Mother of Gods and Men! and just after, *συνεργὸν Διὸς*, 'Partner of the Throne of Jove. That *Juno* is Queen of Heaven among the Heathens, is granted. That *Astarte* is the same with *Juno*, and both with the Moon, will appear from the Description we have of her in *Sanchoniathon* and others. She wore upon her own head, says he, that of a Bull, just as *Juno* is before describ'd, representing a *Crescent* or *Half-moon*. She's agreed to be the same with *Asteroth* the Goddess of the *Sidonians*, whom the *Jews* worship'd in *Samuel's* time, and *Solomon* afterward. The same with that *Baal* in the *Astr.*, which has so puzzl'd Interpreters, of whom the Writer of *Tobit* quoted by Mr. Cowley, *ἔδον τῇ Βάαλ τῇ Δαμῶνι*, 'they sacrificed to *Baal* the Heifer; the same with *Baalis*, or *Belis*, or *Belisama*, which last signifies exactly the Queen, as *Beelsamen* the King, of Heaven; by whom the Moon is thought to be intended, and call'd by that Title in the holy Scriptures. That this *Astarte* is the Moon further appears from *Lucian's* *Dea Syria*, *ἡστέρην αἰετὸν δὲ δὴν δὲ δὴν οὐρανὸν ἀναι*, 'I esteem *Astarte* to be the Moon. Further, that *Juno*, and *Venus*, and the Moon are all one is *Vossius's* Opinion. It has been already prov'd of

of Juno and the Moon, and is as clear of Venus from that forementioned passage of Plutarch, where he says, the Hieropolitan Goddess was call'd by some Juno, by others Venus, and by others the Goddess which takes care of the Principles and Seeds of things. I have only to prove that Astarte is Venus, which Tully expressly affirms *De natura Deorum*: "*Venus Syria Tyroque concepta, qua Astarte vocatur.*" And yet more plainly, the Isle Erythia near Spain, which as Bochart says was call'd *Ashoreth* or *Astarta* by the Phenicians, was also nam'd by some *Aegadonius*, by others *Hezr vno*, the Isle of Venus and Juno. This Venus had also many other names; the *Assyrians*, as Herodotus, call'd *Venus Mylitta*, the *Arabians* *Alytta*, (from a Composition of both which, with a small Variation, might the Island *Melita* or *Malsa* be named, where was formerly a temple of Venus, as *Cytheron*, *Erythia*, and other places for the same Reason) the *Persians* as before *Mitra*, as learned Men have conjectured, from the *Persian* *Meliter*, which signifies great, whence the Greek *μῆτις*, the Latin *Mater*, from the *Doric*, and our English *Mother*. But why may not this *Mitra* as well come from *Mizraim* the Sun, as *Vossius* thinks, and accordingly some call this Idol the Sun, Venus, or whatever 'twas, *Mitra*, or *Misbra*, as *Suidas*; others *Mesra* or *Mizra* as *Philo*; nor is't any wonder it should be reckon'd both Masculine and Feminine, since such was the Statue of ancient Venus, such, 'tis thought, *Priapus*, and the *Deus Lunus*, and so *Astarte* or *Astartus*. Nay the same God or Goddess was still worshipp'd by the *Arabians* in *Mahomet's* time, who in his *Alchoran* thus upbraids them with their Idolatry, *Surat. 51.* 'Have you not seen *Allath*, and *Alloza*, and *Menath*; which *Alloth* seems the same with the *Alytta* of Herodotus, only an *Arabick* Termination for a Greek. *Beidar* in his Commentary on the place says, they were all three one Image, bearing the resemblance of every living Creature, (as some think the *Pantbeon*) and yet like a Woman. *Isa-bar-ali*, cited by *Hottinger* says, 'twas the Star of the God *Rempban*, *S. Jerom* tells us this Star was *Lucifer*, which in his time the *Arabians* worship'd; and *Lucifer* in the Morning is Venus in the Evening. This *Menath* seems to be the same with *Mercury*, worshipp'd in those parts as some have thought by the name of *Meni*, and who according to *Beidar's* Description was the same with Venus, an *Hermaphrodite* in the most proper sense of the Words.

450. To Cyprus first from the Sidonian shore.] It appears that the Worship of Venus came from *Sidon* and the *Phenicians* to the rest of the World, because they were the first who ador'd her, near whose shoar is the Isle of Cyprus, where she had an ancient Temple, and whence she bore the name of *Cypria*. See *Pausanias* in *Atticis*, who thus speaking of the Temple of *Venus Urania*, She was worshipp'd first, says he, by the *Assyrians*, then by the *Cyprians*, *Paphians* and *Phenicians* of *Palestine*, whence the Inhabitants of *Cytheron* learnt to adore her.

452. Past Icaria gone.] a small Island in the *Aegean Sea*, *Samos*, as *Bochart* thinks, a Colony of the *Phenicians*.

453. At Samos toucht, where they her Temple rais'd, And by the Grecian Name of Juno prais'd.] Juno had a famous Temple at *Samos*, which *Virgil* celebrates. *Vossius* thinks *Jupiter* was deriv'd from *Jab* *παῖς*, and *Janus* from the same *Jab*, and that in the same manner was form'd *Jana*, as from thence *Juno*; which words among the antient Romans were the same, the *a* and *u* being frequently chang'd, as *Calamus* into *Culmus*; and *o*, as in *Dido*, being the Greek Termination.

457. Nor far from thence other Erythian.] A Family of the *Erythraei* are plac'd hereabouts, by *Dionysius*, and others. Why I call them *Erythians*, not *Erythraeans*, see below.

461. Melita pass.] Where was a famous Temple of hers, as before; and indeed she left Temples and took Names at most of the considerable Islands and Ports of the Seas. Whence she's call'd *Cypria*, *Paphia*, *Cytheraea*, *Erycina*, *Melita*, &c.

462. By her old Name.] That of Juno most solemnly ador'd at *Carthage*, which gave *Virgil* a very neat occasion for most of his Machines in his *Aeneis*.

469. *To Gades and the rich Tartessian Strand.*] *Tartessus* was famous in all ancient Stories and Writers, tho now the place it self where it stood is hardly known. Some think it the same with the *Tartish* whither *Solomon's* Ships went, which is not improbable, from the vast quantities of Gold and Silver formerly found there; *Baria Hispania* being also formerly call'd *Tarsis*. *Thucydides* says, the *Phenicians* built this *Tartessus*.

476. *To that new World without.*] *Britain*, which was call'd, when first known to the *Romans*, *alter orbis*; and is describ'd as such by *Agrippa* in his Speech to the *Jews*, which *Josephus* gives us, with which none doubt but the *Phenicians* were acquainted.

477. *Where Cesar late for Life, &c.*] So say the *British* Historians, and he himself owns little less.

479. *Bel and Astarte known and worship'd there.*] That *Bel* or *Baal* was known, and his worship introduc'd here in *Britain* by the *Phenicians*, seems probable from the frequent Footsteps of the Name amongst us. *Bel*, as before, is recorded in our History as the Father of *Cassibelan*; our *Belinus* is also famous. Our *Cuno-belin* and others; to which add the Names of *Billinggate*, *Billingborough*, &c. Nay, *Caesars* Inscription mentions the God *Belinus* here in *Britain*. That *Bel* or *Baal* was the same with *Hammon* or *Jupiter* has been already proved, as also with *Moloch* or *Saturn* a *Phenician* Idol. Now we have the Name of *Hammon* in our *Portus Hammonis*, or *Portsmouth*; and *Ham-ooze* in *Plymouth*, and several other Places. We had an Idol whose very Shape and manner of Worship was proper unto their *Baal* or *Moloch*. Of which See *Sams* *Britannia*, where he has a Cut of that huge wicked Idol, in whose Body the old *Britains* us'd to inclose the Child that was to be sacrific'd. That *Astarte* was known here *Bochart* thinks, and endeavours to prove it by the word *Astar*, which he derives from the name of that Goddess, and by a passage in the *Roman* Historians; who tell us, when *Queen Boadicea* was joyning Battle, she cry'd out, O *Adraste* help; which he believes was the same with *Astarte*. And why mayn't it be lawful to guess on, and derive the Name of the *Startpoint* in *Cornwall* from the same Goddess? Tho more sure we are, that we have another of her Name without the alteration of one Letter, here on the *British* shores, and that's *Belisama*; for we find *Belisama* *astuarium* between the Rivers *Devo* and *Sabrina*, now *Dee* and *Severn*, in *Ptolemy's* first Table of *Europe*. Nay further, what if we should find both their Names *Bel* and *Astarte* in one word, and that's *Belerium*, now *S. Burien* in *Cornwall*; deriv'd not improbably from *Bel* and *Ery*, *Venus*, or *Juno*, or *Astarte*; as in *Erythra*, *Erycina*, and twenty other instances, the *Phenicians* being desirous to perpetuate the Name and Honour both of their Gods and Goddesses together, exactly answerable to that proper Name *Bele-astartus*, whom we find in the List of their Kings. See more in the next Note.

482. *Which Erythra.*] There's hardly any thing of this nature has bred more Controversie among the Critics, than the *Erythrean Sea*, of which they give many different Erymologies, tho I think most agree that 'tis so call'd from the Isle *Erythra*, where one King *Erythrus* was buried, tho who or what he was, or when he liv'd they tell us not, some making him *Esau*, others they know not whom: all which difficulty vanishes, if we read *Erythia* instead of *Erythra*, and give the same name to this Island in the *Arabian Gulf* with that which is either near the *Gades*, or the same with *them*. This is made probable by a passage of *Solinus* concerning that in the *Straits mouth*: "*Erythia*, says he, which some also call *Erythraea*, This *Erythia* may answer almost exactly to the famous *Venus Urania*, if we deriv'd it from *Ery*, which, as before, signifies *Juno* or *Venus* from the *Chaldee* *𐤏𐤃𐤁* Here, libera; and *𐤏𐤃𐤁*, divina; or *Hesiod's* old *𐤏𐤃𐤁*, whom he makes the Mother of the Gods. Which is still rendered more probable by what *Bochart* tells us of another Island call'd *Astarte* in the *Arabian Gulf*, which seems no other than this *Erythia*.

491. *By heavenly Art turns the blest Earth to Gold.*] The *aurea Chersonesus*, or *Golden Island* of *Dionysius*.

492. *Where*

492. *Where Gomer's Land thrusts out its double Head.*] Now Cape Cornotti, which some think derived from *Gomer*.

495. *Colias is Venus call'd.*] A Place hereabouts is term'd by *Dionysius* *Κολιάδα* not altogether unlike *Colecur*, which is in our Maps in the same part of *Asia* with that in the old, which *Colias* is a name of *Venus*; most it had of so, worth

497. *The Corean Promontory lies.* — *Near where a Town.*] Cape Cory, and the Town *Talycory* near it in *Zakynthos* by some thought the old *Taprobane*. Both probably from *Cbora* the name of *Juno*.

503. *First born to Crete, and then to Ida's Hill.*] *Ida* is the name of a Mountain in *Crete*, and then to *Ida's Hill* in *Troas*.

506. *The Thracian Samos.*] To distinguish it from the other already mention'd where *Juno* was worship'd.

507. *The sad Cabiri.*] *Samotheic* Gods, as *Bochart* thinks, of *Phoenician* Original. They were four, as the *Scholast* on *Apollon*, *Argonautas*, *Atakos*, *Atakos*, and *Cosmilus*; that is, as he interprets it, *Ceres*, *Proserpine*, *Pluto*, and *Mercury*.

512. *Thence Moloch's cruel food at antient Tyre.*] *Thence* did those *Savage* rites, &c.] The *Tyrans* sacrificing children is notorious in History, as the *Carthaginians* from them. The *Romans* also had humane Sacrifices in the *Boaria*, and the *Greeks* the same as *Plutarch* tells us of.

518. *The same curst Offerings are in Albion made.*] See this describ'd by *Pausanias* of the *Druids* in the *Isle of Anglesey*, in a very lively manner.

544. *Those two great Lights.*] This is generally thought by some to have been the original of *Zabaism*, or the worship of the heavenly Bodies, represented as has been said by the eternal Fire among most Nations, and which has yet some Voraries in the *East*, both in *Persia* and the *Indies*.

550. *Now mighty Nimrod they their Bacchus make.* — *Then our great Moses.*] See this prov'd by *Gale*, *Vossius* and others, in almost twenty particulars, all of which can't be Fancy. [*Bacchus* pass'd the Red Sea, made water flow out of the Rock, gave Laws in two Tables, is describ'd as *Bicornis*, turn'd his Rod into a Serpent, struck his Enemies with darkness, first directed in the worship of the Gods. *Bacchus* *Bochart* derives from *Bar-Chu*, the Son of *Chu*, as *Nimrod* was He's call'd *Nebrodes*, the Greek Name of *Nimrod* *Zagreus*, a Hunter, as *Nimrod* famous for his Wars and Expedition into *India*, so *Nimrod*, all of which don't not be by accident.

552. *Who sometimes must the fabled Taautus bear.*] This *Taautus*, *Mercurius* or *Hermes*, *Teutates*, *Thouth*, *Theoth*, or by whatever names he's call'd, seems to have much of the story of *Moses* in those Fragments we have left concerning him, & on the Opinion of the *Theorist*, that they are the same; *Mercurius* says he was both the *Taautus* and *Hermes* of the *Egyptians*.

556. *From us had yours their Orders, Names and Powers.*] See this demonstrated by the learned *Scaliger*, none could think the order of the Letters *natural*, nor could so many Languages accidentally hit on the same Order.

562. *A Serpent's Form induc.*] So *Ovid* and others describe him, the true meaning of which seems to be, that he and his Wife sted, lurk'd in holes and Caves, when driven away by *Joshua*.

567. *These Letters first, &c.*] *Kid. supras.*

574. *Like his, they Vessels wrought.*] 'Tis granted by *Heathen* Authors, that the *Tyrans* were the first Navigators, as in that of *Tibullus*; *Edna* *patem* *venis* *viden* *docta* *Tyrus*. And 'tis not improbable that they learnt the Art from the Model which *Noah* left the World.

577. *This he whose Birthplace Samos boasts will know.*] *Pythagoras*, who went to the *Jews* as well as the *Egyptians* and *Chaldeans* to learn Philosophy, and *Hermippus* says as much of him who was his Scholar, and writ his Life. He was circumcis'd that he might be permitted the Knowledge of the Jewish Religion; after which he went to *Groton* in *Italy*.

587. *Had that great man, &c.*] Plato it's undeniable had many of his Notions from the *Jews*, tho he cares not to own it, naming 'em *Barbarians, Egyptians, &c.*

588. *His own and many, &c.*] Either 'tis a *natural Truth*, or was left by *Tradition*, or he had it from the *Jews*: neither of the two first I doubt can be prov'd, the *last* therefore must be granted. That he believ'd a *Trinity*, and had it from others; so says *Platinus*, as I find him quoted in *Dr. Cudworth's intellectual System*, p. 546. Where he says, the *Tritis, Javlonis, dytyde, Tagathon* or *Hen, Nou* or *Logos*, and *Psyche*, were not *Plato's* Inventions, but far more ancient: "Αναλ and αλγος and ελ and ουρds " That these Doctrines are not new or of Yesterday, " but very anciently deliver'd, tho obscurely. The Discourses now extant being " but Explications upon 'em, appears from *Plato's* own Writings; *Parmenides* " before him, having insisted on them. Thus *Theodoret* out of *Porphyry*, that God " himself bears witness, that the *Phenicians* and *Hebrews* have found the way that " leads to the Knowledge of the Gods, tho the *Grecians* have wandred from it.

595. *Whom the first Legislator.*] So *Josephus* says, and proves against *Appian's* And *Diodorus* expressly affirms the same.

599. *Before Troy's Wars.*] *Vid. Joseph. ubi supra.* And *Thallus* the Historian tells us, he was 930 Years elder.

603. *Did so our Neighb'ring Isles.*] Both *Minos* and *Lycurgus*, and others of the *Grecian* Legislators retir'd into *Crete* for the composing of their Laws; where, as *Serranus* thinks, they had 'em from the *Jews*.

605. *Ta or the Attick Laws.*] So *Grotius* affirms in his *De Veritat.* which is made more clear by *Peit. de Legib. Attic.*

608. *An Heavenly Art.*] So it has been always thought; not taught, but inspir'd.

620. *Fathers their Children blest'd in Poetry.*] *Jacob* his Twelve Sons.

637. *The Sacred Style.*] Which was then *Verse*.

640. *With much of Pain wrung out some Doggrel Lines.*] Alluding to those old blundering Verses ascrib'd to the *Oracles*.

647. *Old Linus first enticing cross the Seas.*] *Linus* was certainly a *Phenician*, as well as *Hercules*, who was his Scholar, tho a very unlucky one; for he knock'd his old Master's Brains out. *Thallus* says, 'twas this *Linus* who first brought the Worship of *Saturn* into *Greece*, a *Phenician God*, as has been often proved, and the same with *Moloch*.

649. *Fam'd Orpheus.*] *Orpheus* was the Auditor of *Linus*, being, as *Tatianus contra Gentes*, *Hercules* his Contemporary. *Justin Martyr* says he was the first Author of *Polytheism*; and accordingly *Diodor. Siculus*, who gives the best Account of these sort of Antiquities of any of the Heathen, " That he first brought into *Greece* the Mysteries of *Bacchus*, *Hades*, &c.

663. *Leaning on a Staff.*] I think *Gamaliel's* Conjecture has at least as fair a Face of Probability, as those of our Modern Critics, as to the Etymology of the *judicius* of *Homer*.

667. *Our Siloam first supply'd your Helicon.*] The Rabbies have a Story, that whoever drunk of the Water of *Siloam*, were fill'd with a *Prophetical Spirit*. The same the Heathen fancy'd of their *Helicon*. Tho I have a further Intention here, namely, that their Poets borrow'd most of their Fancies and Ornaments from the *Hebrew Writings*, as I have before observ'd.

670. *Assyrian Sage.*] *Old Hesiod.*

685. *The Properties express, — Of that great Joye, &c.*] Thus had *Celsus* and the cunning Heathens learn'd at last to plead for their Idolatry.

700. *Much more the Heroes must, when Gods prevail.*] Thus *Julian*, in his *Question* already cited, of *Hercules*, imi εἰ αὐτὸν εἶδε, &c. " After he is now gone " to his Father, he can with more ease take care of Humane Affairs, than he " could while here upon Earth.

701. *Much rather then, — The spotless Parent both of Gods and Men.*] I would not

not willingly hear an honest Heathen abus'd, nor let more be said by 'em than they really own. See almost the same Words which I use, in *Julian's Oration*; *οὐδ' ἂν ἄλλοι ἢ τῇ μνηρὶ ἡ δὴ δῶκε*. "Much rather to the Memory of the Gods: And *ὁ δὲ αὐτὸς ἐν ἀρσενίῳ μιμήσῃ*, where he repeats his Ave to her with a great deal of Devotion, asking all good Fortune here, and that she'd receive his Soul hereafter.

716. *They from conquer'd Cities with 'em bear.*] A notorious Custom of the Romans; and, I suppose, from the Story of the *Palladium*, the *Tyrans*, and others of also all the Heathens.

738. *Now the worst of Men, now none at all.*] None could be worse than the best of their Gods, *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, and many of them only fabled Persons that had never a Being; as *Longinus*, and others among their Successors.

740. *In Satyrs, or in humane Form ador'd.*] 'Tis observable the Devil has but little chang'd Fashions since he first endeavour'd to cheat or fright Mankind. He was then horned and cloven-footed, as *Pan*, the *Satyrs*, *Taurus*, *Apis*, &c. and in the same Shape, Story says, he usually still appears.

755. *Old Numa's Temples knew no Images.*] So says *Varro*, and that it was a long time before they were introduced at Rome.

771. *Moving Temple.*] So *Josaphat* calls the *Ark*.

778. *Your Corban.*] Some think this *Corban*, so famous among the *Jews*, especially the *Pharisees*, signifi'd a solemn Oath or Imprecation, whereby they oblig'd themselves to do or not to do a thing. *Origen*, and others of the ancient Writers, as Dr. *Hammond* on the 15th. of *St. Matthew*, think it signifies a Gift consecrated to God, a pretended devoting all their Substances to pious Uses, which by their Law or Custom, freed 'em from helping even their Father and Mother. Which Consecration, or Devoting, might be done with an Oath, and then both Senses agree.

797. *In all that Rome or Athens.*] We can't suppose but that he had read the famous *Latin*, as well as *Greek Authors*.

808. *This I'm sure is so.*] Opposing Tradition.

826. *'Midst Show'rs of Stones, and Sheets of deadly Fire.*] The Punishments inflicted by their Laws against false Prophets and Hereticks, *Deut. 17. 12*. Tho the Romans did not care to put 'em in execution; as we may see from *Pilate*, *Felix*, and others.

833. *Whose Patrons, sacred Oral Truths deny.*] 'Twas notorious that the *Pharisees* made the Word of God of no effect by their Traditions. So says the *Talmud*; *Plus est in Verbis Scribarum quam in Verbis Legis*; and *Verba Scribarum amabiliora sunt verbis Prophetarum*. "There's more in the Words of the Scribes than in the Words of the Law; and the Words of the Scribes are more amiable than the Words of the Prophets, and yet higher, *Egredienti a studio Talmudico ad studium Biblicum non erit Pax*: "There's no Peace to him who goes from the Study of the *Talmud* to the Study of the *Bible*. Christ spoke against Traditions, and commands to search the Scriptures. The *Pharisees* cry up Traditions, and forbid the Scriptures to be read. Whether are to be obey'd?

835. *For Heretics, &c.*] I must doubly ask Pardon here, both for borrowing these Verses, and making thus use of 'em; which I did, because they express the Doctrine and Plea of the *Pharisees* as closely and fully as 'tis possible to be done; and had the *Hind* and *Panther* been writ in his time, would undoubtedly have read it, and might have quoted it too, as well as he does *Menander*.

838. *The Word is neither clear, nor perfect Rule.*] So said the *Pharisees*. Hence their *Cabala*, or *Lex non scripta*, containing Traditions, to supply what they pretended imperfect, and *Glosses*, to illustrate what was not clear; both of which they themselves would have the keeping of, and what Work they made with 'em; we may not only find in the *Evangelists*, but even in their own Writers. *Sic dicunt Doctores dextram esse sinistram, audi*: Says *Grotius* out of their Works; "If our Doctors says your Right Hand is your Left, you must believe 'em.

916. *Trifles by the Learned World despis'd.*] Great part of them *Anagrammatic Fooleries*.

917. *Your*

917. *Your Sephiroth are Truths in Scripture plain.*] Many of these *Sephiroth* the Rabbies describe in God; among the rest, there is the *Amen*, the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the *Light*, the *Spirit*, which must relate to the Blessed Trinity, being the very Expressions by which the Holy Scriptures denote unto us the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*; and accordingly the Rabbies say, that *Many Sephiroth* do not hinder "the Unity of God."

923. *One step beyond the Hasmonean Race.*] They pretended Antiquity to authorize their unlawful Impositions, and call'd 'em, "The Traditions of the Fathers." Epiphanius says, The great things the Pharisees pretended to more than others, and made Vows to perform 'em, were these following, Virginity, constant Prayers, Discipline of the Body, and Abstinence from Meat and Sleep. They pretended from *Extra*, but could prove no further than from the Times of *Jonah* the High Priest; which tho' *Josephus* calls *temporibus antiquissimis*, was but about 140 Years before.

932. *Sometimes the High-Priests, as you must own.*] See *Josephus*, and *Acts* 5. 17. The High-Priest, and all they that were with him, which were of the Sect of the Sadducees.

964. *A loose Court, to Zadoks Self inclin'd.*] The Court of *Herod*. Some make the *Herodians* and *Sadducees* all one; these might indeed be some difference between 'em, tho' 'tis hard to say which was worst; and many of their Opinions were the same.

992. *Their Breath.*] This holds in that Country, tho' not in ours.

1089. *The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms contain.*] This a Learned Rabbi being ask'd how he prov'd the Resurrection from the Sacred Writings, answer'd, "From the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms."

1092. *The Spirit says, Man neither sleeps than dies.*] That Expression is often us'd in Holy Scripture, even in the Old Testament, *Deut.* 31. 16. *1 King.* 1. 12. *Job* 14. 21. and that with an Exclusion to Annihilation; for *Daniel* 12. 2. *Those that sleep in the Dust shall awake.*

1115. *Even join'd to Soul, each day 'tis born and dies.*] That is, as to particular individuated Matter, by the addition of new Particles and avolation of the old.

1142. *Spiteful him confess.*] It's not likely the Devils confess'd our Saviour out of any Good Will, but rather, as it should seem, on purpose to disgrace his Doctrine and Person; for which reason he forbad 'em to do it.

1143. *Whaiber to their own dark Abyss confind.*] Dr. Hammond thinks, that when the Devils besought our Saviour that he'd not send 'em out into the Deep, it relates to their own Abyss of Hell; and that 'tis equivalent to that other Phrase, "Not tormenting 'em before their time."

1177. *The softest Linnen.*] *Ludolfus* is very angry with *Dives* for wearing this fine Linnen, which he says he did, *Propter molliorem carnis*: But if that had been all his Fault, methinks they should have let him gone no further than Purgatory: For tho' there are a sort of Men in the World, who may find I know not what Merit and Super-erogation in scrubbing their Carcasses with Hair-Cloth, and being more nasty than their Neighbours, yet one would think, wearing clean Linnen, tho' it happen'd to be fine too, should be only a Venial Sin.

1185. *Where nothing else they burn.*] One of the *Arabia's*, where they have such Plenty of Spices, and Want of other Fuel; that Geographers say, they make use of 'em for their common Firing.

1189. *The fatest Meat with Angels Bread.*] Because the *Israelites* eat 'em with *Manna*.

1192. *The beautiful Fowl.*] The Pheasant, which still keeps its Name, tho' it has fetch'd it a great way off.

1243. *Lick'd his Sore.*] *Ludolfus* here has a very odd Allegory in his Prayer at the end of this Parable, *Veniant Canes Doctores tui, ut lingant Vulnere peccatorum meorum!*

1258. *Calm the Reliques.*] A Line of Mr. Norris.

1307. *O'er utmost Thule.*] By this famous *Ultima Thule*, I think there's little doubt

doubt but *Island* is intended in ancient Writers, especially the Poets who have often occasion for it. Thus *Dionysius* having been before speaking of the Isles of *Britain*, he says, 'tis in the Ocean beyond 'em, and that you need a good Ship to carry you to it: Πάλλω δ' ἀγρίωνος τῆς ἰσθμὸς ἑλκυστοῦ Νηὸς καὶ Θέλω εὐρυγῆντ' ἰν' ἡρώων. He gives yet, if I mistake not, another Mark of it; particularly of this *Hecla*, a burning Mountain there, which Tradition makes one of the Vents of Hell: "Ἐκείν' ὅπου δ' αἰετὶς ἀσπαστοῖς ἐκείνητος ὄρε' which the Translator thinks relates to the Length of Days, translating πῦρ by *Lumen*. But it seems at least as probable, that by this Fire pour'd out Night and Day in this Island, the Author might intend this Mount *Hecla*, which is famous for incessantly casting out Smoak and Flames.

1316. *The vast as that.*] So the Poet.

1314. *Thirst, next Guilt.*] Undoubtedly a terrible Pain, since set to express what's infinite.

1407. *With parting Beams*] *Silaam* lies West of *Jerusalem*.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Seventh B O O K.

OUR Saviour and his Disciples come early to the Temple, the Mufick whereof is described, and the several Instruments the Jews made use of in their Sacred Service. The Morning Anthem. The Buyers and Sellers in the Temple, and our Saviour's driving 'em thence, pursuing 'em to Solomon's Porch, which is described, with the Valley of Kidron, and the Precipice between Mount Moriah and Olivet. In the mean while his Disciples survey the Buildings of the Temple, the Gates, the Courts, the Pillars, and the Golden Vine, and finding our Saviour, with Admiration shew them to him, and discourse of them; who prophesies the Destruction of all those stately Buildings; which he more at large describes, on their Desire, as ascending thence, and looking back on the City and Temple from the Mount of Olives; mentioning also the Rise of a False Christ, or Antichrist, in the World; and, on their still desiring to know more of these Matters, foreshews the Opposition his Followers should first meet with by the Roman Empire, under the Ten Persecutions; when Constantine should conquer the Heathens under his Banner, and embrace the Christian Religion. After which, on the Degeneracy of the Church, Mahometanism arises in the Eastern, and Popery in the Western World, the latter followed and check'd by the Reformation, and at last destroyed by Christ's second Coming. Which he goes on to describe, and exhorts 'em to be always ready for it, the precise Hour not known, first by Parables that of the ten Virgins, and of the Lord and his Servants. Then by a plain Relation of the manner and Pomp of the last Judgment. The Conflagration of the World. The Sentence of the Just and Unjust, and their eternal Bliss and Misery. The Book concluding with a Prayer of the Author, being a Paraphrase on that Part of the Litany, In all Time of our Tribulation, in all Time of our Wealth, in the Hour of Death, and in the Day of Judgment, *Libera nos.*

THE

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
A N
Heroic Poem.

BOOK VII.



AND now the Sun, gilding the *Earth* and
Skies,

Did over lofty *Olivet* arise;

Gently he rose, as him some sacred *Awe*

Had seiz'd, when first the *Temple* *Roofs* he
saw;

Saw thro' the *Shades*, nor durst directly see,*

Lest that shou'd dazle him, as mortal he:

Scarce cou'd his own reflected *Image* bear;

From the vast *Golden Mirror* flaming there:

Earlier than he his watchful *Maker* rose,

10 As early to his *Fathers House* he goes

With

With his lov'd Twelve, when those within unfold
 The mighty *Gates*, heavy with loads of *Gold*: *
 Twice Ten robustous *Servants* there attend, *
 Who to the *Work* their Shoulders panting lend:
 The *Gentiles*, and the *Womens Court* they pass
 To the Third Gate, of rich *Corinthian Brass*; *
 Next *Israel's Court* they enter, prostrate there,
 T' attune high Heav'n with pious *Hymns* and *Pray'r*,
 In decent ranks the *Vested Priests* begin, *
 Loud answer'd by the full-mouth'd *Quire* within: 20
 Musick's soft Notes, and loud *Majestick* sound;
 From the gilt *Roofs* and vaulted *Courts* rebound,
 And distant *Zion-hill* beats back the sacred Sound:
 Nature and Art in the blest *Service* joyn,
 Voices and tuneful *Instruments* combine;
 The Consort first sweet *Ajeleth* begun, *
 And welcom'd to the World the cheerful *Sun*;
 Next the *Creator's* Praises they recite
 On *Alamoth*, chaste *Virgins* best delight; *
 Grave *Jonath*, soft *Mahalab* mixt with these, * 30
 And melting *Harps* that never fail'd to please: *
 Shrill *Cornets*, clanging *Trumpets*, apt t' inspire,
 With holy *Raptures*, or with *Martial Fire*;
 The *Anthem* this, once sung to *David's* royal *Lyre*.

PSALM 135. Hallelujah!

* **L**ofty Hallelujahs sing
 To th' Alwise, th' Almighty King!
 Him with Hearts and Voices raise!
 Him, ye his blest Servants, Praise!
 Ye who ever stand to blest,
 In the Beauty of Holiness! 40
 In his House, with Glory crown'd,
 Or the sacred Courts around,
 Him, the Spring of Life and Light,
 Boundless Goodness, boundless Might!
 Him, and his great Name record!
 The Service is its own reward. *

You

The Life of CHRIST. [8237]

50

You, O *Israël's* Sons rejoice!
Your Father's God's *peculiar* Choice!
Great and high! What *Idol* dare
With the *Lord of Hosts* compare?

His *Pow'r* no other *Limbs* knows,
But what his *Goodness* will impose: *
Heav'n, Earth and *Sea* his *Orders* keep;
Close he seals the *Aged Deep*.

See his *Clouds* make *black* the *Skies*,
Lightnings glare, and *Storms* arise;
And freed from their dark stony *Cave*,
Hark, th' impetuous *Whirlwinds* rave!

60

To *Zoa's* Fields, with *Blood* o'erflow'n,
Too well his *Signs* and *Wonders* known;
Known by their *First-born* too well,
First *they*, and then their *Fathers* fell.

He pow'rful *Nations* did subdue,
Monsters quell'd, and *Tyrants* slew:
Sihon, by th' *Amorite* obey'd,
And mighty *Og*, who *Bashan* sway'd.

In vain proud *Can'ans* *Kings* combine,
Their weak *Arms* in vain they joyn;
The sooner all they *Captive* stand,
To *Israel*, God dispos'd their *Land*.

70

Still, O God! Thou art the *same*,
Still we sing thy *glorious* Name;
Our glad *Hymns* thy *Justice* raise,
And thy pard'ning *Goodness* praise.

Not so the *Gods* by *Mortals* made,
To whom vain *Vows* and *Incense* paid;
In vain for their *Advice* they come,
Mouths they have, but still are dumb.

[G g 4]

Lifeless

Lifeless *Eyes*, which see no more
Than those *Stocks* who them *adore*;
Nor their *Ears* the *sound* can take,
Which their lost *Devotions* make.

80

Tho' they lean their *Nostrils* down,
If they've no *Incense*, they'll not *Frown*;
Such are *they*, and such are *those*,
Who on them their *Hopes* repose.

You, O *Israel*, who alone,
The great God of Gods have known;
You, who guard his *holy Place*,
Mitred Aaron's sacred *Race*!

You, who from great *Levi* spring,
His *illustrious Praises* sing!
You too ought to do the same,
Each good *Man* that hear his *Name*.

90

At once let all our *Vows* aspire!
Let our glad *Voices* fill the *Quire*;
Him bless who do's at *Salem* dwell,
The *Saviour* of his *Israel*!

Hallelujah!

Exod. 30. 7, 8. Mean while, rich *Incense* feeds the *sacred Fire*, *
And odorif'rous *Clouds* to *Heav'n* aspire;
Next on the *Brazen-Altar* bleeding lies

100

Exod. 29. 39, 40. A *Milk-white Lamb*, the *morning Sacrifice*; *
With these the *Priests*, the holiest *Mincha* joyn, *
A cheerful *blaze* of *Flow'r*, and *Oyl* and *Wine*:
In silence then, their *private Prayers* they make,
Then frequent *Crowds* the *sacred Walls* forsake;
Our *Saviour* last; but such as still remain,
With *Isr'el's* God t'adore their *Idol Gain*:
Scarce from their *Knees* they rose, (and worldly *Care*
Had seiz'd their *Thoughts*, e'en while dissembling there;)

When

When strait a *busie* *Hill* *rain* *round* *the* *place*,
 And all things strait *put* *on* *a* *different* *Face*,
 The Temple a *profane* *Exchange* was made,
 Religion vanish'd thence, or grown a *Trade*,
 * Some in the *Chisters* *gauf* *Shops* *unf* *old*,
 And spread on *Tables* *glit* *ting* *heaps* *of* *Gold*,
 Some *fair* *neck'd* *Doves*, and *mut* *ter* *ing* *Turtles* *bring*,
 The poor *Good* *mans* *accepted* *Offering*,
 Thus the *arch'd* *Roofs*, while the *void* *space* *between*
 120 Soon fills with *dusty* *droves* *of* *Beasts* *and* *Men*,
 Here *free* *neck'd* *Bullocks* which *dis* *dain'd* *the* *Yoke*,
 Stand ready for the *Sacrifice* *Stroke*,
 The largest that *rich* *Basan's* *Pasture* *seeds*,
 The choice of all that *Flow* *ry* *Herman* *breeds*,
 Here num'rous *Flocks* *from* *Saron's* *lovely* *Plains*,
 Stand *bleating* *by*, or *drag* *their* *pon* *drous* *Train*,
 While *spot* *less* *Lambs* the *next* *partition* *fill*,
 * *Driv'd* *with* *more* *ease* *from* *Carnel's* *fertile* *Hill*,
 All eager bent on the *hot* *chase* *of* *Gain*,
 130 Some *bargain*, some *advise*, and some *complains*,
 All were *deceiv'd*, or else *Deceivers* *there*,
Dust *and* *a* *confus'd* *Noise* *fills* *the* *air*,
 The Saviour saw, and strait such *Frowns* *he* *wore*,
 As ne'er were seen on his calm *Face* *before*,
 * *Blushes* *at* *once* *of* *Shame* *and* *Anger* *rise*,
 A just *Resentment* *sparkling* *in* *his* *Eyes*,
Sodn *breaks* *in* *Words* *As* *Avoid* *profane* *the* *cries*,
 Hence *sacrilegious* *Wretches*, *And* *dis* *grace*,
 With your *un* *hallow'd* *Feet* *on* *this* *holy* *Place*,
 140 That *House* *where* *holy* *Prayer* *thou'd* *force* *the* *Skies*,
 You've made a *Den* *of* *Thieves*, a *Scene* *of* *Cheats* *and* *Lies*,
Actions *his* *Words* *succeed*, *when* *slow* *they* *went*,
 Them thence with *un* *expected* *hast*, *he* *sends*,
 A *Scourge*, with *Staves* *the* *finest* *Argument*,
 He do's of *strongly* *twisted* *Cords* *prepare*,
 And soon with *strokes* *and* *cries* *resounds* *the* *Air*,
 None durst *resist*, but *mut* *ter* *ing* *melt* *away*,
 As *guilty* *Ghosts* *fly* *swift* *th'* *approach* *of* *Days*,
 To the bright *Eastern* *gate* *he* *them* *pursu'd*,
 150 Which *Kidron's* *horrid* *Vale* *beneath* *it* *view'd*;

John 2. 15.

H h

Unfashion'd

Unfashion'd *Precipice!* to the lost sight
 At once affording *Terror* and *Delight*,
 Yet here great *Solomon*, and none but he
 Cou'd do't, with much of *Pain* and *Industry*,
 A wondrous *Pile*, in spite of *Nature* rais'd,
 Whilst all the *Nations* round him fear'd and prais'd:
 The Work-men min'd deep, wondrous deep below, *
 As to the *Center's* self they meant to go:
 Of *Tyre* they were, and oft had plough'd those *Seas*, *
 Where lie the doubtful *Cassiterides*:

160

Beneath some *Hill* that threatens the angry *Main*,
 There had they oft pursu'd some wand'ring *Vein*,
 And dug almost to *Hell* in search of *Gain*;
 Yet ne'er so near as now — The *Turrets* rise
 As high above the *Earth*, as deep amidst the *Skies*:
 Beneath whose spacious *Arch* our Saviour taught;
 For whose kind touch th' *Infirm* and *Maim'd* they brought,
 He cur'd 'em all, wide spreads his *Fame* around,
 And *Death* and *Med'cine* no employment found.

Thus busy'd there, his chosen *Twelve* the while,
 Wond'ring, survey the *Temples* glorious *Pile*;

170

*Vid. Joseph.
 de Bell. Jud.*

On solid *Rock* the firm *Foundations* laid,
 Of *Earthquakes* or of *Thunder* not afraid;
 Firm as the *Center's* self on which they stay'd:
 Those everlasting *Gates* the *Porches* close, *
 Tall as the mighty *Cedars* them compose;
 The spacious *Courts*, which such vast *Crowds* cou'd hold;
 The glitt'ring *Pillars*, and the *Vine* of *Gold*: *
 The *Temples* self, all gilt its *Front*, and *Side*,
 A *Godlike-Work*, and worthy *Herod's* pride:

180

1 Kings 7.
 21.

The stately *Porch* twixt two vast *Columns* rose, *
Jachin and *Boaz* scarce more tall than those,
 Of the *Corinthian Order*, fair and high,
 Sweet *Beauty* join'd with awful *Majesty*:
 The *Stones* so huge, they scarce dare trust their *Sense*; *
 Each a whole *Mountain* seem'd, not hew'd from thence:
 Yet these vast *Ribs* of *Iron* closer chain
 So large, each rather seem'd a *Native Vein*.
 A heap of *Miracles* — When long they stay'd,

And

190 And all things with *unweary'd Eyes* survey'd ;
 Wond'ring, they to the *beauteous Porch* repair,
 And find with Joy their *much lov'd Master* there ;
 Whom they, yet full of the *prodigious Sight*,
 To the same *Entertainment* wou'd invite :
 What *Stones*, what *Building* here ! how *rare*, how *vast* !
 Sure these as long as *Time* it self must last !
 To whom, with a *wise sadness* in his *Eyes*,
 Which *boded* something more, our Lord replies ;
 — With such vain *Hopes* no more your selves deceive,

200 Prepare to meet that *Fate* you won't believe !
 Not one of those proud *Tow'rs* which *Heav'n* invade,
 Whose strong *Foundations*, deep as *Hell* are laid ;
 But soon must *kiss the Dust* — Not one of those
Prodigious Stones which this huge *Pile* compose ;
 Now, e'en by more than their *own weight* combin'd,
 As parts of *Matter*, close to *Matter* joyn'd ;
 Not one, but by a *Force* superior born,
 * From its old *Seat*, from its strong *Brethren* torn,
 Must from these *Walls* and firm *Foundations* go,

210 And sink for ever in the *Vale* below.

Struck with these dreadful *Truths* they silent stood,
 Pale *Fear* had stop'd their *Words* and chill'd their *Blood* :
Bold Cephas first reviv'd, and as they went
 Their *well known way*, o'er *Olivet's* ascent
 Thro' the cool *Shades* for pleasant *Bethanie*,
 Submits, he asks, When these *dread Things* shou'd be ?
 What sure *Prognosticks* their *approach* declare,
 And *his*, that *wise*, they might for both *prepare* ?
 What dreadful *Sights* his *Coming* shou'd *foreshow* ?

220 * How they the *Worlds* and *Temples End* might know ?

Silent our Lord awhile, and looking down
Compassionate on the devoted *Town*,
 Intent he stood, and fix'd his lab'ring *Mind*,
 On the prodigious *Scene* of *Woes* behind ;
 Till *Tears* and *Words* at length well-mingled brake,
 From his sad *Eyes* and *Lips*, and thus he spake.

Ah lost *Jerusalem* ! how much, how oft
 Hast thou thy *Ruin*, I thy *Welfare* sought !
 Oft didst my *Prophets*, as *Impostors*, stone,

Matt. 23. 37.

And shed their *Blood* who came to save thy own:

230

E'en I, the *Heir*, who left my *Native Sky*,
Ungrate! to bring thee *Life*, my self must *Die*.

How oft wou'd I thy wand'ring *Flocks* have led
To *Crystal Streams*, in *Flow'ry Pastures* fed?

Thy stubborn *Sons* my kind *Protection* lent,
At once preserv'd 'em *safe* and *innocent*?

As *heat* and *warmth* the royal *Eagle* brings, *

And cherishes her *Young* beneath her *Wings*.

Still all was *then* in *vain*, *now* all too *late*,

Heav'n has thy *Ruin* seal'd, and made it *Fate*.

240

For you, my chosen *Few*, who *firm* remain,

No *sanguine Dreams* of *Pleasure* entertain!

Be ever on your *Guard*, your *Lamps* shine clear!

The *Night*, the long, the fatal *Night* is near:

How unprepar'd the most, as those who sell

Matt. 24. 73. In *Noah's Flood*, thro' *Earth's* black *Vaults* to *Hell*?

Luk. 17. 36. On their rich *Carpets* some *Luxurious* laid,

Some underneath their *Vineyards* leafy *Shade*;

Some in the busy *Markets* Sweat, and some

Their glitt'ring *Brides* conduct in *Triumph* home:

250

Th' old *Prophet* all despise, and dread no more

The *Plague* denounc'd an *hundred Years* before. *

This saw just *Heav'n*, and strait the *signal* gave;

Nature agast shrinks back, the roaring *Wave*

Rides foaming o'er the *Beach*, new *Rivers* flow,

In *Earthquakes* born from frightful *Gulfs* below:

While pitchy *Clouds* a long continu'd show'r,

From *Heav'n's* wide *Cataracts* incessant pour:

O'er *Tow'rs* and *Hills* th' impetuous *Floods* arise,

Sweep the lewd *Earth*, and vindicate the *Skies*:

260

So sudden, so *unthought* will I appear;

The *Change* as much expected *there* as *here*.

Sudden to th' stupid *World*, who not regard

The threatn'd *Wrath*, but *You* not unprepar'd,

Secure shall be in my *Protection* found,

And see unmov'd the tott'ring *World* around:

Then many a vile *Impostor* shall pretend *

My *Name*, and meet a just, a dreadful *End*;

These, *mischiefs* shall in close *Cabals* conspire,

Those

- 270 Those to the lonely *Wilderness* retire:
 All vain alike, when I from *Heav'n* appear,
 The *Lightning's* not so sudden or so clear:
 But first for all the *Injuries* prepare,
 Which *Malice* can inflict, or *Virtue* bear!
Hated by all, *abus'd*, *contemn'd*, *betray'd*,
 * My very *Name* and *yours* shall *Crimes* be made:
 Dragg'd to *Tribunals*, hurry'd up and down,
Kings shall your *Judges* sit, and *Princes* frown.
 Yet still *intrepid*, face 'em all, for I,
- 280 My faithful *Friends*! unseen, will still be by:
 To me remit the care of your *Defence*,
 Safe in my *Pow'r* and your own *Innocence*!
 This all their *pompous Rhetoric* shall outdo,
 Your guilty *Judges* trembling more than you!
 And much, much greater *Cause* have they to fear;
 When to this height arriv'd, their fall is near;
 My *Blood* and yours for loud *Revenge* will cry,
 Which *Deluges* of theirs must satisfy:
 Fierce *War* its wasting *Squadrons* scatt'ring wide,
- 290 Shall o'er the guilty *Land* triumphant stride;
Death, *Rapine*, *Murder* shall compose its *Train*,
 And after proudly walk on *heaps* of *Slain*.
 * *Nation* with *Nation*, *Tribe* with *Tribe* engage,
 Excuse the common *Foe*, and save their *Conqu'rors* rage:
 Who left, abroad, from these *Distractions* be,
 * Unhappy *Solyma*! shall fly to thee;
 To thee shall just *Destruction* with 'em bear,
 And all th' *unnumber'd Miseries* of *War*.
 The mighty *Foe*, with long *Successes* crown'd,
- 300 * Shall with a *Fourth*, thy *Three* proud *Walls* surround;
 Fly e'er 'tis done, a *Moment* more 's too late;
 Fly, or prepare for your approaching *Fate*!
 Fly those curst *Walls*, for nought behind you stay,
 Scape for your *Life*, and on *wild Mountains* stray!
 But first th' *abhor'd Prophane*s of your *Law*,
 * Which *Heav'n-lov'd Daniels* piercing *Eyes* foresaw;
 The *Holy place* with wicked *Arms* shall seize,
 And fill with *Blood* and piles of *Carcasses*;
 The *Guardian Minds* shall the *sad Word* receive,

And

And to those humane Fiends the Temple leave;
 Leave with a Voice wou'd chill the firmest Heart,
 A deep, a mournful Voice — Let us depart! *
 Scarce can the dreadful Sights above foreshow
 Worse Plagues than those, they then shall feel below:
 Tho' high in Heav'n a bloody Sword shall glare, *
 A Besom of Destruction sweep the Air;
 Horses and Chariots arm'd look gashly down,
 And show'rs of Blood, stain all the trembling Town:
 Thunders and Earthquakes then they'll scarcely mind, *
 Harden'd with what they feel and what's behind.
 All these, alas, compar'd to what remains,
 But the beginning of their hopeless Pains; *
 For now the Famine enters its sad reign,
 Attended by a gashly meager Train:
 A single Death less dreadful in each Street,
 The half-starv'd Citizens like Ghosts shall meet; *
 Thence starting at the sight, each other fly,
 And tott'ring a few steps, fall down and Die:
 Tho' now you think a barren Womb a curse,
 Woe to the Mother then, and vainly-fruitful Nurse!
 The miserable Mother shall become
 Her own dear Infant's Murderer and his Tomb:
 All Piety and Nature banish'd there,
 Bread shall the Sons from gasping Fathers tear,
 From them the ravening Soldier; Bread the Cry!
 Who gain it, are but longer e'er they Die.
 Within Sedition reigns, without the Foe,
 Above your Tow'rs, above your Walls they goe;
 This after that each day resistless win,
 And like a Deluge over all come pouring in. *
 What a sad Conquest shall their Fury find?
 How few by Plague and Famine left behind?
 Yet ah! How many shall the Sword devour,
 The greedy Sword — These from a half-burnt Tow'r,
 Precipitate th' invading Soldier fly,
 And run on Death because they fear to die:
 While desprate, these leap headlong from the Wall,
 In hopes to kill a Roman by their fall;
 These to the Altar, sacred now no more

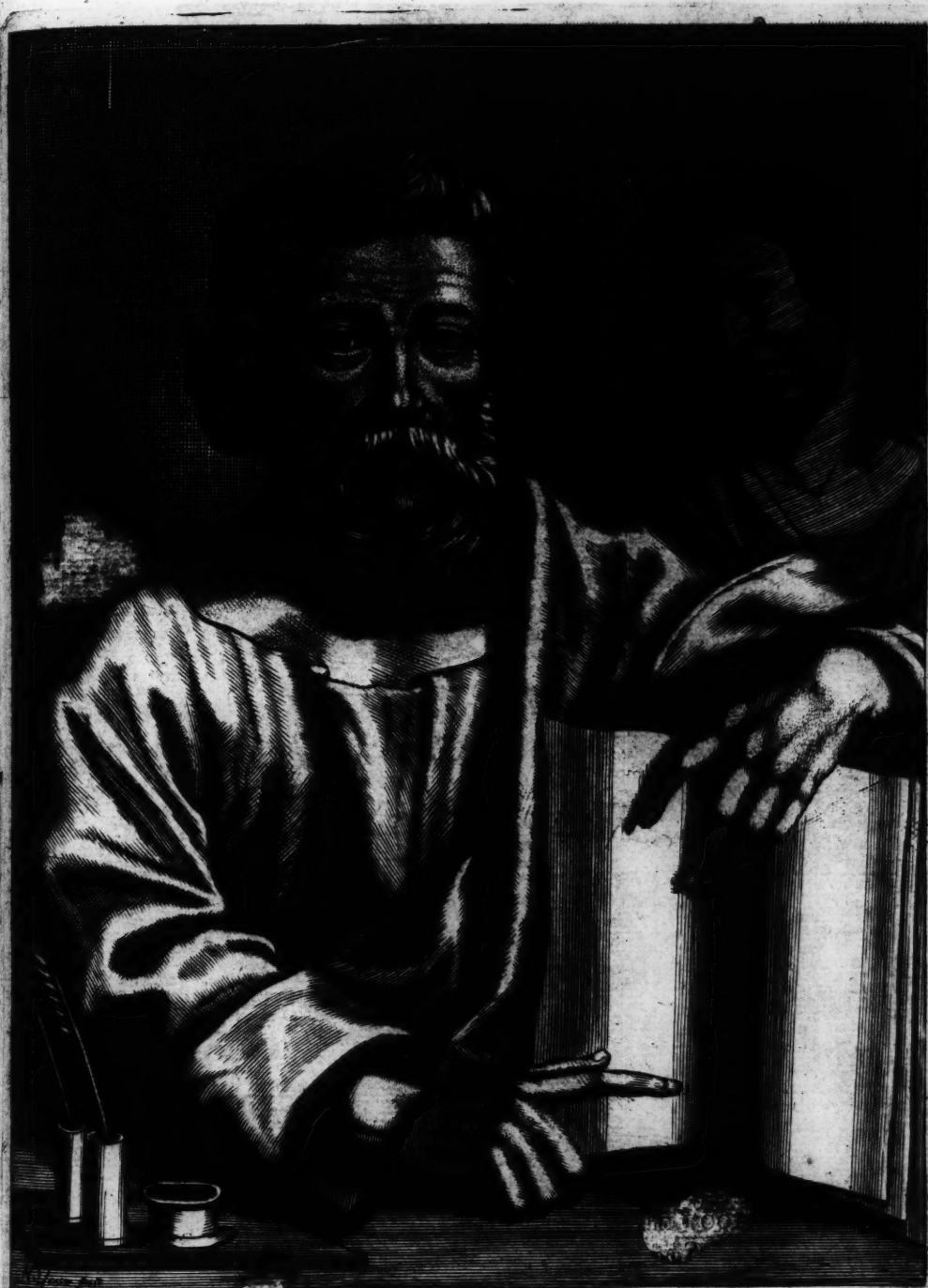
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330

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For



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S^t. MATHEW

N^o. 41



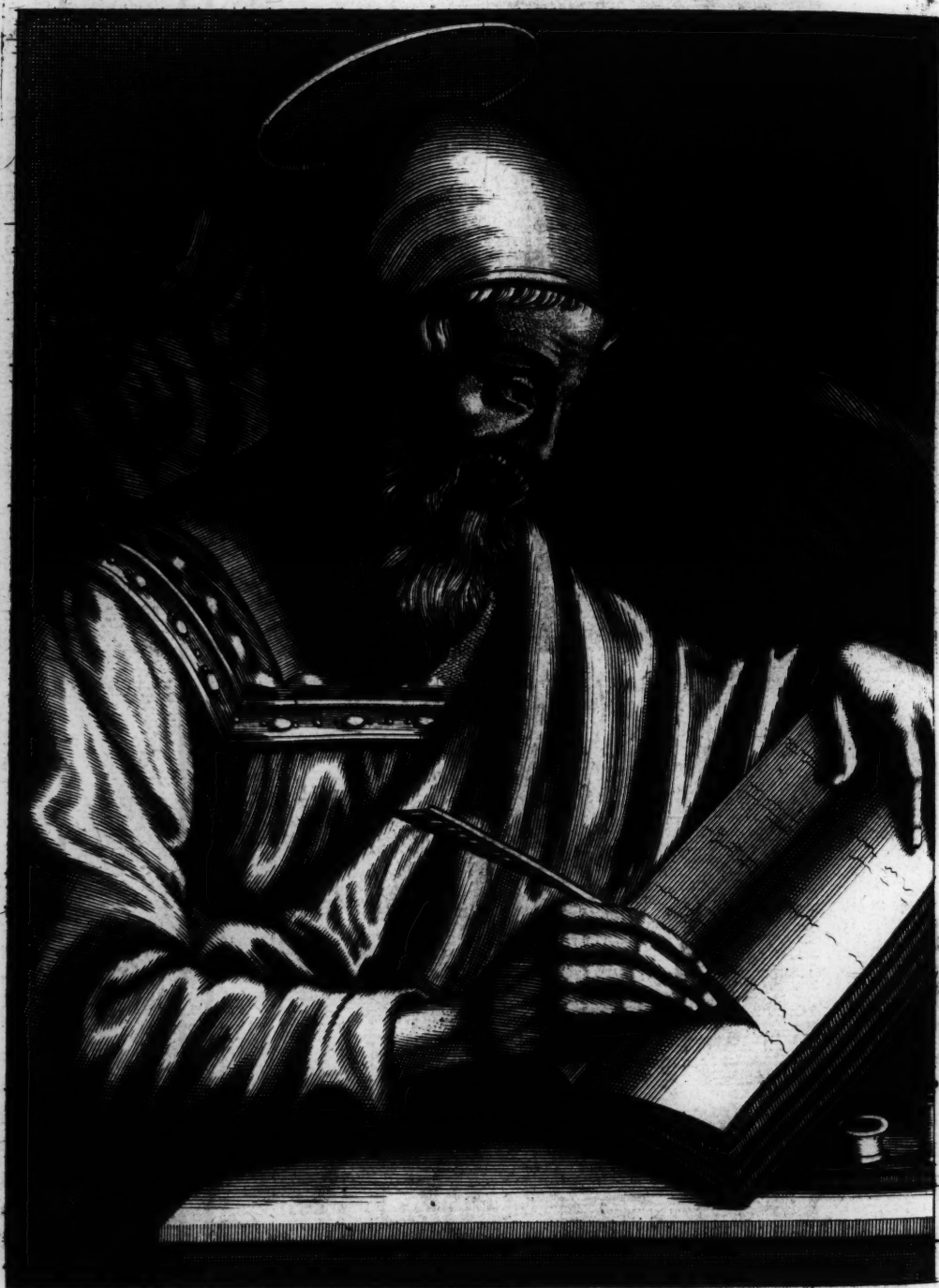
WILLIAM



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S^t. MARKE .

N^o 42



S.^t LVKE :

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N^o 43



FIG. 2.



Book 7. pag. 239

S.^t IOHN:

N.^o 44

350 For Refuge fly, they'd that Propban'd before.
 —Here still they Fight, and a new War's begun,
 * Till — See! the Temple fir'd, the Work is done.
 Jerusalem's no more, one Ruin all;
 This the last fatal Blaze before her Fall:
 Her Flames and dying Groans at once aspire,
 While Blood enough is shed to've quench'd the Fire:
 Salem's no more, nor can she now Repent,
 Her Children's, and her own sad Monument.
 Nor e'r shall Israel's Race these Walls regain,
 360 Till Heav'n has clos'd the Gentiles destin'd reign:
 But first must many a wondrous Thing befall,
 First my pure Doctrine fill the spacious Ball.
 What passes here, what here we've done or said,
 Shall be by after-Ages, wond'ring read.
 Four Scribes will I to that great Task assign,
 Whilst the blest Spirit shall dictate every Line.
 Thence, till I come, my Friends my Law shall teach,
 In Times successive Links how vast a Breach
 Which yet no points in Gods Duration reach:
 370 Nor must my Followers soon a Calm enjoy,
 Nor soon my Rebels pow'r will I destroy;
 First he'll a Rival raise my Seat to claim,
 * And in the Church usurp my Throne and Name;
 Between the Seas superb, his Palace rear,
 On seven proud Hills, long tyrannizing there;
 The World shall wonder, Kings his Train shall bear,
 And kiss his Feet; my Followers, who refuse
 The servile Mark, he'll treat as me the Jews;
 By Inquisitions, Tortures, Poyson, Fire.
 380 Unnumber'd Thousands must prepare t' expire.
 Conquerers in all, these all shall have the Grace
 To joyn their Great Forefathers Martyr'd Race;
 The Beatific Vision first enjoy,
 And with me reign, when Babel I destroy.
 He said, but tho' such wondrous Things express,
 Their modest Silence still did more request:
 He knew their Hearts, nor their Confession needs,
 And thus on the same mystic Theme proceeds.
 * The World for the Elect was chiefly made,
 And

And

And by the Church the Fates of Empires sway'd;
 Who that defend shall stand, who that oppose,
 Can never grapple such unequal Foes;
 The Heav'nly Host all rang'd in bright array,
 Suspended till their King commands away;
 These o'er their stated Provinces preside,
 And these the mighty Turns of Nations guide:
 My Flock amidst a World of Wolves defend,
 While those that hate 'em meet a dreadful End,
 The World declines, Time rolling down the Hill,

Shall soon the ancient Prophecies fulfil:
 The mighty Image (twas a wondrous sight)

Dan. 2. 19.

Which Daniel saw in Visions of the Night,
 Now wears apace, and verges to decay,
 Soon will his Iron Feet be mix'd with Clay:
 The pond'rous Stone cleave from the Mountains side,
 Shall soon th' ill-mingled Policy divide;
 The lifeless Trunk and Limbs to Powder grind,
 Its very dust wide-scattering in the Wind:

Dan. 7.

The Fourth prophetic Beast, foreseen from far,
 Is enter'd now on the World's Theatre;
 Fiercer than all the rest — The Roman Power,
 Which the contending Nations shall devour:
 This, Hell shall to its brutest soon engage,
 And you must grapple their united Rage:
 What Men and Devils, what Arts and Arms can do,
 Bravely prepare to meet, and conquer too!
 Ten furious Tyrants, fierce as ever wore,
 Their Purple Dublets dy'd in guiltless Gore,
 Shall their keen Axes and their Rods employ,
 And vainly wou'd your Name and mine destroy:
 On their devoted Heads the Curse shall fall,
 An heavy Vengeance hovers o'er 'em all.

A Wretch the first, who shall stain and disgrace,
 To them a Foe as to your sacred Race:
 On his own Town and Mother first shall try
 In Fire and Sword, his Infant Cruelty;
 Murder'd and Burnt, yet their desert they'll have;
 This gave the Monster Birth, and that a Scepter gave:
 Pity on them is lost, but guiltless you,

Whom

430 Whom he'll with the same Fire and Sword pursue :

You in his festal Flames shall shine, and be *

The first bright Martyrs burnt for Heresie.

But Vengeance shall the Parricide attend,

His own curst Hand his hated Life shall end ;

At once deliver the vex'd World and you,

The only Good the Wretch will ever do. *

Who next shall against Heav'n renew the Fight,

Is Mankind's Hate ; (his Brother their delight !) *

The foul aspiring Fiend a God wou'd be, *

440 Mixture of Lewdness and of Blasphemy :

If in his Race there's ought remains of good,

Jealous, by Martyrdom he'll purge his Blood : *

Then you, my Friend ! from distant Asia born,

At once his utmost Rage shall feel, and Scorn ;

Tho' plung'd in flaming Oil, you need not fear,

Still shall the Son of God's bright Form be near ; *

Still safe you shall at the weak Tyrant smile,

When kindly banish'd to some desert Isle :

Ev'n there I'll meet thee, there agen relate

Rev. i. 9,
10, 11, 13.

450 In wond'rous Types, the Worlds and Churches Fate ;

Whilst our proud Foe a hasty Death shall seize, *

And his mild Successor our Friends release. *

Nor must the Churches then, long hope for Peace :

Then restless Schism, and wilder Heresie

Shall all invade, and with bold Blasphemy,

Some, ev'n the Lord that bought 'em, shall deny : *

To worldly Domination some aspire,

And soon my Field will need a purging Fire ;

Which the third Time shall kindle, that dread Day

460 Shall sift the Wheat, and sweep the Tares away :

Nor he himself, who wields the weighty Rod *

Of injur'd Heav'n, and a revenging God,

Unplagu'd escapes a destin'd dire Event,

Unless on your repenting he repent.

Unwarn'd the next to th' Purple will succeed,

And you agen in Crowds must burn and bleed ;

But more the Jews, whom their false Christ shall head, *

Their short-liv'd Meteor to destruction lead.

Rebellious, justly they, you guiltless, fall ;

I i

Nor

Nor long unheard your Blood shall Vengeance call : 470
 What Plagues shall your vain Persecutor seize ?
 How oft he'd fly to Death in vain for ease : *
 How oft his little flutt'ring Soul away,
 Which Vengeance makes in the loath'd Carcass stay ?

By him who next succeeds, Barbarians tam'd,
 A peaceful Prince, and Pious more than Nam'd : *
 God's Empire he'll, without design, restore,
 And punish those who tortur'd you before.

A Vain Philosopher shall next arise, *
 By whom the Just with various torments dies : 480
 Till to my Follow'rs he his Life shall owe,
 Vict'ry, and Rain their pow'ful Pray'rs bestow ;
 As great Elisha once three Kings did save,
 And Watet to their Host, and Conquest gave.
 This a far fiercer Tyrant knows in vain ; *
 Swift moves his Fate, nor has he long to Reign.
 Whose wicked Sons as barbarous as lewd,
 In one anothers, shall revenge your Blood.

2 Kings 3.
 17, 18.

Next a fell VVolf, who, the mild Shepherd slain, *
 Shall by false Treason the World's Empire gain ; 490
 Short his keen Rage, the Soldiers him displace,
 And ease the World of him and all his Race.

The next an equal Guilt and Fate attend, *
 Oppress'd in VVar by an untimely End.

Another yet will you and Heav'n engage ;
 Cruel Old Man ! What means this impious Rage ? *
 For you the worst of Tortures he'll prepare ;
 How little thinks he what himself must bear ? *

These Nine fierce VVaves in vain already gone,
 The Tenth, with all their Force comes rolling on : 500
 Two Monsters shall the groaning World divide, *
 And rule with equal Cruelty and Pride :
 With doubled Rage, the Fiend, and doubled Fear,
 Ranges the Earth, he knows his Fall is near ;
 Knows the wise Nations will his Gods despise,
 The Idol-Banners stoop, and Cross must rise : *
 Their vainly-thund'ring Jove himself, and all
 Their helpless Fry of spurious Gods must fall,
 Once more the fatal Stone shall claim the Capitol : * }

The

- 510 * The Tyrants drop by Justice or Despair,
And my blest Champion shall the Purple wear.
See those brave Men his Throne and Honors share,
Whose pow'ful Pray'rs and Arms had fix'd him there!
See him the rev'rend Confessors embrace,
And by his Royal Side triumphant, place!
With Admiration, he'll, and Transport, see
* Those glorious Scars they wear for Truth and me;
"Of foregone ills almost the Trace remove;
They blest in his, he in his Empires Love:
- 520 So much of Good, ev'n one good Prince can do!
So much I'll favour those who favour you!
* Yet still some Signs of antient Fraud remain;
Still shall the Lust of Empire and of Gain,
* Distract the World - Nor yet my fated Reign.
Scandals must come, those in the Church arise,
Who tho' they bear my Name, my Name despise:
Vengeance at length th' ungrateful World pursue,
New suffer'd Ills shall punish those they do:
* Fierce Magog's Sons shall in the East embrace
- 530 A cursed Law, with Ishmael's wand'ring Race;
* Whilst all the West a fiercer Tyrant spoils,
Hated and fear'd by Cicutin and the Isles;
Nay the dire mortal Gangrene shall disperse,
It's hateful Poison round the Universe:
Widely the Cath'lick Mischief shall prevail;
* Some Stars to Earth drawn by the Dragon's Tail:
* The Earthly Gods this Monster shall dethrone,
Ev'n him in Heav'n he wou'd, and reign alone:
Tho' that he can't, he'll with his Laws dispence,
- 540 Sure Death to all appear in their Defence:
* But first, what lets must be remov'd away,
The mighty Roman Empire first decay:
Then shall this Name of Blasphemy arise,
And soon renew the War against the Skies:
Flatt'ry and Murder shall his Title gain,
Which he'll, by the same cursed Arts maintain;
Luxurious, he shall Abstinence enjoin
From what kind Heav'n did for Man's Use design,
* Chast Marriage shall the worst of Crimes be grown,
- Constantine
the Great
- Matth. 18.7.
- Rev. 12.4.
- 1 Thess. 2.7.
- Tim. 3.4 3.
- Ibid.

- Tho' all the Sins of *Sodom* shall be none:
 Long shall he *Reign*, but when he sits on high,
 Revel 18. Sits most *secure* of *Fate*, his *Fall* is nigh:
 7.8. A *Swart* in *Gomer's* spacious *Fields* shall rise,*
 Will all his *Laws*, as he does mine, despise:
 Then ev'n *repenting Kings* shall hate the *Whore*
 Revel 17. As much as they *enchanted*, lov'd before;
 17. Th' *Ill-gotten Empire* by degrees decay,
 2, 4. Till by my *Sword* and *Thunder* driven away:
 2 Theff. 2.8. Then shall the *Just* their *promis'd Kingdom* gain,
 Dan. 7. 18. " And then the *Saints* of the most high shall reign.
 If more you ask, the *Day*, the *Hour* precise
 VWhen I appear, my *Father* this denies;
 The *wisest Mind* that near the *Throne* does wait,
 And *deepest read* in the dark *Rolls* of *Fate*,
 Must own this *Myst'ry* is from him conceal'd,
 Mark 13. Nor to the *Son* himself, as *Mary* reveal'd;
 32. Since, if *far off*, it might prevent your *Care*,
 If near, might sink in *Terror* and *Despair*.
 Ibid. 33. Your *Task* is — *Still be ready* — *Watch* and *Pray*!
 Thus arm against the *Fears* of this *dread Day*!
 Matth. 25. 1. Come learn a *Parable* — *Ten Virgins* fair,
 to 13. Together liv'd, no matter when or where!
 Five *Prudent*, whom no danger cou'd surprize;
 All fair, tho' th' other *Five* more *Fair* than *Wife*.
 These once a *Royal Bridegroom* did invite
 T' a *Princely Feast*, on his blest *Nuptial Night*:
 Five had their *Silver Lamps* all clear and bright,
 With *purest Oil* supply'd; not so the rest,
 Whose *empty Lamps* their *Negligence* confess:
 Yet all prepare the *joyful Pomp* to meet;
 The *Prince* and his fair *Princess* lowly greet:
 They travell'd long, but still no *Bridegroom* near,
 Nor any *News* of his approach they hear;
 Night hasten'd on, and the cold *Air* they fear;
 Unwholsom *Mists*, and dropping *Evening Dew*:
 At a *Friend's House*, which on the *Road* they knew
 They all take up, convenience was and nigh
 They'd soon be ready when the rest came by:
 There enter'd, long they waited there in vain,
 With

- 390 With various Talk each other entertain ;
 Till Sleep had seiz'd and seal'd their weary'd Eyes,
 When the pale Moon had measur'd half the Skies ;
 And scarce they on the downy Couch were laid,
 E'er at the Gate the joyful Cry was made,
 He comes, he comes --- Quick starting at the sound,
 All rising, for their Lamps they search'd around,
 E'er we'll awake ; theirs soon the Prudent found,
 Well worth their Care, glorious they shin'd and bright,
 And shot new Day across the gloomy Night :
 600 Nor Light nor Oil in theirs the others find,
 Unpleasing Reliques only left behind ;
 Recruits for both they from the Wife intreat,
 In vain, for their own Store was not too great :
 They to the Merchants send 'em, there to buy,
 What might their thirsty Bankrupt Lamps supply,
 Then join themselves the Train, not yet too late,
 And find a cheerful welcome at the Gate.
 Not so the other, who in darkness stray'd ;
 Till all was shut, they their return delay'd :
 610 Now all too late, they no admittance meet,
 Expos'd to Affronts and Dangers in the Street :
 Clam'rous and loud when clos'd the Gates they found,
 They knock and call, the Courts and Walls resound :
 Till from the Board the Bridegroom's self arose,
 And to the sounding Gates in anger goes ;
 As loud demanding what ill-manner'd Guest,
 Unseasonably there disturb'd the Feast ?
 Forward and bold they answer --- Lord 'tis We,
 Part of thy own invited Company ;
 620 Prepar'd and ready at the Gates we stand,
 But wish'd admittance, yet in vain demand ;
 Repuls'd by the rude Servants --- But you here,
 We now no longer can our Entrance fear.
 --- Ah 'tis too late, the time for that is o'er ---
 'Tis past, already past, and comes no more ;
 The Lord rejoins --- You're Strangers all to me ;
 And utter Darkness must your portion be.
 The Moral case is, and evident ;
 Delay no longer ! Now, even now repent !

Devout

Matth. 25.
14. to 30.

Devout and vigilant, still on your Guard,
Lest the Judge comes, and finds you unprepar'd: 630

Lest such your Fate as that bad Servants, whom,
His angry Lord did to just Torments doom.

Earnest they ask't, intent and fix'd upon
Each Word he spoke, our Saviour thus goes on.

A Lord there was, whose business call'd him far
From his own House, whether for Peace or War,
Not matters much, but his Estate was large,
Of which he Part thinks fit to leave in charge

With his remaining Servants; well he knew
What each was worth, and what they all cou'd do; 640

Five Talents this receiv'd, the other Two,
One ev'n the least; he this Division makes,

And strait he his far distant Journey takes;
Who had the Five, by Merchandise and Trade,

So well improv'd his Stock, Five more they made:
Who Two, receiv'd proportionable Gain;

Who only One, and even that One in vain;
Digs in the Earth, his Talent there he leaves,

No pain he takes, or profit thence receives; 650
Long after comes their Lord from foreign Lands,

And of his Servants their Accounts demands:
The two with humble Joy their Master meet,

And cast their Labours product at his Feet;
Both from him meet a just and kind regard,

And both his gen'rous bounty did reward;
With guilty Eyes demifs and conscious Face,

The third comes in, and thus with an ill Grace
Accosts his Lord --- I knew you ev'r you went,

A hard Exactor of what Sums you lent. 660
Rigid and hard, nay did from others pains

Expect, I know, large unproportion'd Gains?
How could I then propose my self to save,

If I in Trade had lost those Sums you gave?
With these vexatious Thoughts I struggling lay

A while, but took at last the safest way:
Your Talent I entrusted to the Ground,

And there the same agen in Specie found:
'Tis here, tho' I've no Interest gain'd, here's all,

Each

670 Each Mite and farthing of the Principal.

To him his Lord, whose Eyes just Anger dart—

—“Wicked and slothful Servant as thou art—!

If gain from others Labour I desire,

Whose all is mine, I but my own require:

But since thou this didst know, since so austere

A Lord I was, a Master so severe,

Since honest Pain like these thou woud’st not take,

Why might not others the advantage make

Of what I left: but since I see my cost,

680 And kindness all on thee, Ungrate! are lost,

Thy Talent giv’n to those who’ll it improve;

Hence let thy Fellow-Servants thee remove,

Thee hence, unprofitable Wretch, convey,

Hid, like thy Talent from the cheerful Day,

In noisom Dungeons; bound and fetter’d there

For ever mourn in Darknefs and Despair.

But if these Truths you more distinct and clear

Without a Parable desire to hear,

Attend while I th’ amazing Scenes display,

690 The awful prospect of the last Great Day?

* My Harbingers the Seven Archangels bright,

Heark how their Trumps the guilty World affright!

The awful Trumps of God! a Call they sound,

Is heard thro’ Nature’s universal Round;

That Signal heard from the dissolving Sky,

Decrepid Nature lays her down to die:

Not so Man’s deathless Race, who now revive,

And must in Joy or Pain for ever live:

From long-confining Tombs each dusky Guest

700 Disturb’d arise, most, never more to rest;

The clust’ring Atoms as before they were

Together Troop; the Earth, the Sea, the Air

Give up their Dead—How diff’rent all they rise!

These light and chearful, these behold the Skies

With Looks obverse and horrid, how they shine

All dreadful bright, all red with Wrath divine.

Ev’n yon fair Star, whose Webs of Light dispense

Their golden Threads around the Universe.

Loose from it’s Center down Heav’n’s Hill must roll,

Vid. From
v. 32. to the
end.

Mark 13:
29.

And

Ibid. 25.

Gen. 7.

And by its Fall *unbinge* the *studdy Pole*;
 And whilst he, hissing in th' *Abyss*, is drown'd,
 Ten thousand *lesser Suns* lie scatter'd round,*
 The *Moon's bright Eye* shall *dark* and *bloodshot* grow,
 Reflecting only *Smoak* and *Fire* below.
 Vast *Heaps* on *Heaps*, thick *Orbs* on *Orbs* are hurl'd,
 Chaos on Chaos, *World* confus'd in *World*:
 Huge *Spheres*, so fast each after other roll'd,
 Ev'n *boundless* space their *ruines* scarce will hold:
 If the *Great Whole* no more from *Fate* secure,
 What *Ravage* shall this little *part* endure!
 This *Point* in the *great Circle*! As before,
 When by th' impetuous *Deluge* floated o'er;
 The *Oceans* both of *Heav'n* and *Earth* did join,
 Both with the *Fountains* of the *Deep* combine;
 And *Wave* did after *Wave* unweary'd come,
Sea after *Sea* from its *hydropick VVomb*;
 So from the *Sources* whence that *ruin* came,
Delug'd with *Seas* of *Fire*, and *Waves* of *Flame*:
 As when *Heav'n's Vengeance* on curst *Sodom* fell;
 The *World's* one *Tophet* now, one *Etna* or one *Hell*.
 From *Earth's* wide *Womb* large *Floods* of *Flame* shall flow,
 The *fiery World* above shall meet with *that below*:
 Thence *holy Souls* *refin'd* and made more *bright*,*
 Shall safe emerge to *VVorlds* of *calmer Light*;
 While those still *stain'd* with odious *marks* of *Sin*,
 Must *desp'rate sink*, for ever sink therein.
 But first that *Doom* which they deserve so well,
 They must receive, that *Sentence*, half their *Hell*;
 The *Thrones* are *set*, the *conscious Angels* wait,
 And turn th' eternal *brazen Leaves* of *Fate*;
 High in the midst shall my *Tribunal* stand,
Apostles, *Prophets*, *Saints* on my *Right-hand*,
Martyrs and *Confessors*— A glorious *Train*!
 Now well-content they *suffer*, then to *reign*.
 Whilst on the left, a dismal gloomy *Band*,
 Of *Kings*, proud *Nobles*, factious *Commons* stand;
 Lewd *Priests*, *Apostate Poets*, who disgrace
 Their *Character*, and stain their *Heav'n-born Race*.

Lean Hypocrites, who by long *Fasts* and *Pray'r*
 750 Get damn'd, with much of *pain*, and much of *care* :
 — But strange! there will not be *one Atheist* there.
 All Marshal'd thus, tho' now they 're mingled seen ;
 To you I'll with *applauding Smiles* begin.

“ Come you, by me and my great *Father* blest!

Matt. 25. 34.
 &c.

“ Come, *holy Souls*, to endless *Peace* and *Rest*!

“ For some short *Years* of *Misery* and *Pain*,

“ In *Light* and *Joy* for ever with me reign

“ In that blest *Place*, before all *Worlds* prepar'd

“ By *Heav'nly Skill*, by *Hands Almighty* rear'd :

760 “ In that *bad World* your selves you've faithful shown,

“ You own'd me *there*, and you in *this* I'll own :

“ Fainting for *Hunger*, me you oft *reliev'd*,

“ And *burnt* with *Thirst*, I your kind *Aid* receiv'd ;

“ Wide wand'ring thro' the *World*, you entertain'd ;

“ Half *Naked*, not my *Poverty* disdain'd,

“ But careful, *Clothed* ; when *Sick*, your help did lend ;

“ Nay, e'en *Imprison'd*, not forsook your *Friend*.

With *modest Joy*, in their enlighten'd *Eyes*,

Thus humble, all the *righteous Host* replies:

770 — “ Thy *Mercy*, not our *Merits*, Lord, we own,

37, 38, 39.

Must place us by thee, on thy *radiant Throne* :

Much, of our selves, of *Ill*, our selves we knew,

Such *Good*, alas, when did we ever do ?

Thus they — Thus will agen the *King* *rejoyn* —

40.

Those *Kindnesses* I still accounted *mine*,

My *Friends* receiv'd ; these did I still *record*,

And this *great Day* shall bring their full *Reward* :

Then to th' unjust he turns, who trembling wait,

Their too-well-known *intolerable Fate* ;

780 *Justice* unmix'd dwells on his *angry Brow*,

Tho' *Mercy* only there, and *Pardon* now ;

Ah what a *Change* ? why will they not *relent* ?

Since now they may — Why will they not *repent* ?

Yet, yet there's *hope*, I'll *cover* all their *Sins* !

— Then all too late, for thus their *Judge* begins.

“ Go, ye accurst ! to endless *Torments* go !

41.

“ (For such your *Choice*) to endless *Worlds* of *Woe* !

“ Prepar'd at first for those lost *Spirits* who fell ;

K k

“ You

" You *shar'd* their Crimes, now doom'd to *share* their Hell.

" I'th' *other World* unkind your selves you've shown,

800

" Me you disown'd, you now I *here* disown.

" Fainting for *Hunger*, me you not *relieve*,

" For *Thirst*, you'd not one *Cup of Water* give;

" When *wand'ring* thro' the *World*, ne'er entertain'd;

" Half *Naked*, Poor and Mean, you me disdain'd,

" Or *Cloath'd* with *Stripes*, when Sick did *Curses* lend

" For *Balm*; *Imprison'd*, *Stones* for *Bread* wou'd send.

44 With all the ha't of *impudent Despair*, *

They'll all *deny*, and ask me *when* and *where*?

To them my *Answer* like the last shall be,

810

— What to my *Brethren's* done, is done to me.

A *Place* there is, from Heav'n's sweet *Light* debarr'd,

Where dismal *Shrieks* of guilty *Souls* are heard;

Loud *Yells*, deep *Groans*, thick *Stripes*, long *Clanks* of *Chains*;

There solid, *everlasting Darkness* reigns:

E'en that sad *Fire*, which on the *Wretched* feeds,

Nor new supplies of *Matter* ever needs,

Lends 'em no *Gleam*, no comfortable *Ray*,

But *change* of *Torments* measures *Night* and *Day*:

Hither black *Fiends* shall snatch th' *Unjust* away,

820

Tormentors and *Tormented* — Deep they fall,

And on the *ruines* of this *flaming Ball*

Whirl to th' *Abyss*, on *Waves* of *Sulphur* tost,

In that black direful *Gulf* for ever lost.

Not so the *Just*, who shall their *Lord* attend

To *Worlds* of *Joy*, that know no *bound* or *end*:

A *Place* there is, remov'd far, far away,

From that faint *Lamp* that makes this *mortal Day*:

A *blissful Place*, that knows no *Clouds* or *Night*,

But *Gods high Throne* scatters perpetual *Light*:

830

There *Angels* live, there *Saints*, so far refin'd,

Their *Bodies* scarce less glorious than their *Mind*:

There, true, eternal *Friendship* all profess;

There, in the height of *Piety*, possess

The *Heav'n* of *Heav'n*, the height of *Happiness*:

Perfect their *Joys*, yet still their *Joys improve*,

For still the *Infinite* they *See* and *Love*.

Here

Here shall they enter, here triumphant plac'd,
Unutterable Bliss for ever last

803 In mine, and my great Fathers Arms embrac'd.

—Here, Thou whom Men and Angels must adore!

Here, Saviour! When this storm of Life is o'er,

Thy worthless Servant place! One Moment there,

For many tedious Years of Want and Care,

Will more than even make — And whilst I stay,

If from my Post I must not yet away;

Accept this humble Verse, my Lifes great Task!

'Tis all I can, and more thou wilt not ask:

Bless my few Friends, or if but Names they be,

840 My F —, — For I've scarce more than One and Thee.

Bless e — my Foes! may they, till better, live,

And my vast Debts, as I do theirs, forgive!

Thy help in all my Tribulation, lend!

More than in Promise, (like the World) my Friend.

Down all vain tow'ring Hopes! But Saviour! grant,

I may n't my daily Bread and Cloathing want!

The very Flow'rs and Ravens these possess;

Thy Will be done, if I must still have less!

Or if to Wealth or Fame I e'er shou'd rise;

850 (Those Gifts I neither Covet, nor Despise,

Chuse for me, Lord! "For thou hast both my Eyes!")

If e'er thou me from this low Turf shou'dst raise,

Grant, as thou me, I may advance thy Praise!

Else, in this Dust, let me to Dust return!

—Then, then when my sad Friends around me Mourn,

O be not far away! Thy Grace supply,

And like a Man, and Christian let me Die!

And when my weary Soul forsakes my Breast,

O take it in thy Arms, and give me Rest!

860 —So shall I for my Consummation stay,

And hope, not fear the great decisive Day:

Refresh'd, beyond the reach of Pain or Vice,*

In the Celestial Shades of Paradise.

In all time of
our Tribula-
tion.

In all time of
our Wealth.

Herbert.

In the hour of
death.

And in the
day of Judge-
ment.

The End of the Seventh Book.

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST

BOOK VII.

5. **S**AW through the Shades, nor durst directly see — Lest that should dazzle him.] The Description we have left us of this Temple, is indeed very glorious, *Opus omnium quæ unquam vidimus aut audivimus mirabilissimum*, says one concerning it, the most prodigious Work I ever saw or heard of. And Tacitus in Lib. 5. calls it, *mira Opulentia Templum*, a Temple of wonderful Riches. And Josephus tells us, that not only the Front was gilded; but, as I understand him, the Outside was covered with Plates of Massy Gold, which dazzled the Beholders Eyes, and to Strangers, at a distance, made it appear like a huge white Mountain.

12. The mighty Gates, heavy with Loads of Gold.] The Gates of the Temple were all covered with Silver and Gold, except one with Corinthian Brass, of more value than any of the other. See the forementioned Author.

13. Twice ten robustious Servants there attend.] One of the Gates of the Temple, as Josephus tells us, was so large, that it employed twenty Men, every Night and Morning to shut and open it. The same Gate, which also he says, opened prodigiously, about Midnight, of its own accord with a great Noise, not long before the Destruction of Jerusalem.

16. To the third Gate, of rich Corinthian Brass.] *vid. supra.*

20. Loud answer'd by the Full-mouth'd Quire within.] I think there's no great doubt but this was the manner of the Temple-service, there being several of the Psalms which seem to have been sung alternatim, between Priests and People. Heman and Jeduthun, as we find, singing an Anthem of David's composing, and therein praising the Lord because his Mercy endures for ever; to which all the People said Amen, and praised the Lord. 1 Chron. 16. 36, 41. But the most lively Description of the Temple-Service, which will much illustrate what follows, is that in 2 Chron. 5. 11, 12. When the Priests were come out of the Holy place, also the Levites, which were the Singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, and Jeduthun, with their Sons and their Brethren, being array'd in White Linen, having Cymbals, and Psalteries, and Harps, stood at the East end of the Altar, and with them an hundred and twenty Priests sounding with Trumpets. The Trumpets and Singers were at once to make one Sound, to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord. They lift up their Voices with Trumpets, and Cymbals and Instruments of Musick and praised the Lord, saying, for he is good, for his Mercy endureth for ever.

26. The Consort first sweet Aijeletb begun.] I here insert most Sorts of Musical Instruments, mentioned in David's Psalms, according to the usual Interpretation of 'em. The first is Aijeletb, from the 22. Psalm, which is inscribed, Aijeletb Shaber, generally rendred the Hind of the Morning, a sort of Musick, as some think, of the Nature of our Wais, going about in the Courts to wake the Priests,

Priests; but 'twas also, we are sure, from David, us'd in God's immediate Service.
29. Alamo, *chast Virgins best Delight*.] They are thought a sort of *Virginals*, and mentioned in *Psal.* 46.

30. *Grave Jonath*.] See *Psal.* 56. inscrib'd *Jonath Elem Rechobim*, rendred, *The dumb Dove in silent places*; like *Mabalab* afterwards, I suppose, a sort of grave Musick, fit to compose their Minds to *Attention* and *Devotion*.

31. *And melting Harps*.] The *Sheminith*, and all other sort of string'd Instruments.

35. *Lofly Hallelujabs sing*.] A reverend Person, now an Honour to our Church and Nation, is of Opinion, that this 135 *Psal.* was us'd at Morning Service, the Priests, Levites, and all the People inviting each other to praise God.

91. *Mean while rich Incense feeds the sacred Fires*.] This was done twice a day, *vid.* *Exod.* 30. 7, 8. *Aaron shall burn sweet Incense every Morning. When Aaron lights the Lamps at Even he shall burn Incense.* See also *Joseph Antiq.* lib. 3.

94. *A Milk white Lamb, the Morning-Sacrifice*.] *Exod.* 29. 38, 39. *This is that which thou shalt offer, two Lambs of the first Year, day by day. The one Lamb thou shalt offer in the Morning, &c.*

95. *With these the Priests their holiest Mincha join*,
A chearful Blaze of Flour, and Oyl, and Wine.] *Vid.* *Exod.* 29. 40. *A tenth-deal of Flour mingled with an hin of Beaten-Oyl, and the fourth part of an hin of Wine. This Mincha, Meat-offering, as we render it, with its Drink-offering, is called most holy of all the Offerings of the Lord. Bread and Wine is the most antient Sacrifice; that which Melchisedech brought forth seems to have been sacred. This is still retain'd by our Saviour, who was a Priest of the same Order. Vid. Mede on the Jewish Offerings.*

115. *Some in the Cloysters gainful Shops unfold*.] The three Courts of the Temple, which are all included under the same Name, because we want two distinct Words for the *vd* and *is*, being all consecrated Ground, took up a considerable room, each of 'em having Cloysters round, and a void space in the middle. In the space were the Sheep and Oxen; under the Cloysters, I suppose the Money-Changers and Dove-Sellers. The Roof of these Cloysters, if I understand *Josephus* aright, served as Foundations for those sumptuous Galleries round the Temple, which *Sabinus* burnt down in an Insurrection of the Jews; for they could not be on the Cover'd Part, or *vd*, since 'tis not probable they could have burn'd the Top and left the Bottom standing. *Vid.* *Joseph. Antiq.* lib. 7. cap. 12.

128. *Driv'n with more Eale from Carmel's fruitful Hill*.] Because, tho that's further from Jerusalem, their Tails were not so cumbersome, which were incredibly large in the Asiatick Sheep, and therefore I say before, *Drag their pond'rous Train*.

135. *Blushes, at once, of Shame and Anger rise*.] *Shame* for his Country-men, not himself.

136. *A just Resentment sparkling in his Eyes, &c.*] *St. Jerom* says here, *Ignem quicquam ex Oculis radiabat, &c.* there were certain fiery Rays came from our Saviour's Eyes, which they were not able to endure.

146. *He does, of strongly-twisted-Cords, prepare*.] We never find our Saviour, in all his History, so angry as he is here, but once before, and that on the same Occasion; for it's thought he drove these sacrilegious Wretches two several times from the Temple. Nothing, I say, ever made him so angry as their thus confounding things sacred and profane. The Jews, 'tis plain, made no distinction, and believed not any Holiness in this Place: after Prayers once over, all Places were, it seems, alike to them. The Distinction was our Saviour's own, and must still hold, if a Christian Church is still the House of God.

153. *Yet here great Solomon*.] That noble Tower or Porch, which the Herod re-edified, it seems, still retain'd the Name of its first Founder; was built by Solomon, and its Foundations laid so deep and firm, that the Babylonians could not destroy 'em, tho no doubt they ruined the Superstructure. If I mistake not, here was the East-Gate, the Golden-Gate, the Beautiful-Gate of the Temple, all different Names for the same thing. 'Twas built over the Vale of Kidron, and from the top of its Towers to the bottom of that Valley, such a vast depth, that *Josephus* says, 'twas
horrid

horrid to look upon, and would almost dazle the Beholders. This Porch of Solomon I wonder how *Capellus* happen'd to place on the South of the Temple, which he does, unless *Fuller* mistakes him; whereas 'tis seated in the East, by *Josephus*, and, I think, all others. This Gate and Courts about it cost more Pains and Time than all the Temple; *Solomon* began to bring Earth and even the Valley, but 'twas not finished in several Ages. *Vid. Joseph. lib. 6.*

157. The Workmen mined deep, wondrous deep.] *Josephus* says, the Foundations of the Temple were three hundred Cubits deep (sacred Cubits we are to understand, in a sacred Work, twice as much as the Vulgar) and in some places more, and that great part on't was built upon the solid Rock.

159. Of Tyre they were.] *Solomon* had Carpenters from *Hiram* of Tyre, and he might have Masons too; who, I here suppose, had formerly been Miners in Britain. See *Lib. iii.* and *vi.*

175. Those Everlasting Gates.] I'm inclin'd to think that Phrase in *Psal. 24* (which should seem to have been compos'd on the Dedication of the Temple, or some such Occasion) of Everlasting Gates, relates immediately to the vast Height and Bigness of the Gates of the Temple; as the Everlasting Hills, in another place, in the same sence. Tho I believe the whole Psalm has a further respect, and is prophetic of our Saviour's Ascension into Heaven, in which sence I take it at the End of *Lib. x.*

178. The glittering Pillars, and the Vine of Gold.] *Josephus* reckons above 100 of these Pillars, all gilded, and describes this Golden Vine as one of the most noble sacred Ornaments in the World. "It reach'd, says he, all along under the Chappits of the Pillars, whereon hung Bunches of Grapes, all of Gold, each Cluster as long as a Man. To which Vine our Saviour might allude, when preaching near it.

181. The stately Porch 'twixt two vast Columns rose.] So *Josephus* describes it, and says, "These, as well as all other Pillars were of the Corinthian Order; the tallest and most beautiful of any other.

185. The Stones so huge they scarce dar'd trust their Sence.] Nor I; *Josephus*, in the Account he gives of them, making them so many Cubits long and broad, that one would think they needed as many Workmen to raise and manage 'em, as that which *Acofta* tells us of in America, drawn cross the Mountains, at the Command of one of their Inca's, by no less than an hundred thousand Men; however, undoubtedly they were very large: for so the Apostles to our Saviour, who not only shew him in general, *St. Mark 13. 1, 2.* ταῦτα τὰς μεγάλας οἰκοδομὰς, those great Buildings; but, in *St. Luke*, take notice of the Stones in a particular manner, ὡς ἀπὸ λίθου, what manner of Stones, what goodly Stones, as we very well render it. And they had need be firm, when as *Josephus* tell us, *lib. 7. cap. 9.* "The Romans were six days battering the East Galleries of the Temple (with their prodigious Rams) but prevailed nothing against them. They then endeavoured to dig up the Foundations; but could only pull out some of the outer Stones, with a great deal of fruitless Labour. He further tells us, these Stones were all fastened to each other by huge Clamps of Lead and Iron, I suppose he means, the Iron was soldered unto them.

207. Not one but by a Force superiour, &c.] The Romans did at last prevail, and tore up the very Foundations of the Temple, ploughing the Ground whereon it stood, which was performed by *Terentius*, or *Turnus Rufus*, left there by *Titus*, for that purpose, on the 19th day of the Month *Abib*, as *Maimonides*; so says *Eleazar*, afterwards in his Speech to the Jews, when he exhorted them to kill themselves; "The Temple, says he, they have raz'd to the very Foundation, and hardly the Memory thereof is now left. And *Josephus* says, even of the City, "That 'twas beat quite flat and plain to the Ground; exactly according to our Saviour, They shall lay thee even with the Ground, and thy Children within thee.

220. How they the World's and Temple's End might know.] They seem to confound 'em in their Question, as if they supposed both should be together. And our Saviour's Answer does not, I think, as left recorded by any of the Evangelists, distinctly

distinctly and orderly separate 'em. The Reason of which might be to keep 'em more on their Guard. In the following Discourse of our Saviour, the Reader will see, I have joined several of his Prophecies, which we find in different places; expatiating as the Subject led me.

237. *As heat and warmth the Royal Eagle brings.*] So 'tis in *Deuteronomy*, whence this Simile seems to be taken. Our Translation indeed renders it *Hen*, but the word *gys* will reach the other Sense, which seems more Poetical and Noble.

252. *The Plague denounc'd an Hundred Years before.*] The most natural Sense of those Words, *Gen. 6. 3. Yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty Years*, seems to be, that the World should have so much respite before its Destruction: Which is favour'd by *S. Peter*, in his Reflection on Gods Long-suffering at that time. I say an Hundred because 'tis a round Number.

267. *Then many a vile Impostor shall pretend—My Name.*] *Josephus* tells us of many of these false Prophets before the Destruction of *Jerusalem*.

276. *My very Name, and yours, shall Crimes be made.*] Indeed their Persecutors cou'd find 'em guilty of no other Crimes, and therefore made the very Name their Accusation. Hence the famous *Christianos ad Leones*. &c.

293. *Nation with Nation.*] *Galilee* against *Samaria* and *Judaea*, *Simon* against *John*, &c. And the very Words *Josephus* makes *Jesus* use in his Oration to the *Idumæans* against the Zealots, are, "That they rejoiced to see Nation against Nation."

296. *Unhappy Solyma shall fly to thee.*] If the *Galilean Zealots* had not fled to *Jerusalem*, *Josephus* thinks it might have been sav'd.

300. *Shall with a fourth thy Three Proud Walls surround.*] The Romans not only cast up a Trench, but even built a Wall round *Jerusalem*, to keep in the Jews; after which no more cou'd escape. *Joseph. Lib. 6. Cap. 13.*

306. *Which Heav'n-Lov'd Daniels piercing Eyes foresaw.*] The Abomination of *Desolation* I think were these Zealots, because it cou'd be nothing else, that I ever yet saw, assigned. Not the Destruction it self, because 'twas to be the Sign of it. Not the Statue or Idol placed, or designed to be placed in the Temple, by *Caius*, or *Tiberius*; because either not done at all, or too soon to be a Sign for this Destruction. Nor the Roman Ensigns, *Titus*, or *Adrian*, because these all too late, and the Effect not a Sign of the Judgment. On the other side, the word Abomination exactly hits those Zealots, who, as *Josephus*, *Lib. 2. Bell. Jud. Cap. 9*: "Drest themselves like Women, fell to unnatural Lusts, and profan'd the whole City with their execrable Impiety. They were a Desolation too, or such an Abomination as made Desolate. So *Jesus* in his forementioned Oration, "Houses," says he, they have Ruinated and made Desolate, by their Robberies. And *Josephus* tells us, "That at one time the *Idumæans* and they, murdered 8000 in the Temple, and 12000 young Men in the City. They stood in the Holy-Place; or where they ought not to stand. So *Ananis* in his Oration, lamenting that he shou'd live to see the Sanctuary, where nothing ought to come but the High Priest, profan'd by the wicked Feet of these Impious Persons. And *Josephus*, in his Speech to the Jews, of these Zealots, "That having their Hands embred in the Blood of their Countrymen, they presum'd to enter into the Sanctuary; where," says he, none ought to come. Nay, they were here before the Romans besieged the City, and therefore were properly a Sign of its Destruction, and a warning to others to leave it, as many did; and flying to *Titus*, saved their Lives. There remains but one thing more, which will almost demonstrate, that the Zealots were meant by this Abomination of Desolation; and that is, to enquire who it was caus'd the Daily Sacrifice to cease. But this the Zealots too did; *Josephus* in the forementioned Oration, who says, "That *John* and the Zealots, had not only rob'd the Temple of all the Ornaments given by *Augustus* and others, telling the People, That Sacrilege was no Sin, because they fought for the Cause of God: But, as he adds expressly, "They had deprived God of his daily Sacrifice in the Temple. All this, is one of the most clear and unanswerable Proofs of a Prophecy exactly fulfill'd, that I ever met with. Which, for that reason, I've enlarg'd upon, and which I challenge all the Atheists or Deists in the World to answer. §13. A

311. *A deep, a mournful Voice,—“Let us depart.”* The famous *para-Balruque* *is* *under*. Our Saviour we know did Prophecie of great Signs and Wonders before this Destruction.

315. *The high in Heaven a bloody Sword.* Vid. *Josepb. Bell. Jud. Lib. 5. Cap. 12.* Where he says, “A Comet in the fashion of a fiery Sword had hung over the City for a Year together, before the Siege.

319. *Thunders and Earthquakes then they’ll scarcely mind.* Lib. 4. Cap. 7. He says, “When the Edomites Encamp’d by the Walls of Jerusalem, there arose a terrible Tempest of Wind, Rain, Lightning and Thunder, with an Earthquake, and several very Strange and dreadful Voices. Notwithstanding which, their Friends within the Gates saw’d the Bars in sunder, and admitted them into the City.

322. *But the beginning of their hopeless Pains.* Our Saviour says, *All these are but the beginning of sorrows.* And so it will appear to any who reads the whole History.

329. *The half-starv’d Citizens like Ghosts shall meet.* John and Simon having in their Rage at one another, burnt the City Granaries, enough to have supply’d ‘em for a long time, the Famine soon rag’d amongst ‘em. Of which *Josepbus* gives many terrible Instances, Lib. 6. Cap. 11. &c. “The Seditious, says he, in this Famine, broke up Houses for Corn and Meat; if they found any, they bear Persecutions for denying it; if none, for concealing it; if strong and likely, they Kill’d ‘em, on presumption they had some secret Stores; if weak, because they’d soon Die of themselves. Wives snatch’d the Meat from their Husbands; Children from Parents; Mothers from Infants; nay, one Miriam, boy’d and eat her own Son. Babes were dashed on the ground by the Souldiers, when found with meat in their mouths. The young Men, pale as Ghosts, walk’d about till they dropt Dead in the Streets; and some, striving to bury others, fell Dead over ‘em. And so he goes on with such a dreadful Description, as almost shocks Humanity to read it.

340. *And like a Deluge over all come pouring in.* The end of it shall be with a Flood, says Daniel: and accordingly it was, universal and irresistible.

352. *Till—See—the Temple fir’d.* *Josepbus* says, “After they had been Fighting many days about the Temple, a certain Souldier, contrary to the Order of Titus, moved as it were with a certain Divine Fury, got some of his Companions to help him up, and set Fire on the Temple, by one of the Golden Windows, which happened on the 10th of August; the same Day, he says, that it was burnt formerly by *Nebuchadnezzar*. The manner of which, and circumstances whereof, the Historian describes like one who was no unconcerned Spectator. He tells us, “Many whose Eyes were just closed with Famine, got strength to bewail the Temple, as they saw it Burning; and an innumerable Multitude being kill’d about it and in it, fix’d their Eyes thereon, in the very Agonies of Death; whose dead Bodies roll’d down the Temple-stairs in streams of Blood. All was filled with dismal S shrieks and Lamentations, eccho’d by the Mountains round the City. The Hill of the Temple now appeared all on Fire, tho’ there was Blood enough shed to have quenched it. Some of the Priests being kill’d Fighting, others leaping voluntary into the Flames, and the rest Burnt alive, resolving not to survive the Temple. Indeed, through the whole, *Josepbus* has done it so admirably, that I’m not ashamed to own I cannot reach him.

360. *Till Heav’n has clos’d the Gentiles destin’d Reign.* From that of our Saviour, Till the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled.

373. *And in the Church usurp my Throne and Name.* Our Saviour Prophecies of those that should come in his Name, saying, I am Christ. So did some of the little Antichrists, particularly *Jonathan* in Cyrene, who said expressly, *Ego sum Messias*. But this was to be eminently and remarkably fulfilled in the *ἀντιχριστος*, or *ἀντιχριστος*, the great Adversary or Antichrist. And that some such is foretold in the Scriptures, *Bellarmin* himself, and all the Papists believe. He then that usurps the Throne, the Power, the very Divinity of our Saviour, wherever we find

find him, must be *The Antichrist*. This the Pope does his Throne, for he's carried by his Slaves, after he's chosen, plac'd upon the High Altar, and there actually Ador'd. His Power, for he'll forgive Sins, and rule Kings and Nations, with a Rod of Iron. His Divinity, for not content with being the Vicar of Christ, his Plasterers have given him the very Name and Power of God; for which, we could never hear, that he was so angry with 'em, as to put them into his Anathema against all Heretical Kings and Princes.

389. *The World for the Elect was chiefly made.*] 'Tis a Notion of the Rabbies, that the World was only made for the Elect, which I've somewhat soften'd.

417. *Ten furious Tyrants.*] The Ten Persecutions.

424. *Tottern a Foe, as to your sacred Race.*] Nero was the Wretch who stirr'd up the first Persecution against the Christians, which occasioned that sharp and just Remark of Tertullian; *Non nisi grande aliquod bonum quod a Nerone damnatum*, 'It must needs be some extraordinary good Thing if Nero condemned it. This Monster was justly Voted by the Senate a Parricide and Enemy of Mankind. And accordingly his Memory has been ever detested by all Men, unless by the Partisans, and a few other Heathens.

431. *You in his Festal Flame shall shine.*] From these puzzling Verses of Juvenal, *Tota lucetis in aula, — Quis flumens ardet qui fixo gutture sumant — Et lucum uedid sulcum diducit ardens*. Alluding, whatever the Grammar of 'em is, to Nero's Burning the Christians for Torches at his Night, Revels.

436. *The only Good the Wretch will ever do.*] Almost Davids Words in Cowley, to Goliath.

438. *Mankind's love, his Brother's their delight.*] Domitian, who rais'd the second Persecution, one of the foulest of Men, (some think worse than Nero,) and as much detested, as his Brother Tiberius lov'd, who was stild, as all know, *Delicia humani generis*.

442. *By Martyrdom he'll purge his Blood.*] History tells us, that he Murdered Flavian Clemens, his near Kinsman, and Banished his Wife Flavia, for being Christians.

446. *Still shall the Son of God's bright Form be near.*] Alluding to the History of the Three Children.

451. *Whilst our proud Foe an hasty Death shall seize.*] Stabb'd by Parthenius and Stephanus. Concerning which, see the famous Story in Apollonius's Life.

452. *And his mild Successor.*] Nerva, who swore solemnly, no Senator should ever dye by his Order. See Aurelius Victor and Dion. He recall'd the Christians by an Edict, from Banishment; and amongst the rest S. John, tho' some would say have him dead a great many years before; and others that he never dy'd.

456. *Some ev'n the Lord that bought 'em shall deny.*] Ebion, Cerintus, and other Hereticks, who first deny'd the Divinity of our Saviour; against whom S. John wrote his Gospel.

461. *Nor be himself — Unplagu'd escapes a destin'd dire Event, &c.*] Trajan, who began the third Persecution. The dire Event, here mentioned, is that of the Earthquake at Antioch; where, the Emperour being then present and a vast Conflux of People, the Earth opened, and devoured an incredible Number of Men, one of the Consuls perishing, and the Emperour himself hardly escaping.

467. *But more the Jews.*] Adrian, who began the fourth Persecution, burnt a Thousand Towns of the Jews, for Rebelling against him under their false Christ Antiochus, to whom Rabbi Akiba was a sort of Elias; crying, *Hic est Rex ille Messias!* and Kill'd 500000 Men; then reedifying Jerusalem, &c.

472. *How oft he'd fly to Death in vain for Ease.*] Being sick of a languishing Dysenter he would often have kill'd himself, but was hindred by his Friends. A line before his Death, he is said to have made those pretty foolish Verses, *Animula, vagula, blandula, &c.* Which, Little, fluttering Soul, alludes to.

476. *A Peaceful Prince and Pious more than Nam'd.*] Antoninus Pius, who, on Justin's Apology, made an Edict, that the Christians should not be Punished, but those who Accus'd 'em: As Orosius in his History.

479. *A vain Philosopher.*] *Antoninus Philosophus* began the fifth *Persecution*, stirr'd up by *Crescens* the *Cynic*, and continued with great Fury, till the Emperour being distress'd in War with the *Quadi*, for want of *Water*, and obtaining both that and *Victory*, by the Prayers of a *Christian Legion*, ordered it to be stop'd; as *P. Orosius* tells us.

485. *This a far fiercer Tyrant knows in vain.*] *Septimius Severus*, who rais'd the sixth *Persecution*, under whom so many were Martyr'd, that some thought him *Antichrist*. His two Sons, *Bassianus* and *Geta* succeeded him, the Elder of which kill'd the Younger in his Mother's Arms.

489. *Next a fell Wolf, who, the mild Shepherd slain.*] The seventh *Persecution* under *Maximin*, who Murdered the good Emperour *Alexander Severus*; and was himself Kill'd, together with his Son, by his own Souldiers at the Siege of *Aquileia*.

493. *The next an equal Guilt and Fate attend.*] *Decius*, who rais'd the eighth *Persecution*, whose Son was kill'd by the *Goths*, and himself drowned in the *Fens* near the *Danube*, as he fled from the Enemy.

466. *Cruel old Man.*] *Valerian*, the Author of the ninth *Persecution*, at the Instigation of an *Egyptian Magician*. He was afterwards conquered and taken by *Sapor* the Emperour of *Persia*, who made use of his Back to mount his Horse, and when he refused that Office, slay'd him alive, and covered him with Salt.

502. *Two Monsters shall the groaning World divide.*] *Dioclesian* and *Maximinian*.

506. *The Idol Banners stoop and Cross must rise.*] The very *Signa* or *Ensigns* of the *Romans*, have been thought by learned Men *Idolatrous*: Which *Constantine* chang'd, and bore the *Cross* in his Banner; according to the famous Story.

509. *Once more the fatal Stone.*] See *Lib. 6.* Note on the *Battalia* of the *Antients*.

510. *The Tyrants drop by Justice or Despair.*] *Dioclesian*, some say, *Poisoned* himself; *Maximinian*, who had once *Abdicated*; but when his Mind changed, and he for recovering his Empire again, being caught Plotting against *Constantine*, he was fairly Hang'd for his reward.

517. *Those glorious Scars.*] A known Story. *Vid. Sozomen. Lib. 1. Cap. 11.*

522. *Yet still some Signs of ancient Fraud remain.*] From *Virgil's* *Pauca tamen suberunt*, &c.

524. *Nor yet my fated Reign.* *Vid. last Note on Lib. 10.*

529. *Fierce Magog's Sons.*] The *Scythians*, as *Sir Walter Rawleigh* proves beyond contradiction.

531. *Whilst all the West a fiercer Tyrant spoils.*] The *Turks* give *Liberty of Conscience*; the *Pope* denies it; for which Reason, I make him the more Cruel of the two.

537. *The Earthly Gods this Monster shall Dethrone.*] *2 Thess. 2. 4.*

541. *But first what Lets must be remov'd away.*] This the ancient *Christians* Interpret of the *Roman Empire*.

549. *Chast Marriage shall the worst of Crimes be grown.*] A Man may be a good *Romish Priest* tho he has half a *Dosen Concubines*, but not if he has one *Wife*. But amongst all the doughty Arguments against the *Marriage of the Clergy*, I think that of his *Infallibility*, *Siricius* himself, carries the most weight; "They that are in the *Flesh* cannot please God."

553. *A Swan in Gomers spacious Fields shall rise.*] 'Tis said in the History of *John Hus*, that at his Martyrdom he Prophesied, of a *Swan* to rise an hundred Years after, whom the *Papists* should not be able to Burn.

586. *At a Friends House, which on the Road they knew.*] Some such thing seems necessarily imply'd from the *Oeconomy* of the *Parable*. For its said in the 1 verse, They actually went forth to meet the *Bridegroom*. But ver. 5. While the *Bridegroom* tarried they all *slumbered and slept*; which they can't be supposed to do in the open Air.

691. *My Harbingers the sev'n Arch-Angels bright.*] It has been generally believed in all Ages of the Church, that there are different Orders of *Angels*; and there

there are great probabilities from Scriptures, that the Number of the *Chief Angels* is 7; which are also call'd *The Eyes of the Lord, running too and fro throughout the whole Earth*. That these Angels shall be principally employ'd in the Preparations for this Judgment, appears, from comparing 1. *Thess.* 4. 16. *The Lord shall descend, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the Trump of God; with that of the 2. Thess.* 1. 7. *The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven, with his mighty Angels; Μετ' ἀγγέλων δυνάμεως ἰσχύος*: Which seems much the same with these *Arch-Angels*.

712. *Ten Thousand lesser Suns lie scatter'd round.*] According to their Notion, who think all fix'd Stars Suns.

733. *Hence holy Souls Refin'd and made more Bright.*] This seems the only ancient Purgatory: Some of the Fathers being of Opinion, that the Souls of all Men, nay that of the Blessed Virgin herself, were to pass through this purging Fire at the last Judgment. But this would do the Church of Rome no good, and therefore they have since altered the property on't, making it a Culinary Fire with a witness, and blowing it up some thousands of Years sooner than those good Fathers ever thought of.

798. *With all the host of Impudent Despair*] They shorten our Saviours Accusation, and say, *ver. 44. Lord when saw we thee an hungred, or a thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, &c.* whereas the Righteous are more deliberate. *Ver. 37. When saw we thee an hungred and fed thee, &c.*

862. *Refresh'd, beyond the reach of Pain or Vice, &c.*] Agreeable to the Notion of the Primitive Churches, who constantly pray'd for this *Refrigerium*, or Refreshment of their Fellow Christians, departed this Life; they supposing them in a sort of Pain, by their thirsty and eager Desire for the final Consummation of their Happiness.

L12

The

The Argument of the Eighth Book.

A Catalogue of the Nations that came to the Passover, together with the Inhabitants of the Holy Land. Herod's Entry and Truin from Galilee. Our Saviour privately comes thither with his Disciples, sending St. Peter and St. John before him to prepare the Passover in Mount Sion. But could not remain undiscovered, some Greeks, from Athens, having heard of his Fame, and pressing to see him; which having obtain'd by the Assistance of some Tyrian Merchants of Philip's Acquaintance; God the Father, at his desire, attests him near the third time by a Voice from Heaven. At which the People being again ready to force a Kingdom upon him, he retires, with his Disciples. However, his Power and Doctrine spread so far, that all things were now at a Crisis, and the whole Nation upon the point of owning him the Messiah. At which Lucifer being alarm'd, sends with him a Detachment of Devils, and flies to Earth, where sending the rest to their appointed Posts, to facilitate his Design, he himself enters the Palace of Caiaphas; and Night being now come, and the High-Priest asleep, appears before him in the Form of old Hircanus, hiding him for his Remembrance, and stirring him up to destroy our Saviour. In order to which, as soon as he wakes, he sends privately to assemble the Sanhedrim; which being known to Gamaliel, Joseph, and Nicodemus, they hasten likewise thither. Caiaphas's Speech to the Sanhedrim, against our Saviour, accusing him for a Subverter of their Laws; pretending to prove, he was not, for that Reason, to be heard of, who he wrought Miracles; complaining of the Meannells of his Doctrine on one side, obliging to forgive Enemies, and of the impracticable Heights on the other, not admitting Liberty of Thoughts, or the first Motions of Desire or Anger; with other Objections usually urged by the Deists against Christianity. After which he rises bigger, charges him with Blasphemy; and at last, falling into a Prophetick Fury, he declares, 'twas necessary one Man should die for the whole Nation; urging, that could not be a Sin which God himself had decreed. His Speech variously received by the Sanhedrim. Nicodemus stands up, and begins cautiously to answer him. Whom Joseph of Arimathea interrupts, and boldly, before 'em all, confesses Jesus; distinctly answering all the Cavils of Caiaphas against his Person and Law, and pressing the Sanhedrim to receive him as their true Messiah. While they were divided in their Opinions, and debating the matter, our Saviour celebrates the Passover, with his twelve Disciples, and institutes the Sacrament of his Blessed Body and Blood; foreshewing and describing the Traitor Judas, who went out from the rest with a resolution to betray him; whose Offer to the Sanhedrim was agreed to by the majority, and Preparations made to apprehend him. Our Lord comforts the remaining Disciples, but prophesies of their forsaking him, and particularly St. Peter's Denial. Thence he leads them to Gethsemane; and takes St. Peter, James, and John with him into the thickest part of the Garden, leaving the rest at the Gate. His Agonies and Prayers, not for fear of the approaching Pain or Infamy, but of his Father's Anger. An Angel appears to strengthen him. A Comparison of him with the most famous ancient Heroes, shewing how far he exceeded them in Patience and Virtue. The three Disciples asleep for Sorrow. Judas, having received Guards from the High-Priest, comes to the Garden, and, with a Kiss, betrays our Lord; who being approached, after he had healed Malchus, whom St. Peter had wounded, all his Disciples forsake him. He's carried to the High-Priest's Palace, and there abused by the Guards and Rabble. St. John, who soon resumed Courage, followed our Saviour, and own'd himself his Disciple. St. Peter comes after, tho' with more Fear, and is introduced into the Palace, by the Interest of St. John; but being known to some of the Company, and charg'd as a Follower of Jesus, he thrice denies him, the last time with Curses and Imprecations; till, on our Saviour's looking back upon him, he returns to himself, and, departing from the Palace, endeavours to expiate his Guilt by a severe Repentance. Our Saviour accus'd by the High-Priest and Caiaphas; but no Proof against him, that would reach his Life; till Caiaphas adjuring him to own it if he were the Son of God, and be telling them, they should hereafter see him come to judg the World, he's accus'd for Blasphemy, and hurried away to the Roman Governour, being adjudged, by the Sanhedrim, worthy of Death.

THE

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
AN
Heroic Poem.

BOOK VIII.



NOW o'er the Hills the Paschal Morn arose,
And from high Towers the sacred Trumpet
blows; *
Proclaiming their great Feast, all Israel
meet, [Street;
Thick crowding thro' each dusty Gate and
Strangers and Proselytes, where'er their Birth,
Whatever part o' th' many Peopled Earth;
Some from the Isles, Crete, Rhodes and Cyprus, some
From double-Sea'd Byzan, and Corinth come;
From the fair Fields with Rivers circled wide, *
10 From Elam and Euphrates flowry side.

With

With all th' *Arabia's*, to the *Feast* repair
 The *Realms* of *Monobaze* and *Helen* fair; *
 Strong *Adiabene* call'd, well known to *Fame*;
 But most from blest *Judea's* *Regions* came;
 From *Dan*, to old *Beerfheba's* fruitful *Plain*,
 From *Jazer's* *Sea*, to the great *Western* *Main*:
 These from *Benician* *Fields* their *Journeys* take,
 From *Tyrus's* *Shores*, and the *Andevian* *Lake*:
Herod, his num'rous *Galileans* brings
 From all his *Towns*, a *Pomp* well worthy *Kings*: 20
 Strong *Sephoris*, and rich *Tiberias* send *
 Their choicest *Youth*, *Sebastè's* *Lords* attend
 With *Prayers* for their great *Founder*, who his *Guests*,
 On *Jordan's* *Banks*, at proud *Herodian* *Feasts*; *
 Who *Guarded* thence and *Honour'd*, wak'd him down,
 By *Jericho*, to *Salem's* *sacred* *Town*:
 His rich paternal *Palace* they prepare,
 And rang'd before the *Gates*, *Salute* him there;
 Nor sooner his approach the *Elders* know,
 But to receive him in long *State* they go 30
 The *Roman* *Guards* the same, loud *Shouts* they made,
 Their *Eagle* on *Antonia's* *Tow'rs* display'd:
 Not so our *Saviour* met, nor he desir'd
Vain *Honours*, or mean wordly *Fame* requir'd;
 A train of *Virtues* did the *Hero* bring,
 Unseen officious *Angels* guard their *King*.
 In vain a private *Entry* made his choice,
 For all *Good-men* at his approach rejoice:
 Ent'ring the *Town*, he did before him send,
 As *Harbingers*, bold *Cephas*, and his *Friend*: 40
 These all prepar'd, (nor cou'd they want *success*,
 For where himself he sent, himself he'll bless:)
 What *Moses*, or the *Elders* did enjoyn,*
 The *Lamb*, the *Herbs*, the *Bread*, the sacred *Wine*,
 Mean while, the *Crowd's* *Hosannas* to prevent,
 He rounds the *Walls* by *Sion's* steep ascent:
 In vain their *unbespoken* *Pomp* he'd shun,
 From every part the gazing *People* run,
Fame bears the *News* thro' all the *pest'rd* *Gates*,
 And the vast *Town* almost *depopulates*. 50
 So

- So, when some Godlike Prince by Heav'n design'd,
 The common Benefactor of Mankind;
 Triumphant over e'en himself and Fame,
 Who wou'd by Virtue only raise his Name;
 So when he, *envious of himself*, wou'd go
 Thro' some sav'd Town, or Realm Incognito;
 Thro' the vain Cloud his stronger Beams will Shine,
 The mortal Form confessing the Divine:
 Forth pour thick Floods of Men, the Saviour meet,
 60 And strow thick Flow'rs and Blessings at his Feet.
 So here, all press to see his Heav'nly Face,
 Nor only now the Hebrews sacred Race;
 His growing Fame to Gentile Worlds is spread,
 His Light Divine had struck their Demons dead:
 The servile Gods to their black Caves retire, *
 Great Ammon, than his own, now feels a hotter Fire: * *Vid. Lib. 6.*
 Athens, which did from Egypt first convey *
 Vain Idol-Forms, and spread them wide away
 Thro' the deluded World, now learns to adore;
 70 A Sovereign Deity unknown before;
 Nor had the Sibyls scap'd 'em; there they find
 A Prince whose facile Yoke shou'd bless Mankind,
 In scorn'd Judaea born: They thither came,
 More by the Saviour's Miracles and Fame;
 Than the great Feast attracted ———
 Came with some Tyrian Merchants, Trading down
 To new-nam'd *Julias*, once *Bethsaida's* Town:
 Their Int'rest these, and frank assistance lend,
 Since in his humble Court they had a Friend
 80 To introduce 'em; meeting, they embrace;
 'Twas Philip, of the Galilean Race,
 Whom long they d'known, and ask'd the Liberty,
 These Grecian Strangers might his Master see.
 He beckons *Andrie*, both to Jesus went, *John 12.10.*
 And favourably their Request present: *&c.*
 When thus our Lord — Tho' I vain Pomp disclaim,
 Nor in my own, but my great Fathers Name
 As yet have taught, yet since he's pleas'd to attest
 My weak Mortality, it must be best.
 90 Now is the Hour I shall be truly known,

A glimpse of my paternal Glory's shown;
 Now that false Traitor, who from Honor fell,
 Yet seiz'd these Worlds, and taught 'em to Rebel; [Hell
 Transfix'd with vengeful Flames, sinks back t' his destin'd
 But ah! How dear an Empire must I win!
 On what a Throne my promis'd Reign begin!
 How sad an Exaltation! Yet e'en there,
 Will I the ruins of the World repair:
 Nor me my Friends, nor them I'll there disown,
 But with 'em mount to a far brighter Throne: 100
 The way o'er Rocks and Thorns my self I'll lead,
 Nor must they only on Roses think to tread;
 Thro' Blood, but 'tis their own, a Crown must gain,
 True Hero's Race, caus'd to Sweat and Pain,
 Which sweetens all their future peaceful reign. }
 — Yet still will this reluctant Body thrive,
 Base Flesh and Blood the servile War revive
 Against the nobler Spirit, still disgrace
 Man's better Form, and stain the Heav'n-born Race;
 Still Pain is his aversion — Tho' 'tis true,
 Had he not this, he'd nothing to subdue; 110
 No Merits, no Reward — Do what I can,*
 My lab'ring Heart has something still of Man;
 Fain wou'd avoid th' unequal shock, and fain
 Wou'd shrink from this intolerable Pain;
 These more than human Terrors — Father save!
 O, if 'tis fit, preserve that Life you gavel
 No, 'tis not — I my self a Victim give;
 Willing I Die, that rescu'd Man may Live:
 Yet, lest they me as an Impostor blame,
 E'er I to those blest Regions, whence I came } 120
 Return, Dear Father! Glorify thy Name!

He said, when strait calm Lambert Lightnings flie,
 And sacred Thunder murmurs round the Sky.
 Then the dread Voice of God — "As I've already done,
 "I thus amest thee still, my lov'd eternal Son!
 They heard the awful Sound, they heard it all,
 And to the Saviour lowly prostrate fall;
 So little their false Homage he desires,
 That from the flatt'ring Croud he strait retires; 130
 A

A Miracle he works to chain their Sense,
And with the Ten, pass undiscover'd thence :
Still more amaz'd they strictly search'd around,
Each Street and Suburb search'd, and had they found, }
Had him by force the King of Israel crown'd :
So their great Saul himself, they cry, withdrew,
And with some Samuel his retirement knew :
For factious Arms, themselves and Friends prepare,
Scarce on the Tower's the Roman Ensigns bear.

140 Tho' this the thoughtless giddy Crowd alone,
Many o'th' Elders knew, but dar'd not own, }
Knew him the Prince design'd for Israels Throne :
On worldly Fame, and Reputation stood;
How hard a thing to be both Great and Good ?
Mistaken Fame ! if from fair Actions done,
'Tis good ; if not, far better lost than won.
Happier the common Race of humane kind,
Happier in this, since for their Eyes or Mind
They no disguises need, vain Forms they break,

150 And what small Sense they have, they freely speak :
These his Opposers scarce untouch'd endure,
His Foes scarce more than he himself secure ; *
Tho' he himself their Conduct not approv'd,
Nor Rabble-Reformation ever lov'd :
Int'rest, not Love their partial Votes did sway,
They'd call him King, but not his Laws obey ;
Too pure for their gross Taste, too right and just ;
Nor he such Subjects wou'd receive or trust.
How e'er his Doctrines more and more prevail,

160 Still more the Elders false Foundations fail, }
Scripture and Reason gone, they only rail :
All things were at the height, the Crisis all,
And his Religion now, or theirs must fall.

This saw th' Arch-fiend in his own loathsome Cell ;
A Spy thro' Sodom's Lake shot swift to Hell
And brought th' affrightful News, repuls'd before ,
The Conclave he resolves to call no more,
Till some great Act atchiev'd, some Mischief done,
So black, as he'd himself not blush to own.

170 From every Squadron silently he drew, *

M m

Such

Vid. Lib. 3.

Such *Spirits* as he most fit for action knew;
 Some from *blasphemous Belial* did command,
 From *Moloch* some, But most from *Envy's* band:
 Such as all *Parties* might to his engage;
 Some skill'd in raising *Tumults, Storms* and *Rage*:
 The same that tempted *Dathan* e'er he fell,
 And dragg'd him, yet alive, thro' *Earth's* black *Gulf* to *Hell*.
 Some like himself, when cheating *facil Eve*,
 So subtle they'd almost th' *Elest* deceive:
 These guilty *Mortals*, knew t' illude or fright
 With monstrous *Forms*, and *Spectres* of the *Night*:
 With *Joys* impure oft fill'd, with *Sloth* oppress'd,
 Their *Guardian Friends* away, their *Eyes* and *Breast*:
 Some *Miser Fiends*, most *Jordid* and most *base*,
 The lowest sunk of all th' *Apostate Race*;
 These *Mines* and *lone Church-yards*, and *Treasures* hold,
 And bawl in *Tombs* around their *secret Gold*:
 Yet these, the nobler *Mind* do what it can,
 Maintain the strongest *Party* still in *Man*:
 How few are proof against their *fatal Arts*!
 Sure *Satan* arms with *Gold* his *fiery Darts*:
 Like those of *Love* they no distinction make,
Kings, Peasants, Civil, Sacred, all they take;
 All but one rank of *Men*, they ne'er took place,
 Ne'er found a *Quarry* in the *tuneful Race*:
 'Tis strange that *Poets* are not *virtuous* still,
 Since out of reach of *Gold*, that *Root* of ill.

180

190

These *Spirits* their *Leader*, in whose *Cause* they fell,
 Musters in *Hast*, the strong *Gensdarms* of *Hell*;
 These *Troops* of his own *Household* did review;
 Then *swift* to *Earth* for *Mans Destruction* flew;
 Arriv'd, each takes his *Post*, which well they knew.
 As the *sly Tyrant* order'd, each conceal,*
 Lest some kind *Angel* shou'd to *Man* reveal
 What their *design*; some did themselves dispose
 T' excite their *Friends*, and some to tempt their *Foes*:
 Ith' foremost *Rank*, their *Leader* wings his way,
 For *Night* had now *reliev'd* the weary *Day*,
 To *Salem's Tower's*, and as he o'er 'em flew,
 A spiteful glance and *Curse* amongst 'em threw;

200

210

Affraid

Afrâid lest the fair City shou'd Repent,
And by their Pray'rs the destin'd Wrath prevent.
To the high Priest's proud Palace did repair;
And like a falling-Star shot headlong there;
The Guards and Gates he penetrating past,
Swift and invisible, and round him cast
The Form of old Hircanus, grave and sage,
The same his Face, his Stature, Meen and Age,
His Voice the same, his Hands a Censer bore,

220 The sacred Mitre on his Brows he wore.

In still and deep Repose the Pontiff lay,
Tir'd with the Work and Pleasures of the Day;
Stern Caiphas — The Fiend approach'd his Bed,
And leaning on his Flank, his Palsy'd Head,
With loud and lamentable Voice he said;
“Awake my Son! Is't thus your Flocks you keep?
Or now Awake or else for ever Sleep!
But canst thou Sleep? — Yes — Canst thou stoop so low,
To yield the glorious Day without a Blow,

230 — T' our Laws, our Nations and our Temples Foe?

Who now, by your remissness, fierce and proud,
Heads dark Cabals among the factions Crowd.
All that is Sacred, left without defence,
You violate my Tomb, and raise me thence.
Was it for this my great Forefathers broke
A Strangers Chains, shook off the Heathen Yoke?
For this like Bulwarks round their Country stood,
And shed such Seas of honourable Blood?
O ye great Maccabees! too dear it cost,

240 To purchase what your Sons have tamely lost:

Say, did Hircanus thus your Line disgrace,
Or act a thing beneath your glorious Race?
He grasp'd the Censer and the Sword you bore,
Your Mitre and your Diadem he wore;
Spite of ill Fortune he preserv'd your Fame,
Nor trembled e'en at mighty Pompey's name.*
Scarce half his Pow'r his weak Successors share;*
Nor only you the Roman Thraldom bear;
(Since Manly 'tis to yield, if Men subdue)

250 But e'en a weak Enchanter conquers you;

100999

M m 2

If

If ought by *Herbs* and *pow'rful Names* h' has done, *
 To *Solomon's wife Sons* it can't b' unknown:
 Yet still he *Lives*; you the blind *Crowd* forakes,
 And *droves* of *Profelytes* each hour he makes;
 These will he soon to *greater Things* persuade,
 The *Sanhedrim* and *sacred Throne* invade:
 Hast then — The *Crown* and *Royal Ensigns* bring,
 The *Galilean Carpenter's* your *King*.

— But shall he be; or are my *Fears* in vain?
 O'er none but *Slaves*; a *Slave* deserves to reign: 260
 Tho' yet he do's not — *Israel* yet is free,
 And will, I know, maintain their *Liberty*;
 Quench the *new-kindled Flame*, and pull this *Serpent* down,
 Before he *higher leaps* and gets a *Crown*:
 — Hast then, and tho' *past Ills* you can't redress
 Him, *Meditating more*, *secure*, *oppress*!
 Or there *dispatch*, or else t' his *Fate* convey,
 To purge the *Town* on this great *festal Day*;
 Call you the *Sanhedrim*; I'll find the way.

He said and *sunk* — The *Pontiff* rais'd his *Eyes*,
 And looking *gastly round*, My *Guards*, he cries;
 All in *cold Sweats* — Yes, mighty *sacred Shade*,
 Thy kind, thy *wholſom Counſel* shall b' obey'd:
 He *Lives* no longer, his *ſure Fate* is *paſt*,
 'Tis done, and this *ſucceeding Day's* his *laſt*. 270

His *ent'ring Guards* he round the *City* ſends,
 And calls to *Council* his *confiding Friends*.
 The *Elders*, and the *Prieſts* of greater ſway,
 Each did their numerous ſubject *Course* obey:
 Preſſing *Affairs* did their wiſe *Councils* need, 280
 They muſt attend, with *ſilence* and with *ſpeed*:
 Yet not ſo cloſe they the *dark Meſſage* do,
 But *Joſeph* and the wiſe *Gamaliel* knew:
 To *Council* they among the reſt repair,
 And meet their *Friend*, ſage *Nicodemus* there.
 All preſent; *Caiaphas* aſcends the *Chair*,
 And thus began — "You'll, *Fathers*! ſoon believe,
 Not without *Cauſe*, I thus *diſturbance* give
 T' th' *Honourable Houſe*, nor need I fear,
 The juſt *Occaſion* known, from any here 290

Vid. Luke 1.

Reproof

- Reproof for this Assembly. But too well,
 All who are Lovers of our Israel,
 The growth of Nazareth's curst Seed perceive,
 * On their Impostor, the whole World believe;
 How undeplor'd our own and Nations Fate,
 Unless we help; if help's not yet too late:
 — If nothing us our Countries danger move,
 (Tho' no Good-man but must his Country love;)
 If we these Walls can leave, and see our Places;
 300 * And Honour fill'd by a vile Earth-born Race;
 So humbly, or so meanly quit our Seat,
 And live without a Name, obscurely Great;
 If we all this might kindly give away,
 Our Laws, our sacred Laws we can't betray,
 There, there the Venam lurks; at these he drives,
 Their Ruine he in close Cabals contrives;
 Th' abhorr'd of Nazareth, ~~our~~ he'd repeal,
 The World promulg'd by Angels he'd reveal,
 A better Law than Moses did reveal;
 310 Unletter'd Peasant he, assuming thus
 A Pow'r unknown, must teach the World and Us.
 The Crowd, 'tis true, his Miracles proclaim;
 But did not Egypt's Jugglers do the same?
 Spite of our Sense, our Reason still is free,
 Nor are we, were it not, at Liberty:
 For wond'rous Signs our Law we must not leave,
 Nor a false Prophet, tempted thus, receive:
 Shou'd he prevail, which Gaiety! ye Pow'rs
 That rule the World, his Laws exchange'd for ours;
 320 What shou'd we gain? What has he more compleat,
 Then our great Prophet? What Sublime or Great In-
 For Carpenters, or Fishermen they'll do,
 But Fathers, not for such as Us and You;
 * Rulers and Warriors, to brave deeds inclin'd;
 These clog the Soul and sink the rising Mind:
 Expos'd t' Affronts, you must the Giver spare,
 Nay Love, they teach you nothing but to bear:
 Now sunk too low, he strait too high aspires,
 And strange impracticable heights requires;
 330 He wou'd not have us men, but spite of Fate,

Dan. 4. 26.

Be

Be neither pleas'd or angry, love or hate;
 Not e'en our Thoughts, our Sense, our Reason free,
 Clogg'd with unnat'ral Laws and Mystery:
 No Rule he will, besides his own endure;
 Where his obtains, no Government's secure:
 Our Nations Crimes and Fate, his daily Themes,
 And God and us alike, th' abhor'd Blasphemes.
 Not e'en our blest eternal Temple spares;
 Nor more the *Heathen* or *Samaritan* dares
 Our Pow'r to censure; his proud *Seet* disown,
 Our Curses lost in *Air*, or backward thrown;
 Serpents and *Vipers* this high Court he calls,
 Sly *Hypocrites*, gay *Tombs* and whited *Walls*:
 This his *Respect*, thus *Fathers*, us he treats;
 'Tis a small Crime that with th' unclean he Eats:
 All our *Traditions* broke; in vain we grieve,
Corban and he together cannot live:
 Yet more, beyond what's *Mortal* he presumes,
 The awful Name of *God* himself assumes;
 With the unrival'd *Father* equal he,
 The *Son*, the *Word*, born from *Eternity*:
 If he impune this, if still we bear,
 How can we but deserve a *Fate*, severe
 As what th' *Impostor* threatens? --- How can we
 Our Selves, our *Children* and our *Nation* free,
 From the black *Guilt* and *Fate* of *Blasphemy*?
 This restless *Troubler* of our *Israel* dies;
 This *fatale Azazel* we must sacrifice:
 --- And if the *Sacred Ephod* ought inspire,
 I feel the glowing sparks of *Heavenly Fire*:
 Then! hear what my enlighten'd *Mind* foresees!
 Can that be bad which *Heav'n* it self decrees?
 " *Israel* in vain thy *Fate* thou dost attempt to flie,
 " Unless for all thy *Sons*, one *Man* devoted die.
 He said, then to debates the matter leaves;
 The *Sanhedrim* with different *Tasts* receives
 His warm *Orations*, some his *Zeal* admire;
 The *Soul* of *Phinehas* sure must him inspire;
 The *Church* can never pay too much esteem,
 T' had sunk infallibly, if not for him.

John 11:50.

While

- While those who look'd with more *impartial Eyes*,
 Saw thro' with ease, the *thin*, tho' neat *Disguise*;
 Saw all vain *Sophistry* and *specious Lyes*;
 Yet none dar'd stem the muddy *Torrent*, none,
 Till prudent *Nicodemus*, bolder grown,
 Thus rising spake -- "With all *submission due*,
 * And just *respect* t' his *Holiness* and *you*;
Men! Brethren! Fathers! a few *Words* I'd add,
 To what's with so much *Zeal* already said.
- 380 Well has it been observ'd, and none *denies*,
 Our *Laws* are *Sacred*, the *Blasphemer* dies
Convict by these, but the same *Laws* take care,
 We none *condemn* till his *Defence* we hear.
 Who cou'd be *safe*, might pop'lar *Fame* accuse?
 None here, I dare be bold, that *Judg* wou'd chuse:
 --- Not that an *Advocate* I'd e'er be thought,
 For any who my *Countries* ruin sought;
 But *Truth* and *Justice* this --- He had gone on,
 But the *brave Lord* of *Rama's* ancient *Town*,
- 390 Thus fervent interrupts him --- Why should we
Asham'd of so *Divine* a *Master* be?
 Let *Naked Truth* prevail, plain nat'ral *Sence*,
 Without the *gaudy Paint* of *Eloquence*.
 I own him, I *confess* him --- *Lord*, I'm *thine*!
 (Tho' *sordid Interest* or *Pride* repine:)
 He came from *Heav'n*, and all his *Laws* *Divine*.
 What e'er the *Sacrifice*, I'll him *adore*,
 I love my *Country* much, but *Justice* more;
 He *Laws* *refix*? with *God's* blest *Will* *dispense*?
- 400 And *Word*? --- The most *improbable* *pretence*,
 On which e'er suffer'd *spotless Innocence*.
 Can he *Blaspheme* the *Heav'n* he hope's t' *enjoy*?
 Can he *God's Temple* build, and yet *destroy*?
 How oft to *Law* and *Prophets* he *appeals*,
 My self I've heard, nor other *Truths* reveals,
 But what within our *sacred Volumes* lie,
 Tho' *veil'd* till now in *Clouds* and *Mystery*.
 How oft (agen I my own *Witness* give;
 You us'd not *Fathers*, me to *disbelieve*!)
- 410 Declar'd one *Tittle* shou'd not *pass* away,

Till

'Till this vast *Frame* of *Heav'n* and *Earth* decay !
Eternal Truths must our short *World* survive,
 Writ on our *Souls* as long as *Souls* can live.
 These may be *blotted*, tho' they can't be *raz'd*,
 He *graves* 'em new when by our *Crimes* *defac'd* :
 Sure we're but *Men*, nor all things all *discern*;
 Are we too wise from *Heav'n* it self to *learn*?
 When the *Oraculous Ephod* us'd to *shine*, *
 Did any doubt the *Characters Divine*?
 Say not 'tis *ceas'd*, see here *decipher'd* still,
 More plain and legible, the *Father's Will*!
 Th' *Eternal Word* does mortal *Mould* assume,
 Our *wretched Clay* --- Does he in this *presume*?
Announc'd from *Heav'n* t' instruct the *World* he came;
 Cou'd e'er *Impostor* yet pretend the *same*?
 Or shou'd they *Honour*, they, or *Profit* seek;
 But *Zions King* is *humble*, *lowly*, *meek* :
Lowly, yet *Great*, all here *beneath* a *God*;
 He *treads* on *Crowns* as on the *Stars* he *trod* :
 If we *Heav'n's* *attestation* shou'd *deny*,
 Twice spoke in *Thunder* from th' *opening Sky*, *
 In all, the *Son of God* distinctly shown,
 In all did him th' *Eternal Father* own :
 We *Moses* too must *leave*, in *Clouds* and *Smoak* ;
 But once from *Heav'n* the *Ten* dread *Words* were spoke.
 But *Egypt's* *Juglers* wond'rous *Signs* did shew,
 'Tis own'd ; but did not our *Great Moses* too?
 And yet you all confess his *Mission* clear ;
Assign the *difference* and we'll find it *here*.
Theirs for *false* *Gods* and *Idols* vain were wrought,
 The other in *Defence* of *Truth* were brought :
 T' attest the one *Supreme*, their *Charms* o'erpow'r'd,
 As th' *active Hebrew* *Serpent* theirs *devour'd*.
 Further, 'twas long *foreshown*, the chosen *Band*
 Shou'd deep *enslav'd* remain in *Mizraim's Land*,
 Till *manumitted* thence by *God's* own dread *Right-hand*. }
Truth, *Prophecies*, and many a wond'rous *Sign*,
 Beyond *dispute*, attest our *Lord Divine* :
 What *Rabby*, e'er so *clearly* taught before,
 In *Spirit* and *Truth*, the one true *God* t' adore?

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Not

Not all things Moses saw; we something need,
Beside, why did the Prophet else succeed
Another Teacher why himself foreshow,
If from his Law the World did all things know;
Jesus this Teacher true; if God be true,
For none but God such mighty Works could do;
His Doctrines rather are renew'd, than new.
We'd Gold at first, but he refines our Gold;
And his New Vain, fills and explains the Old.

460 The Piece before was masterly and fine,
But he Life takes, gives, and makes it more Divine.
Death their desert; the heavy threatening fear!
So Moses self, who him refuse to hear.
How many a Prophet sings, how full and plain,
Of the Messiah's wondrous Birth and Reign.
His wondrous Works; if need of proof there be,
Ev'n Caiaphas has own'd that this is He;
All Time and Place, and Ages him confess,*
All wait him now. Shall Is'el then do less? *

470 In every part of Nature's System found,
That World he made, by him together bound.
So just his Laws, shou'd Heav'n no witness give,
Right Reason wou'd oblige us to believe:
Shall we Heav'n's consecration then abuse,
Since over-weight it gives us, all refuse?
So just his Laws, that were they but obey'd,
The World wou'd soon a Paradise be made:
If mean, may I that meanness ever have!
Still may my Passion be my Reasons slave,

480 Above all Wrongs, like all the Great and Brave:
Above my self as well as others live,
Still I'm a Conqueror if I still forgive:
He that dares die, die scorn'd and tortur'd too,
But dares not an unhandson Action do;
He that dares own his Friend, tho' far disjoin'd,
And absent long, tho' Earth and Hell combin'd,
Satan and Sanhedrims against him sworn,
By two whole Worlds vast weight not overborn:
Equal, nay still superior, still secure;

490 Myriads of Fiends assault, unmov'd endure:
N n Myriads

Myriads of Men almost as black as death,
 Impregnable in his town, *Honesty*,
 Nought but his Soul and Honour cares to save--
 --If such as he be *base*, The World is brave.

No, his worst Fear ne'er thought him *base* or mean;
 What e'er their *Words* -- Why change they else the *Scene*?
 Why else that he requires such *Heights* complain,
 As weak *humanity* attempts in *vain*?
 The World too good he'd make, too pure his *Law* --

--In *Modesty* that shameful *Place* withdraw! 510

Yet here it sticks -- Who can such *strictness* bear?
 We must not *steal*, nor *rail*, nor *be*, nor *swear*.

A *spotless* Breast he loves, his *Laws* require
 To tame the *Rage* of *Anger* and *Desire* :

Manly and just they ask, and give no less,
 Than *height* of *Virtue*, and of *Happiness*;

They're possible, convenient, *easy*, *free*,
Nat'ral as undissembled *Piety* :

What *Nature* or true *Reason* can't receive,
 He neither bids us *practise*, nor *believe* : 520

If sunk below our proper *Selves* in *Vice*,
 Or *Folly* we, he comes, as *great* as *Wise*,

To raise us to the *state* of *Paradise*.
 Who e'er did the three *Principles* deny, *

Gentile or *Jew*, nor other *Mystery*
 Unknown to us, the *whole* of his contains,

The rest the *vain* device of *fabling* *Brains*.

But above all the *Slanders* which rebound,
 And like their *Curses*, those which cast 'em *wound*;

None so *ill-said*, tho' *deadly*, as that he 530
 Is to all *Government* an *Enemy*.

Can *Orders* self *Confusion* e'er approve?
 (As justly may the *Hawk* implead the *Dove*.)

War suit the *Prince* of *Peace*, or *Fate* with *Heav'n-born* *Love*. }

If he one *Lord* proclaims, one *Faith* requires,
 The same our *Church* believes, the same *desires*;

Yet *rational* and *free* he leaves us still,
 No *Force* upon the *Intellect* or *Will* :

The still small *Voice* of *Reason* warns from *Sin*
 Lost *Man* without, his *gentle* *Spirit* *within*. 540

His

His *Follow'rs* bids with *tenderhefs* reprove ;
 No Argument so *strong*, so soft as *Love*.
 Ev'n the poor *Publican* he'll not disdain ;
 None that *repents* refuse to entertain :
 Yet *bates* a *Hypocrite*, all Hearts he knows,
 The *secret Villain* seldom fails t' expose :
 With these he can almost be angry ; These
 He oft declares *Heav'ns righteous Plagues* shall seize :
 Our *guilty Land*, if in their *Crimes* resolv'd,
 550 Avert it *Heav'n* ! in the same *Fate* involv'd.
 Why will you not the *Surgeons Hand* endure,
 To launce the *Wound* which yet admits a *Cure* ?
 Will the *All-high* from *Dust* a *Check* receive,
 Nor *thunder*, till the *Creature* gives him leave ?
 Can he *blaspheme* himself, or is h' affraid
 Of *Laws* which his poor *crawling Worms* have made ?
 Hear my *Confession* then, 'tis plain and free,
 Once more the *Word* is *God*, and *Jesus He* :
 In mortal *Form*, *Flesh* clouds th' *Eternal Sun*,
 560 Like humane *Soul* and *Body*, two in one.
 Hence, tho' the *Pontiff* urges, 'tis *Decreed*,
 That for our *Sins*, this *spotless Lamb* shou'd bleed ;
 This can, to ill nor force us, nor excuse ;
Fig-leaves like these ev'n *Adam* wou'd not use : *
 To us *unknown* the *secret Laws* of *Fate*,
 Move us they may, but not *necessitate*.
 Reason with *Truth* reveal'd our steps must guide,
 Else you defend the *blackest Paricide* ;
 Else *Heav'ns* the *Principal*, more deep by far,
 570 But *Accessaries* we in *Murders* are.

Since then 'tis plain, that this *just Man* is free
 From all those *Ills* that *Spite* or *Calumny*
 Conjoin'd wou'd blast him with, nay since far more
 He's the *Messiah* promis'd long before ;
 The *Lord*, the *God* whom *Israel* ought t' adore :
 O rather *kiss* the *Son*, just *Presents* send,
 Avert the *threaten'd Wrath*, whar's past amend,
 And he'll forgive, engag'd your mighty *Friend*.

Psalm 2.

Undaunted, *Joseph* thus -- The *Senate* gaz'd,
 580 All, *mute*, most pleas'd ; some *angry*, all *amaz'd* :

N n 2

So,

So, when rough *Boreas* ! thy black *Squadrons* sweep,
 The aged *Bosom* of th' *Atlantick Deep* ;
 Convolv'd, the foaming angry *Surges* rise,
 The loud *Gigantick Waves* invade the *Skies* ;
 But when blest *Zephyr* from his spicy *Vales*,
 Rides gently out with soft *Elysian Gales* ;
 The *Billows* hush, lie panting on the shore,
 Appeas'd, the *factions Floods* forget to roar,
 And smiling, wonder why they rag'd before.

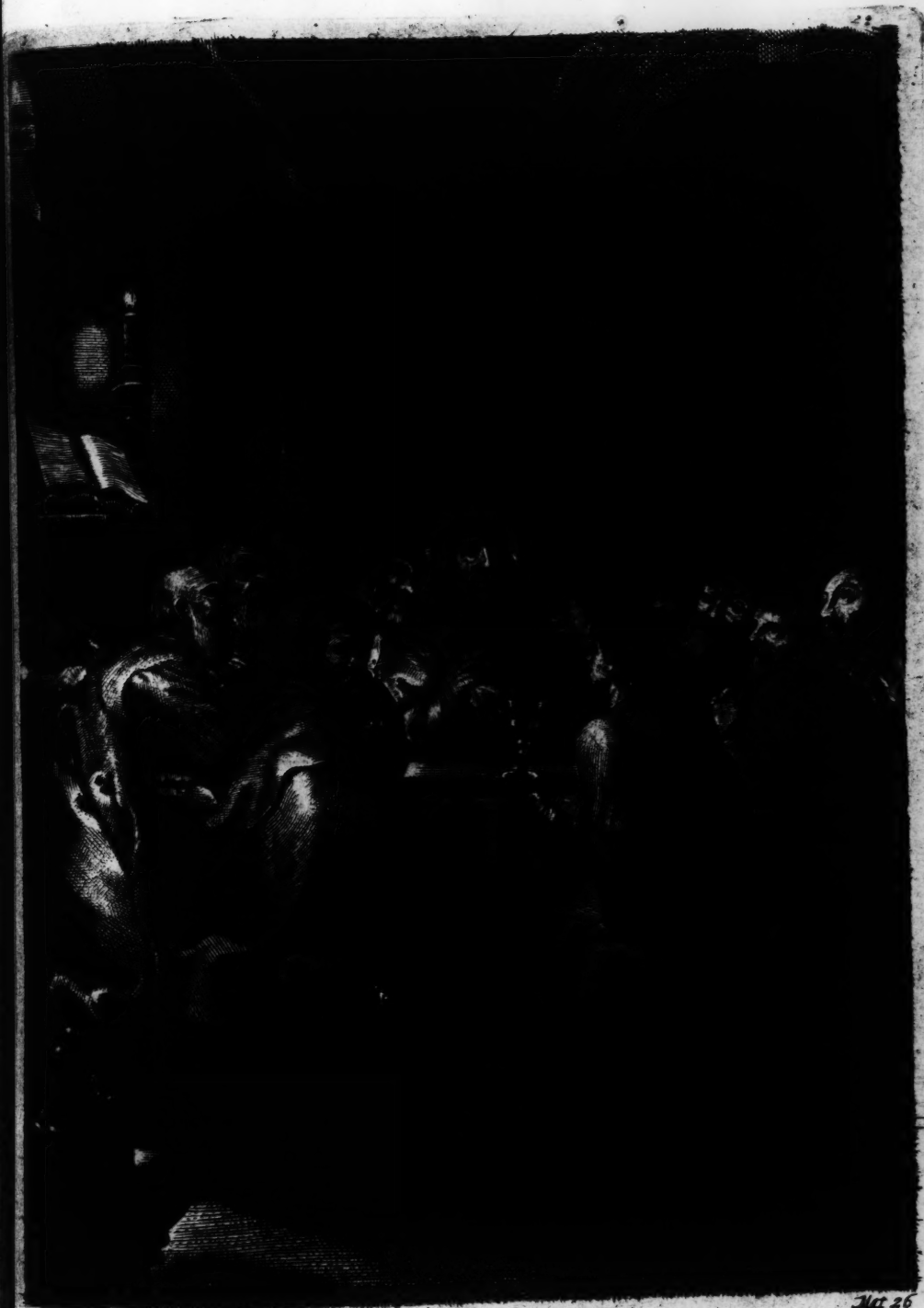
Dazled with *Truth*, so here their *Passions* yield,
 And *Reason* had almost regain'd the *Field* ;
 All but fierce *Caiaphas*, who frowning by,
 Wou'd nothing grant, yet nothing cou'd deny :
Asham'd, nor *griev'd*, he in the *Cause* engag'd ;
Silenc'd, confounded, baffled, more enrag'd :
 Yet soon his *Redfast Brow* and *Voice* regains,
 Argues, reproves, denounces and complains ;
 Unknowing to repent, all limits he
 Transgresses, both of *Truth* and *Decency*.
 Now *Right*, now *Wrong*, th' unsteddy *Senate* sway'd,
 Their *Conscience* now, their *Int'rest* now obey'd :
 Still who speaks *lasts* speaks *best*, or the *Debate*,
 At least by *Numbers* manag'd, not by *Weight* ;
 Equally *furious* in their *Love* or *Hate*.

While here contending *Minds* and *Int'rests* fright,
 Under the shelter of the silent *Night*,
 Our Lord, who knew the *Pow'r* and *Rage* of *Hell*,
 Takes his last *Supper* and his last *Farewel* ;
 Did his weak *Friends*, and the false *Traitor* know,
 Yet, mild, submits, since *Heav'n* wou'd have it so.

First on the *Lamb*, as *Use* requires, they fed,
 As their *Forefathers*, when from *Egypt* led,
 The *Cup* of *Blessing* then, and hallow'd *Bread*,
 In his blest Hands our *Saviour* deigns to take,
 To his *Disciples* Gives, and thus he spake.

" Take, Eat ! this is my *Body*, soon design'd,
 A painful *Sacrifice* for lost *Mankind* !
 This my *Memorial* when from *Earth* I'm gone.
 The hallow'd *Goblet* next, and thus goes on ;
 This is my *Blood*, for *Man's Redemption* shed,

Drink



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Mar 26

Mar 14

Lucia

Nº 45



Drink all of this, as all receiv'd the Bread !
I go, the Traitor and my Fate I know,
But woe to that lost Wretch by whom I go !
He's lurking here, his Hand is on the Board,
He eats my Bread, and yet betrays his Lord !

Each, jealous for himself with honest care,
Trembling enquires if he the Traitor were ?
Iscaiot with the rest, guilt in his Eyes

And double-faultring Tongue-- Our Lord replies,

630 Thy self thou know'st, and canst too well divine ;
To these my Friends the Sop shall be the Sign.

He, that receiv'd, departs, and leaves the rest : }

Whole Satan in his avaritious Breast :

Himself to th' wav'ring Sanbedrim address. }

This fair occasion soon decides the strife,

The Traitor bargains for his Masters Life.

The few good Men, who fearless did remain,

Against the Stream a while, stood firm in vain, }

And when no more they cou'd their ground maintain, }

640 Protesting, left the House ; the Wretch demands

A Band of Men, and safely to their Hands

He'd him deliver, he his Haunts did know,

And cou'd to th' very place directly go :

He thirty Pieces only asks, Content

To serve 'em for the small Acknowledgment.

Ravish'd with wicked Joy they all provide,

Eager to follow their accursed Guide :

Mean while our Lord, well knowing Grief and Fear

Opprest his Friends, his fatal Hour so near ;

650 Thus, Sad himself, to them did Comfort give:

" Let not your Hearts be troubled, but believe !

I go, so wills high Heav'n, but do not fear,

I'll Love and Guard you there as well as here !

I go before, nor can I, if I stay,

To those bright Mountains, mark the shining Way ;

Tho' absent, still I'll love you, still as dear,

If faithful still, as when I taught you here.

I the blest'd Paraclete will shortly send,

The wisest Advocate, the gentlest Friend ;

660 Him nought but Sin can from the Breast remove,

I never

John 14.1,
8cc.

O never, never grieve the *spotless Dove* !
 If he your *Friend*, you may with *smiles* despise
 The weak *Efforts* of your worst *Enemies* :
 The *World* will *bate* you, (me it did, wou'd you
 Escape ?) the kindest thing the *World* can do !
 Lives *ruffling* *Storms* the greatest *Friends* will be,
 If *home* they drive you to your *Selves* and *Me*.
 Firm to my *Cause*, and each to other *stand* !
 A *Band* of *Friends*, a glorious *deathless Band* !
 --Yet soon, unguarded left, you'd *Men* be shown,
 To me far better than your *selves* you're known :
 Too weak your boasted *Faith* and *Courage* all,
 You'd by th' *unequal Tempter* baffled fall :
 Forake my *Cause*, unguarded leave my *Side*,
 Your *Master* and your *Faith* at once deny'd.
 --When *Cephas* thus abrupt--- Lord, I can die
 For thy dear *Name*, but not thy *Name* deny :
 As much the rest, with *virtuous Grief* and *Pain*,
 They, so *subject* a *baseness*, all disdain.
 When *Jesus* thus-- Agen, your *hearts* I know,
 And whether are *deceiv'd*, th' *Event* will show :
 For You who such a *Champion* now appear,
 And more than all the rest remov'd from *fear* ;
 Thrice, e'er this *mournful Morn* its beams display,
 E'er thrice the *watchful Fowl* has warn'd the *Day* ;
 So weak when left to your *own strength* you are,
 My *Name*, my very *Knowledge* you'll *forswear*.
 But tho' th' *infernal Foe* so fierce assail,
 And hopes on all my *House* he shall prevail,
 I've pray'd-- Your *Faith* may *shake*, but shall not *fail*.
 O *righteous Father* hear ! thy *Will* I've shown
 To those thou gav'st me -- O *preserve thy own* !
 The *World* I leave to thy *wise Will* resign'd,
 But *these*, a part of me, still leave behind.
 O *Guard* 'em there, all intimately one,
 Like thee, O *righteous Father*, and the *Son* !
 Let thy *bright Image* ever on them shine,
 Full fill'd with *Grace*, and *Love*, and *Joy* divine !
 'Till the vain *dazled World* confounded see,
 That *these* from me came forth, as I from thee !

Matth. 26.
 34-

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The

The genuine Glories of fair Virtue own,
 Ay- Beaming bright from thy illustrious Throne;
 When Life's dull Scene is past, and wretched Days,
 Thither, O thither thy true Servants raise;
 A double Heav'n to them, to see and share,
 Their happy Friends immortal Glories there;
 Thro' me to them shall all thy Goodness shine,
 Theirs all the Glory, all the Love that's mine;
 What I with thee enjoy'd Eternal Ages past.

710 The same which shall to long Eternal Ages last.

He said, then o'er deep Kidron's Brook and Plain,
 To sweet Gethsemane he leads again,
 With Cephas and the Zebedean Pair--
 He seeks 'ith' Shades a close retirement there;
 The rest without, nor e'en to these he talks,
 But silent all, deep-meditating walks;
 As gentle Philomel sits musing long,
 Before she ease her Sorrows with a Song
 At length, thus with a Sigh that rends his Breast,

720 --O my distracted Heart with Grief oppress'd
 Heavy as Deaths Dead-weight, with loads of Care,
 Too heavy for Humanity to bear,
 Why shou'd you any further with me go?
 Why shou'd my Friends share my contagious Woe?
 Wait here awhile, altho' in vain you wait,
 For who can be too vigilant for Fate?

He says, and thrusts into the deepest Shades,
 Where on the Ground he fell and prostrate pray'd:
 Never such Griefs, as thou for Us didst prove!

730 Never such Woes, O agonizing Love!
 Amazing Sorrows, which we can't conceive,
 But think the God eclips'd, the Man did leave:
 O Father, O, if possible it be,
 Unbounded Might! what is not so to thee?
 The Saviour cries, as on his Face he lay,
 O take this Cup, this bitter Cup away!
 The Wrath divine unmixt this Cup contains;
 And with infernal Poison burns my Veins.

'Tis not, alas, a single Death I dread;

740 How calmly cou'd I lean my weary Head

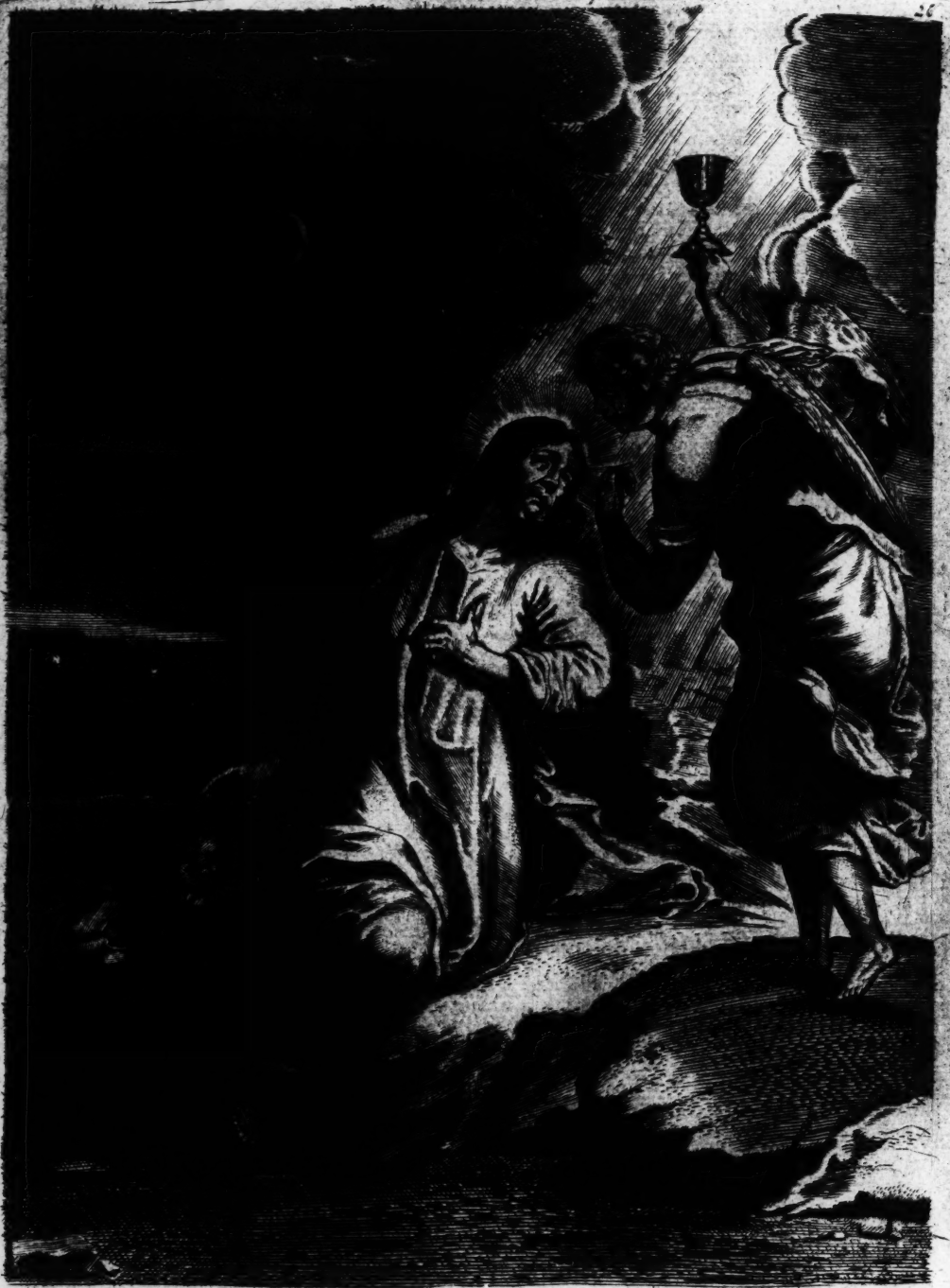
On

On the cold Earth, and common Mothers breast;
How gladly sleep away to endless Rest;
'Tis not a publick Death -- Ev'n that I'd scorn,
Tho' that of Slaves, on the curst Gibbet born,
Shameful and infamous, I'd ne'r complain,
Nor fear the Pomp of Death, beyond the Pain.
My frowning Fathers Wrath -- There, there's the Curse;
Than Pain, than Shame, than Death, than Hell, is worse.

O can I, must I be from him remov'd,
Whom I've from long eternal Ages lov'd?
Never offended, never saw his Bro'r
With Frowns disguis'd, nor Clouds obscur'd till now.
What has thy fond prevarication cost,
Weak Man, to gain the Eden thou hast lost?
Yet if no other Way Heav'n's Wrath to atone,
The Victim I the Sacrifice alone,
I appease my injur'd Father, Lord I yield!
Nor longer shall refuse the dreadful Field:
For this, by thee to the lost World I'm sent,
I can't my Love & unhappy Man repent:
Ah, Lov'd he thee as well, Ungrate! to cure
His Wounds, more Deaths, more Passions I'd endure.

What mortal Pains did then the Saviour feel?
As Hearts when trembling on the pointed Steel:
What deep convulsive Agonies he found,
Which every part of Soul and Body wound?
The comely Order, they of both displace,
Large Clods of Sweat and Blood roll mingled down his Face.
As much as Man cou'd do, as much and more,
Already he, without a murmur bore;
Had but all Earth and Hell their Forces join'd,
Not Heav'n too in th' Triple League combin'd,
Ev'n in this mortal elemented State,
His Virtues had been equal to their weight:
But 'twas Heav'n crush'd him; Heav'n, severe, yet just,
Which bruise'd his Adamantine Soul to Dust.
It long'd to sally from its dark abode,
Press'd with our Sins, a vast, an odious Load.
He can no more, but in th' unequal Strife,
Had, with his very Being, lost his Life;

If



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Luc 22

Nº 46

o 2 If longer h' had maintain'd the Field alone:

Th' *Eternal Father* heard, he heard him groan

And shake whole *Natures Frame* —

To his *Relief* a mighty *Angel* sent,

On the great *Embassie* he wond'ring went;

Did *Flow'rs* of *Eden* to our *Lord* convey,

And kneel'd to him, as he to *Heav'n* did pray,

And wip'd the big-round *Drops* of *sanguine Sweat* away.

--Enough, the *Saviour* Cries, thy *Service* spare,

780 I'm not all lost, my *Father* yet takes care

o 8 Of his weak mortal *Son* --- All, all agen,

And more, if possible, I'd bear for *Men*;

For *Men*, he struggling prays, nor prays in vain,

Tho' strength renew'd, but more renews his *Pain*.

Here, here let boasting *Greece* her *Heroes* bring,

How far excell'd by *Salem's peaceful King*?

Ev'n him who over *Oeta-Hill* did rove,

His *Veins* all fir'd, the fabled *Son* of *Jove*;

Alcides self unequal *Match* for *Pain*:

790 He rav'd at *Fate*, and strugled with his *Cham*.

--*Saviour* forgive! 'Tis almost *Blasphemy*,

To name at once their *spurious Gods* and *Thee*.

Thou only like thy self-- What *Demon* dare,

What wretched *Man* with thee, true *Son* of *God* compare?

O, of *Celestial Stem*! O hear our *Pray'r*!

Thro' all the *World* let *Vice* and *Discord* cease,

And blefs with lasting *Virtue*, lasting *Peace*!

Mean while the three *sad Friends* with sleep oppress,

Which seiz'd their *Eyes*, as *Sorrow* seiz'd their *Breast*;

800 On the soft natural grassie *Couch* reclin'd,

o 8 Stole *Ease* at once for *Body* and for *Mind*:

To whom our *Lord*, return'd-- Is't thus you prove

Your boasted *Courage*, and your boasted *Love*?

Is't thus for all my *Care* you me reward?

And can't you, one short *Hour* your *Master* guard?

But if already you my *Name* disown,

Yet watch, if not for my sake, for your own!

O watch and pray! never such cause for fear,

The *Hour's* at Hand, th' invading *Tempter's* near:

O o

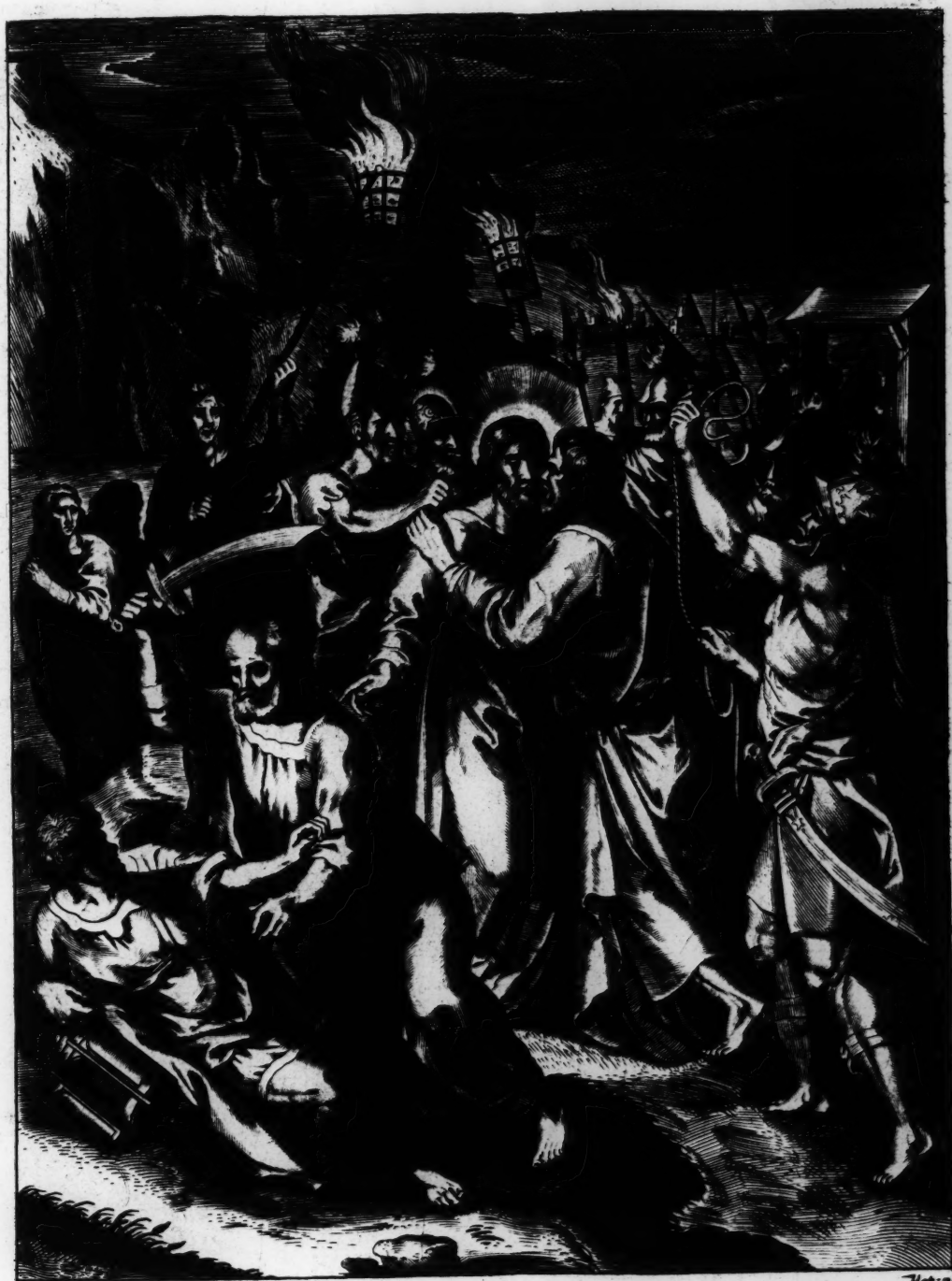
Thence

Thence back our Lord did to the Shades repair ; } 820
 The self-same fervor and the self-same Pray'r,
 The Posture too the same, repeating there.
 Twice did repeat, as oft his Friends he found,
 In Sleep alike, and stubborn Sorrows drown'd;
 At last returning -- Now sleep on, he cries,
 And if you can, indulge your drowsie Eyes!
 I sleep no more, till the great Ransom's paid;
 The Hour is come -- The Son of Man's betray'd:
 -- Yet I'll not leave you thus -- My Care you'll see
 Employ'd for you, altho' not yours for me. } 830
 Once more arise, and wisely learn to fear,
 Fate hastens on amain, the Traitor's here.

This scarcely said, the rest, who'd frighted seen
 Th' approaching Lights and Guards, came trembling in;
 Yet not so swift, but the mad Crowd appear,
 As soon as they, or mingled in their Rear:
 Fearless our Lord, himself doth interpose,
 Between his tim'rous Friends and spiteful Foes,
 Now only Man t' encounter, well he knew:
 He knew and learn'd the worst that Man cou'd do. } 840
 Undaunted asks, they more than he affraid,
 Whom there it was they sought -- What there they made;
 Jêsus, they cry'd -- If that your bus'ness be,
 No farther seek, he answers, I am He.
 O what a Guard is Virtue! by the sound
 Of those Majestic Words, struck back, they fell toth' Ground.
 Yet stubborn rose, agen they forward go,
 Obdurate, stun'd, not soften'd by the Blow.
 Agen our Saviour asks, and they the same
 Bold Words repeat, agen he owns his Name. } 850
 If me you only seek, let these depart,
 Mildly he adds; his Friends still near his Heart.

This fervent Cephas, more impatient saw,
 And his broad Sword did from his Scabbard draw;
 Amongst the foremost flew, who'er he found,
 Not spares, but deals swift doubled Strokes around:
 The scatt'ring Crowd avoids, nor cares t' engage
 His forward Zeal, thus arm'd with desp'rate Rage.
 Malchus alone stood firm; a Servant he

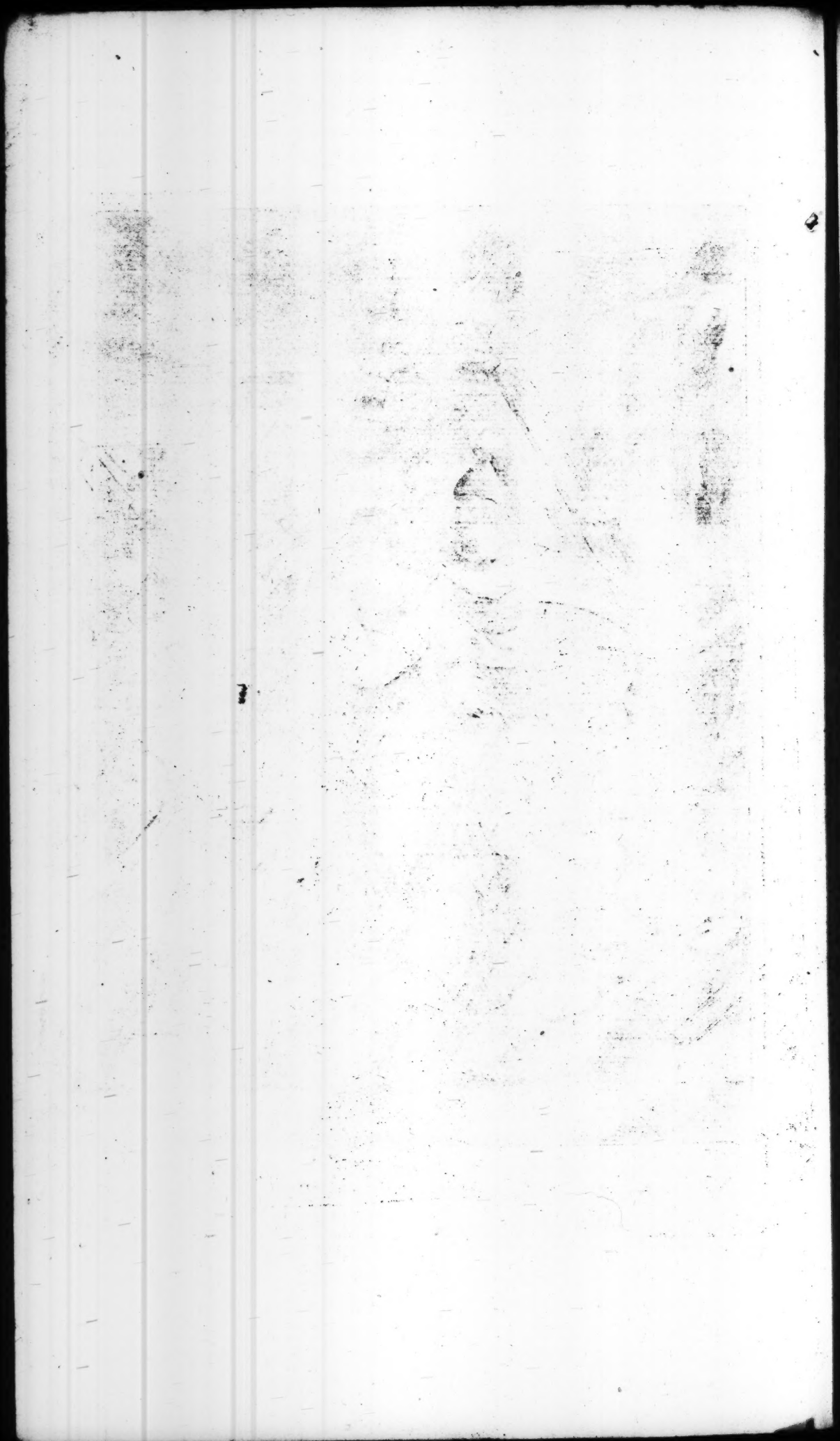
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860 Of some Remark, 'ith' Pontiff's Family,
Against his *warmth* oppos'd his single Might.
-- Nor *Cephas* this, who dar'd whole Armies fight;
But when before almost h' had look'd him dead,
One furious Blow he makes full at his Head,
Nor scap'd his Ear; tho' bending he gave way,
But bleeding on the Ground, *dismember'd* lay.

-- Thus far, our Saviour cries, *Endure!* to show,
What if I pleas'd my faithful Friends cou'd do!
Cephas! return thy Sword! stay thy fierce Hand,
870 Cou'd I not Legions of bright Spirits command
To my Relief? They Know, they Love me still--
-- But 'tis not my Almighty Father's Will:
He said, and did the wounded Ear restore,
A golden Circle, where the Scar before.

Till now, not dar'd the *Trait'rous Wretch* appear,
But shelter'd in the Crowd his Guilt and Fear;
Thus mild our Saviour seen, as Villains use,
His Goodness he takes courage thence & abuse.

In Friendship's Vizard hides his odious Guile,
880 And base, accosts him with a Kiss and Smile:
This only did the patient Jesus say,

-- Ah! *miscall'd Friend!* Is't thus you me betray?
That mark once giv'n, by the false Wretch assign'd,
That they in Night's dark Shades our Lord might find, }
From all the rest the Crowd him seize and bind;
And hurry thence, his scatt'ring Household fly
As heartless Sheep, the Wolf or Robbers nigh,
Their faithful Guide, or absent thence, or slain;
Ev'n *Cephas* flies, now all his Boast's in vain:

890 In vain at his own Fear and Baseness grieves,
He flies, but scarce himself his Flight believes.

So when two Kings for Empire or for Right,
In glitt'ring Arms meet on the Mounds to fight?
If one by his chief Minister betray'd,
And seiz'd by th' adverse part, his Host affraid,
Fly scatt'ring o'er the Plains themselves to hide,
The Base and Brave alike born by th' impetuous Tide:
If with the rest some Kinsman to the Throne,
In Battles and in Triumphs hoary grown,

Is hurry'd thence, he from the Rabble free,
 Stands firm, near some strong Pass, or Defile :
 Looks on his Sword and Blushes -- Musing stands,
 Looks on his Ensigns, and victorious Hands ;
 Rallies and Fights, till all his Guards are gone,
 " He Raves as he goes back, and shakes as he goes on.

900

The while our Saviour to the Hall they bear,
 With Scoffs abuse, with Blows torment him there :
 Of the dull Rabble's Wit the patient Theme,
 They spit with Mouths impure, and then Blaspheme ;
 Such Guards the King of Earth and Heav'n attend,

910

None of his Foll'ers there besides his Friend ;
 He, tho' at first he fled among the rest,
 Yet, soon return'd, his Master, bold confest,
 And pleads him innocent. -- With much of Fear,
 Comes Cephas after, slowly approaching near
 The Palace Gate ; and when he there was seen
 By the Great Friend, his Int'rest gets him in :
 Trembling, he follows his courageous Guide,
 With care from every Eye his face to hide ;
 To all reveal'd by that suspicious Care ;

920

The Porter asks, if he too was not there ?
 Unless he strangely is mistaken, he
 A glimpse of him did in the Garden see.
 -- The tim'rous Saint replies, and strait withdrew,
 Him till this Hour I never saw nor knew ;
 -- But still where e'er he goes his Fears pursue :

Charg'd with the same agen, the same replies,
 And all as firmly as before denies :

Nor long before a Third did him accule,
 His Idiom diff'rent from the other Jews :

930

Rustic and gross, betray'd his Country, He
 Was doubtless bred in factious Galilee :

When press'd thus home and full, he Curs'd, he Swore,
 Sure then, he thought they'd ne'er suspect him more.

So God to me, he cries, as this is true,
 As him before I never saw or knew.

Scarce from his perjur'd Lips the Words were born,
 E'er thrice the watchful Fowl proclaim'd the Morn :

The Saviour turn'd, the tim'rous Saint stood by,

And



Act. 16
Act. 14
Io: 18

Book: 8: pag: 285.

N^o 48

940 And on him fix'd his mild, but piercing Eye.
He did no more, nor Cephas more did need;
Soon did his honest Heart begin to bleed:
Within their Banks his Sorrows cou'd not keep,
But sought a close Retirement where to weep;
There did, with Seas of Tears, his Fall deplore,
And wash'd his Breast e'en whiter than before.

And now the guiltless Criminal is brought,
Bound, to th' unjust Tribunal; long they sought
To murder him upon some fair pretence,

950 But cou'd not find one Thorough-Evidence:
All Arts they use; now this, now that they try,
Now Charge with Treason, then with Blasphemy:
Yet nothing prove; too little, or too much
Still Sworn, nothing that yet his Life cou'd touch:
Enrag'd, the wicked Caiaphas arose,
His Thirst of Blood, each Word each Action shows;
Blood in each Line of his distorted Face,
Murderous his Looks, revengeful, mean and base:
How long must we on this Impostor wait,

960 Foaming, he cries?--Confess, and meet thy Fate!
What Blasphemies? what Treasons? quickly show,
In vain thou wou'dst deny what all Men know,
What we can prove--Then better own it all,
--There may be Mercy--Where your last Cabal?
When you're to pull the Roman Ensigns down,
And when the Temple seize, and fire the Town?

Mildly our Saviour, no resentments shown
At such loud Falshoods--Well may I disown
Such Calumnies as not your selves believe--

970 But since unlikely 'tis you shou'd receive
Ev'n Truth it self from me; I but desire
From those that heard me, fairly you'd enquire:
Secret Cabals I never lov'd nor sought,
No dang'rous private Doctrines ever taught:
My Words the Synagogues and Temple know,
From thence my Blasphemy and Treason show!

He said, when one o'th' Zealots factions Race, *
With a rude Halbert strikes his heav'nly Face:
Is that an Answer? adds, for you to give

His

His Holiness ? Why shou'd such Wretches live ? 980
 Our Lord -- Still Patient, and unconquer'd still,
 Declare 't, if ought I've said that's false or ill !
 If well, why have I such hard measure found
 In open Court ? Why am I struck when bound ?
 Agen, the Pontiff rose -- One way did rest,
 To force the fatal Secret from his Breast :
 If thou the Sacred promis'd Seed, he said,
 From Ages, doom'd to crush the Serpent's Head ;
 The destin'd Prince for Israel's mighty Throne,
 Why dost thou longer thy high-Birth disown ? 990
 By our conceal'd unutterable Name,
 With whom thou dost ambitious Kinred claim,
 I adjure thee speak -- Then the Dispute is done :
 We'll own thee all -- Art thou th' Almighty Son,
 The Christ of God ? Our Saviour -- Tho' I take
 Your whole Design ; and know what use you'll make
 Of my Confession : yet I'll not deny
 My self, nor my great Kinred in the Sky :
 -- Whom now you see, and a weak Mortal scorn,
 The Son of Man, to your Tribunal born ; 1000
 When High-enthron'd in boundless Light and Bliss.
 As he at yours, you shall appear at His.
 With a curs'd Joy -- 'Tis past, the Pontiff cry'd ;
 He's ours -- Now Fathers ! are you satisfy'd ?
 -- That all his doating Followers were but near,
 His own'd, his publick Blasphemies to hear !
 The Fact is plain, if Sence it self be true :
 Speak Fathers ! and I'm sure you'll Justice do.
 -- Their black united Suffrage rends the Skies ;
 Yes -- The Blasphemer dies : he dies, he dies ! 1010
 The Court adjourn'd, to Pilate's Palace went,
 Mix'd with the Crowd, t' accuse the Innocent :
 Dust on their Heads they fling, and Dust i'th' Air,
 And thence with many a Curse our patient Saviour bear.

The End of the Eighth Book.

NOTES

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST

BOOK VIII.

2. **A**ND from High-Towers the sacred Trumpet blows.] *Josephus* says, The Priests were us'd to give warning by the Sound of a Trumpet, from the Towers of the Temple, against any approaching Festival.

9. From those fair Fields, with Rivers circled wide.] *Mesopotamia*.

12. The Realm of Monobaze and Helen fair.] *Monobazus* was the Son of *Izates*, the famous Proselyte of whom *Josephus* gives such large Encomiums. *Helena* was Queen of the same Country, who was a great Benefactor to *Jerusalem*, and, after her Death, had a stately Tomb, near the City, erected to her Memory.

21. Strong Sephoris.] See *Josephus's* Description of that Town and its Siege.

24. As proud Herodian Feasts.] A stately Palace built by *Herod the Great*, near *Jordan*, and called by his own Name; as another he had in *Jerusalem*.

43. What Moses or the Elders did enjoin.] The Cup of Benediction, and the Bread, were added to the Passover by the Successors of *Moses*; or rather, being at first only civil, and necessary to a Meal, were, in process of time, reckoned sacred, because so nearly joined with what was so.

65. The servile Gods.] 'Tis *Cowley's* Thought, who calls the *Demon* so, because obedient to the Charms of Magicians.

67. Athens, which did from Egypt first convey, &c.] *Herodotus* says, the Greeks had all their Gods from *Egypt*, and the *Athenians* were the chief Traders in those Commodities. Some of these, its not improbable, might be at the Feast, since many came much farther to it.

112. No Merits, no Reward.] I take the Word *Merit* here, in the old Orthodox Sense, not implying either Condignity, or a proper Congruity, except when restrained to our Saviour, who had both; but only for such Qualifications as will be accepted of God, for the sake of his Son, wrought in Believers by his Blessed Spirit.

131. A Miracle he works to chain their Sense.] He had done so before, and its probable might now repeat it.

152. His Foes scarce more than he himself secure.] 'Tis said, the Pharisees feared the People; and were not for seizing our Saviour on the Feast-day, lest there should be an Uproar among the People. But their own natural Levity soon made them alter their Opinions.

170. From every Squadron.] If there's a Hierarchy in Heaven, there is, in all likelihood, a sort of Polity too in Hell, where we read of the Prince of the Devils, &c.

203. Each conceal, — Lest some kind Angel.] An Angel being but a finite Creature

Creature, cannot have infinite Knowledge, whence it seems possible, that the wicked Spirits may conceal their ill Designs from them.

246. Nor trembled, ev'n at mighty Pompey's Name.] Who, in his time, came to Jerusalem. See the Story in *Joseph. Antiq.*

247. Scarce half his Power.] Old Hircanus, and the rest, had the Sacred and Civil Power, united, being both High-Priests and Kings.

251. If ought by Herbs and powerful Names b' has done.] The Rabbies talk much of the Power of Charms, and profess the Knowledge of 'em. They pretend they deduce from Solomon. *Josephus* tells a very grave Story, as if he believed it, of one who did strange things with an Herb, casting out Devils, and bringing Persons to Life again when they lay senseless. The Jews have a foolish Tale, that our Saviour wrought all his Wonders (against the Reality of which, it seems, they have nothing to say,) by Virtue of the Tetragrammaton, lowered up in his Thigh.

294. On their Impostor the whole World believe.] According to that Saying of theirs, *The whole World is gone after him.*

300. By a vile Earth-born Race.] The Rabbies call the sort of Vulgar, *Terra Filii*, Sons of the Earth.

324. Rulers and Warriors.] So says *Matchiavel*; who understood the Christian Religion so ill, that he says, it makes Men mean-spirited, and is an Enemy to Magnanimity and Glory.

333. Clogg'd with unnatural Laws and Mystery.] I've endeavour'd to make *Caiaphas* as good a Spokesman for the Atheists and Deists as I possibly could; tho' I hope *Joseph* fully answers every part of his Argument.

339. Nor more the Heathen or Samaria dotes.] The Samaritans did commonly put Affronts on the Jewish Temple; once particularly, *Josephus* says, they came in the Night-time and scattered Bones about it, which occasioned a great Tumult.

418. When the Oraculous Ephod us'd to shine.] Some think the way whereby the Ephod delivered Oracles, was the shining of certain Stones, in the Breast-plate, above the rest; which the Jews own'd was ceas'd during the Second Temple. Therefore I say, us'd to shine.

431. Twice spoke in Thunder.] Once at Jordan, and once at the Feast; indeed there was a third Attestation in the same manner, at Mount Tabor, at the Transfiguration; but this *Joseph* could not be suppos'd to know, because the three Disciples only were Witnesses of it, and forbidden to disclose it before the Resurrection.

478. All Time, and Place, and Ages him confess.] *Vid. infra.*

479. All wait him now.] I have shewn formerly, from the Heathen Writers, that some extraordinary Person was, at this time, expected by the whole World. I shall here insert a Passage out of *Plato*; which methinks, without the help of Fancy, looks very much that way: 'tis in his Dialogues, the Words are these, *ἀναγινώσκω, &c.* "It is necessary that we expect till it may be learn'd how we ought to behave our selves towards God and man. Says the other, *τίς ὁ μυστικός, &c.* "But who is this Teacher? for I would most willingly acknowledge the Man. *Ans.* "This is he who takes care of thee: But it seems to me, as *Homer* makes *Minerva* take away the Cloud from the Eyes of *Diomedes*, *ὅπερ ὁ γυνώσκων ἑσθὶ δίδωι ἰδέειν ἀνδρῶν*, that he might be able to distinguish between a God and a man, so ought the Darkness to be first remov'd from thy Mind, &c.

524. Who e'er did the three Principles deny.] I think 'tis demonstrable, that all Sects of Philosophers did own the three Principles, and consequently had some Notion of the Trinity, tho' few of 'em wholly Orthodox. The *Pythagoreans* own, the first, second, and third ONE, the third partaking of the first and second. The same I could prove of others, out of *Plutarch*; nay *Julian* himself; but I remit the Reader to *Lib. vi.* Nor is there, that I know, any thing besides the Doctrine of the Trinity (on which the Incarnation depends) that's properly mysterious, I mean, not clear and fathomable by our Reason, when once revealed.

564. Fig-Leaves like these ev'n Adam would not use.] He never pleaded Necessity for his Sin.

621. Drink all of this, as all receiv'd the Bread.] This Passage confounds both Papists

Papists and Deists. The express Words of Institution are, *Drink ye all of this*; whereas the *Papists* deny the *Cup* to their *Laity*, or unconsecrated: and let any one, if they can, assign any tolerable Reason why this *All* should be added here, after the *Wine*, rather than the *Bread*; unless it be, that our Saviour *fore-saw* what would come to pass in *After-Ages*, and that such who pretended to be his Followers would give it only to *some*, not to *all*. And for the same cause, I suppose, is it also said in the Preface to the *Ten Commandments*, *God spake all these Words*; because the Divine Spirit foreknew there would arise such Persons in *After-ages* as would be for taking *some* of those Words away; and a great part too, in the second Command. Whence the *Divine Authority* of the *Scriptures* seems fairly deducible, because neither of these vastly distant Events could possibly be foreseen by any *Humane Wisdom*.

977. He said, when one o' th' Zealots factions Crew, — With a rude Halbert.] I make him of the *Zealots*, because 'twas so like 'em. The Word we render *Palm* of the *Hand*, bears another sense, a *Reed* or *Rod*, or some such thing which I don't much alter by clapping an *Head* upon't, and changing it into an *Halbert*, a proper Weapon for one who guards Malefactors.

P p

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Ninth BOOK.

THIS Book begins with a Complaint that Vertue is generally miserable in this World. Which is silenc'd by the Instance of our Saviour's Sufferings, the perfect Purity and Innocence. Who is accus'd before Pilate by the High-Priest and Elders; but nothing being proved against him, the Governour would have acquitted him. The Rabble, excited by the Priests, are eager for his Death. Pilate, hoping to divert 'em, bearing he was a Galilean, sends him to Herod; who, on his Silence, despises, derides, and returns him to the Governour. Whose Wife, having had a terrible Vision relating to him, sends to her Husband, by no means to concern himself in his Death. On which he laboured to deliver him, offering the Jews to give them his Life, as was usual at the Passover; but they refused it, and ask Barabbas, a Robber and Murderer; Till, by their repeated Tumults and Insinuations, that unless Pilate would grant their Desire, he must be disloyal to Cæsar. They at last prevail, and our Lord is scourged and condemned. He's mock'd by the Souldiers, crowned with Thorns, and, bearing his Cross, dragg'd to Execution. His Advice to the Matrons of Jerusalem, in his Passage through the dolorous Way: Where he faints under his Cross, and Simon coming by is compelled to assist him. Arrived at Calvary, he's crucified between two Malefactors. The Blessed Virgin, bearing the Rumour of her Son's being taken by the Rabble, follows him to Calvary; and finding him there, falls dead at the Sight. Is recovered by the Souldiers. Her Lamentation for the Death of her Son. Who being moved with her Sorrow, speaks to her from the Cross; and commends her to the Care of his Friend, St. John, who stood by him, and would never forsake him. The Discourse of the two Thieves with our Saviour. The Prodiges at Jerusalem. Our Saviour's Exclamation on the Cross, under the Sense of God's Anger for the Sins of the World. The Angels in Heaven enraged to see their Master thus used, one of them gives the Signal of War, Michael appears at their Head, and they are all ready to descend to his Rescue and destroy the World. The Father represses their Anger; letting 'em see the Book of the Eternal Decrees; and that 'twas necessary our Lord should die for the Sins of Man. At which being appeas'd, they return to their usual Posts and Employments. Our Saviour's last Agonies, his Thirst, receiving the Vinegar, and yielding up the Ghost.

THE

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
AN
Heroic Poem.

BOOK IX.

The *PASSION*.

*



Why was *Virtue* made to be *distrest*,
Like *Noah's Dove* no place of *Ease* and *Rest*
In this *tumultuous World* she ever found;
By *Fortunes giddy Wheel* still dragg'd a-
round:
If not too, *Crush'd* on the *relentless*
Ground.

Her best-lov'd *Children* mean and *humble* go,
Friendless and *Poor*, contemptible and low;
Expos'd to *pinching Want*, and *sharper Shame*;

"O what is *Virtue* but an empty *Name*? *

10 Presumptuous *Thoughts* no more! no more pretend!

P p 2

Blasphe

Blaspheme not what you cannot comprehend !
 What please high *Heav'n* till this dull *Life* be past :
 Be this enough, 'twill not for ever last :
 Short Joys, who wou'd not gladly lose to find
 A long long *Train* of happy *Years* behind ?
 Yet murmurs *Flesh* and *Blood*, still discontented,
 And asks, if only made to be tormented ?
 If all this beauteous earthly *Paradise*,
 Was only form'd as the reward of *Vice* :
 If *Honour* on the virtuous wou'd not wear
 As decently and well, and sit as fair ;
 As on the vicious *Brow* --- Be this confest !
 Nor is fair *Virtue* always here oppress'd :
 Eclipses only make her shine more bright,
 She lovelier looks in mingled *Shades* and *Light*.
 Shou'd all this fail, there needs but one reply,
 Ah ! murm'ring *Soul* ! and did not *Jesus* die ?
Jesus, in whom were admirably join'd,
 The purest *Virtues*, and the noblest *Mind* ;
 The greatest *Merits*, and the greatest *Pain*,
 The tend'rest *Love* treated with worst *Disdain* :
 Tho' all his *Life* one act of *Mercy* were,
 Tho' all *Mankind* did so profusely share
 The *Makers's* Bounty, and the *Saviour's* Care.
 Unequall'd *Merit*, *Virtue* too sublime
 And spotless *Innocence*, was all his *Crime* ;
 That *Fame*, which wheresoe'er he went pursu'd,
 To every *Desart* Plain or lonely *Wood* ;
 Nor suffer'd him to be obscurely Good :
 How oft the ravish'd *Crowd* with *Wonders* fed,
 And feasted high on more than *Angels* bread ;
 Had him degraded to an earthly *Crown*,
 Whom all the bright *Etherial Kingdoms* own ;
 Had he not us'd as oft one *Wonder* more,
 To scape their *Kindness*, as their *Rage* before ;
 And veil'd the *Clouds* too thick for piercing *Day*,
 Glided unseen in secret *Shades* away :
 Not so when the sad fatal *Hour* was come,
 And *Heav'n* resolv'd to call its *Lieger* home :

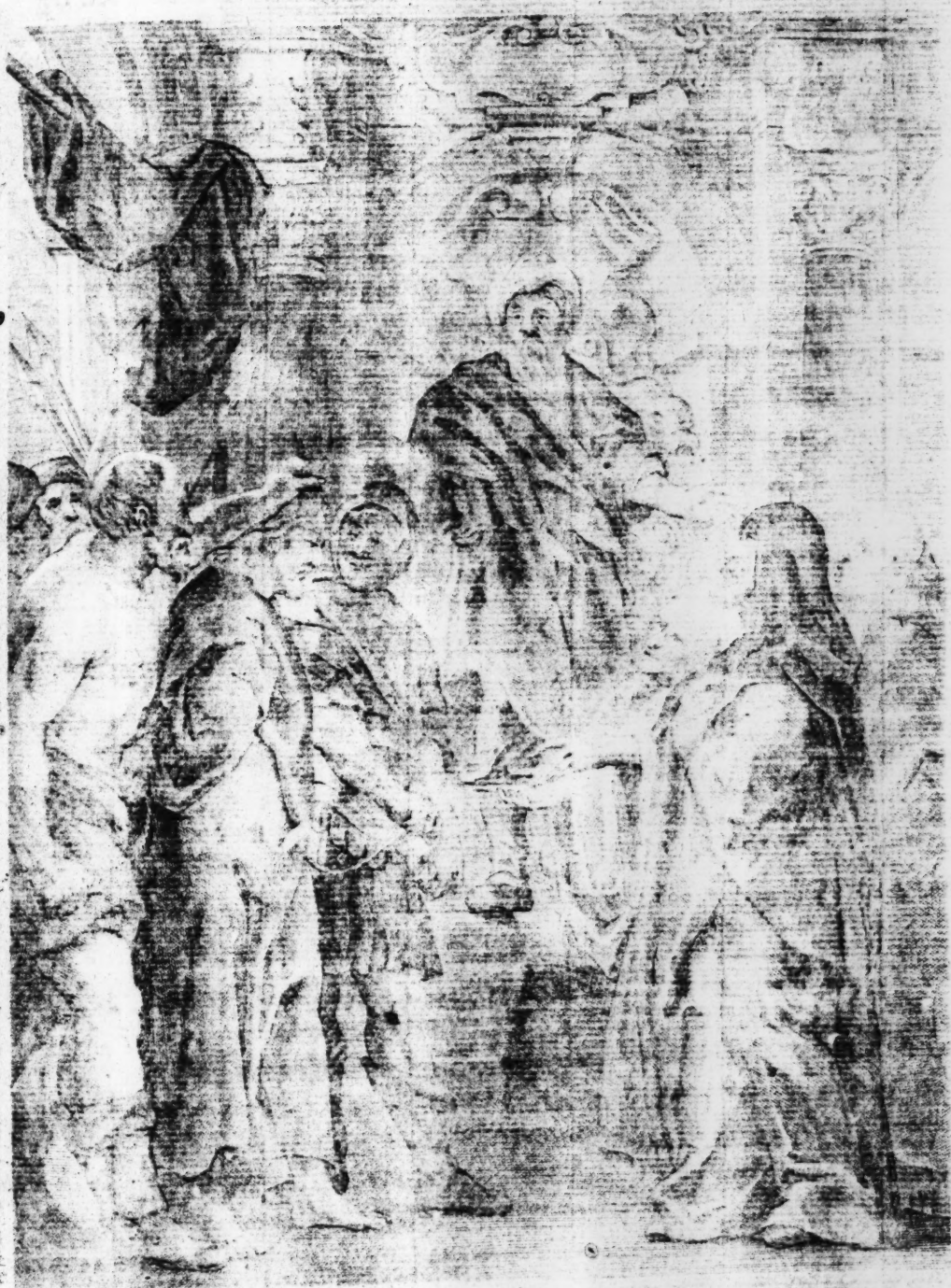
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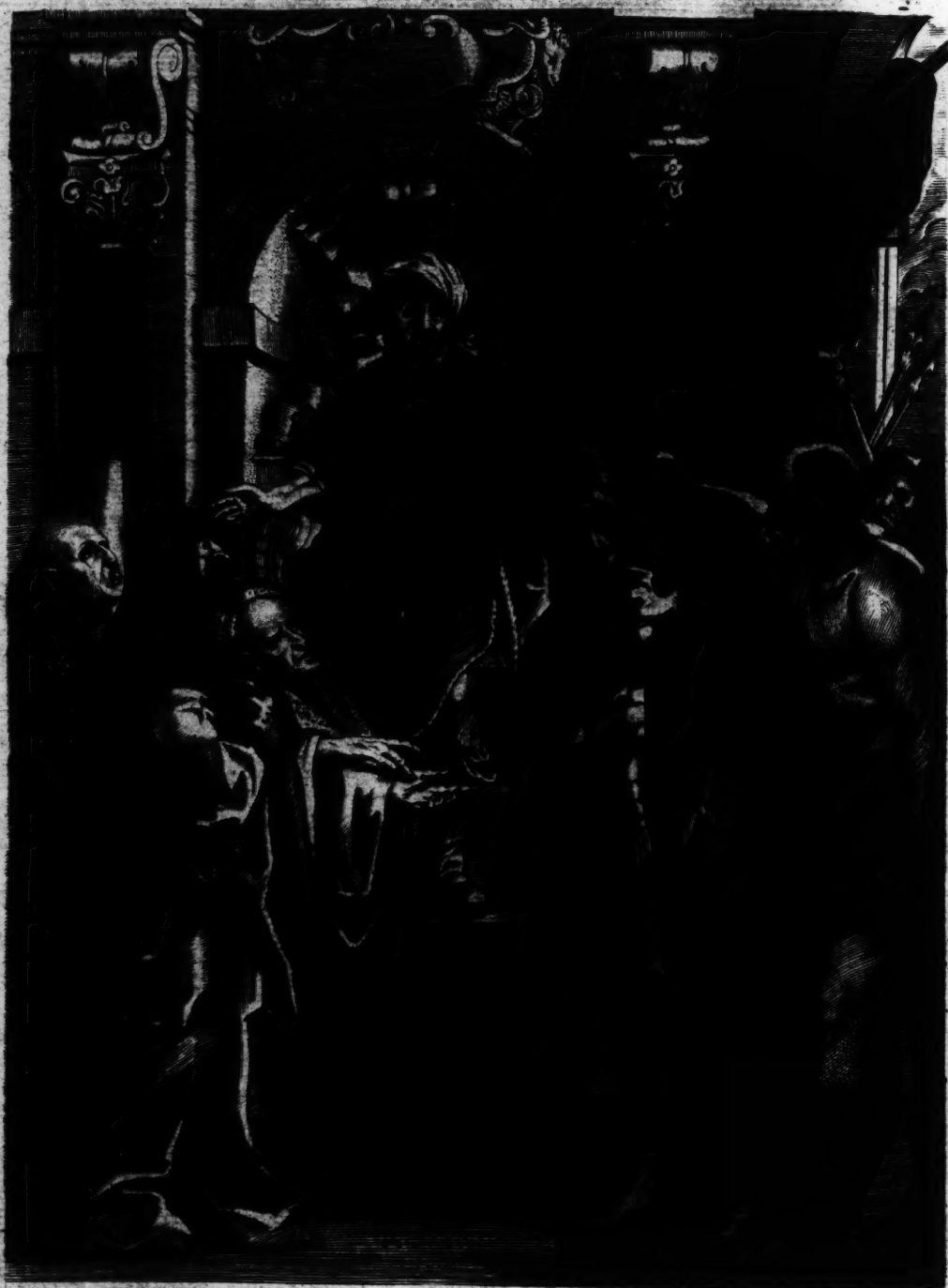
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John 6. 15.

See



Book 10000



Book 9. pag: 293.

*Mat: 27
Mar: 15*

N^o 49

- 50 See where th' Almighty Judg of Angels stands
Like a vile Criminal! dishonest Bands,
At once restrain and load his guiltless Hands.
Born with the giddy Crowds tumultuous Tide,
The very same who late Hosanna's cry'd;
Hark how their thick hoarse Voices rend the Sky,
No Word, no Sound is heard, but Crucifie!
Sickness it self forgets its weak and slow,
Ev'n Children which but newly learn'd to go,
Nay the soft Sex i'th' common Cause engage,
60 Wild Youth, and manly Strength, and hoary Age:
The same their Malice, and the same their Cries,
The same wild Fury in their Voice and Eyes:
Mild Pity's banish'd, Mischief fills its place,
And murd'rous Forms in each distorted Face:
Wide foaming Rage, black Malice, Hatred fell,
And grinning Envy, best-lov'd Child of Hell;
Like furious Beasts, themselves and Earth they tear,
And scatter Dust, loud bell'wing round the Air,
The real Fiends, in mortal Figures drest,
70 Which in amidst the crowding Rabble prest;
So like, you cou'd not know 'em from the rest;
Found no Employment there, the Work was done,
No need of Vipers now to urge 'em on;
The Priests their place supply'd, the foremost they
The great immaculate Paschal-Lamb to slay:
Scarce had the Sun glanc'd on our upper Skies,
E'er the wild Rout, so early Spite can rise,
Were ready to behold the Sacrifice:
To Pilate's Gate, the guiltless Victim led,
80 That wrested Law might strike him doubly dead:
There with new Shouts the vast Pretorium shake,
Which soon the frightened Governor awake;
He calls his Guards, and a Centurion sent,
Who scarce cou'd learn what the rude Tumult meant:
Amidst a num'rous Crowd with Staves, and Swords,
And Fury arm'd, he heard no other words
But Justice, Justice! Let th' Impostor die!
Justice! Rebellion! Treason! Blasphemy!
The Judge descends, the loud-mouth'd Serjeants call

Luk. 23.18.

Acts 23.27.

Th'

Th' as loud *Accusers* to the *Judgment Hall*;
 They dare not move a *Step*, religious *Fear* 90
 John 18.28. Had chain'd 'em there -- The *Pasover* was near.
 Wretches, who strain at *Gnats*, at *Murders* smile;
 And will not *guiltless Blood* far more *desile*!
 Proud *Hypocrites*! thus fix'd at *Pilate's Gate*,
 You still preserve your ancient *Pomp* and *State*;
 Not you on *him*, but *he* on you must *Wait*.
 He did, he saw with *Wonder* and *Surprize*,
 The *guiltless Hero* doom'd a *Sacrifice*;
 Grief, that cou'd never look with *better Grace*, 100
 Mild *Majesty* enthron'd in his *sad Face*.
 ---The *Roman* trembled, tho' mus'd to *Fear*,
 His *Heart* prelag'd something *Divine* was near.
 Unmov'd, his awful *Pris'ner* cou'd not see,
 But look'd far more a *Criminal* than *He*:
 Nor did of his *Accusers* *Pride* complain,
 Since him he now alone might *entertain*.
 But while without the *furious Rabble* stays,
 With their loud *Curses*; him to th' *Hall* conveys,
 And asks, more like *Petition* than *Command*, 110
 If he the *King* of *Jury's* fertile *Land*?
 The *promis'd Prince*, by each *Prophetic Sage*
 Doom'd to restore the *blissful Golden Age*?
 For we, he adds, have heard, tho' far remov'd,
 His *future Fame*, have heard, admir'd and lov'd;
 Of whose high *Deeds* *Cumean Grotto's* ring, *
 And our great *Maro's Muse* divinely Sing.
 To whom he thus --- Nor need the *Romans* fear,
 John 8.30. Nor *Jews* suspect, my *Kingdom* is not here:
 All earthly, worldly *Glories* I disdain,
 And only over *Hearts* desire to *Reign*;
Truth there to plant, and *Error* to remove;
 For this I leave my *Father's Throne* above
 For an *ungrateful World* --- This only I
Propos'd when born, for this content to die.
 Still more surpriz'd, the *Roman* to the *Gate*
 Returns, where still the numerous *Rabble* wait;
 Thirsty of *Blood*, for *Blood* they raving call, *
 And press both the great *Vulgar*, and the *Small*.

Unmov'd

Unmov'd and firm, the Governor remain'd,
And asks for what so loudly they complain'd?
What Crime so high, the Pris'ner cou'd alone,
By such a Death his mighty Guilt atone;
Since all his Answers yet, discover'd none!
Nor must the guiltless be by Noise oppress'd,
Let one accuse, Be silent all the rest!

He said, when strait appears from forth the Croud,
Vain Caiaphas still Cruel, Haughty, Proud;
140 Supplying want of Reason, Truth and Sence,
With a firm Brow and pompous Eloquence;
And thus began --- We highly are content
To plead our Cause, illustrious President,
At your Tribunal; since we cannot fear,
To find that Justice which is always here!
Nor cou'd small Crimes so great a Concourse draw
Against this Wretch, who wou'd our sacred Law
Subvert, our glorious Temple overturn,
And in unhallow'd Fire, our Altars burn.

150 Since then the gen'rous Romans ne'er refuse
To let their Friends, or happy Conquests use
Their own Religious Rites; and since the Jews *
Unanimous and loud for Justice cry,
And all demand that this Blasphemer die,
As by our Law he ought, we can't suspect,
Great Pontius shou'd our joint-desires neglect:
Let then th' Impostor die, whose curs'd Design
Is by the World to be esteem'd Divine:
Let the Impostor die, we ask it all,

160 Nor can our Altars stand, unless he fall.

He said, th' applauding People gave consent,
And with loud Shouts the wide Pretorium rent:
Still Pilat's firm: he knew 'twas envious Rage
Did them, against the innocent engage;
For now not first had he remark'd his Law
And spotless Life, nor ought offensive saw;
Ought that the Roman Jealousie cou'd move,
His Life was Goodness, and his Law was Love.
Patient and Meek, th' expecting Victim lies,

170 As th' inn'cent Lamb prepar'd for Sacrifice;
His Voice not heard, no loud Complaints or Cries,

No
Isai. 53. 7.
Matth. 26.
63.

Gen. 22. 2.

No murm'ring Words, or sounds of Discontent ;

As guiltless Isaac to the Altar went

Nor was the mote by this their Fire allay'd,

His silent Meekness did their Rage upbraid,

With their hoarse Voices still they rend the Sky,

Let the curs'd Galilean Rebel die :

Thro' all the Land he wild Sedition sows,

Whose fatal Crop so plentifully grows

In his own native distant Fields. Is he,

Then, Pilate shall replies, of Galilee --

Gladly the *Hym* he takes -- Your Paschal Feast,

He adds, has hither brought a Royal Guest.

Herod himself, we must not interfere,

To him my Guards the Criminal shall bear ;

You Fathers, follow and accuse him there !

Away they murm'ring melt, can hardly stay

For Forms of Law, but curse this dull delay :

Him bound, proud Herod glad receives, for he

Well hop'd to feast his Curiosity

Some mighty Work, or glorious Sign to see,

By the great Prophet wrought, and asks in vain

His Birth, his Life, his Mission and his Reign ;

How his Authority from Heav'n he prov'd ?

What Crimes the Citizens against him mov'd ?

He silent stood : Not so the following Crowd

Who still pursue with Clamours fierce and loud ;

Rebellion and Apostacy his Charge,

His Guilt confess'd, too open and too large

For Proof or Plea --- Still calm his Looks and Mind,

To his Almighty Father's Will resign'd :

His Eyes still fix'd on a far brighter Throne,

And in Heav'n's Court he pleads his Cause alone :

Is this the Man, the Tyrant cries with Scorn,

This He, our Families proud Royal born ? *

How likely he to overturn a State ?

Below our Vengeance, and below our Hate !

Send Heav'n no greater Foe ! Guards ! quickly bring

Our Royal Robes to adorn this mighty King :

His wish'd Commands they readily obey'd,

And him with speed in Royal Robes array'd ;

Salute

186

190

200

210



Book 9. pag: 296.

Luc: 23
10: 18

Nº 50



St. Mary & Child

Salute with *mock Devour* and bended *Knee*,
And back to *Pilate* guard his *Majesty*:
The *Roman* found his *Stratagem* in vain;
Th' *unwieldy rolling Stone* recuts again:
The *People* throng the *Gates*, and threatening ask,
That he'd once more resume th' *ungrateful Task*:
All *Arts* he tries, *persuasion*, *flattery*, *fear*;
Now *this*, now *that*, now *kind*, and then *severe*:

220 One *Method* more remain'd —

'Twas *usual* with the *Roman Clemency*,
At this *Great Day* one *Criminal* to free,
And grace their *Festal Joys* — It chanc'd that then,
A *Wretch*, alike by *God* abhor'd and *Men*;
A *sturdy Rebel* he, of *noted Fame*,
With *Murder* mark'd, *Barabbas* was his name;
By *Justice* seiz'd, did in *close durance* wait,
Trembling his *well-deserv'd approaching Fate*:
Him *Pilate* offers to the *angry Jews*,

Mark 15. 7.

230 *Jesus* and him, and asks 'em which they'd *chuse*?

Since one whole *Crimes* admitted no *Defence*,
Was the best *Foil* for *spotless Innocence*:
One *peaceable* and *just*, and *mild* and *good*,
T' other with *Faction* branded, *dipp'd in Blood*.

Pity and *Justice* here almost prevail,
The *Elders* found their *Arts* began to fail;
New *Crimes*, new *Fears* among the *Vulgar* threw,
And ever *subtly* mingle *False* with *True*.
Ask 'em if those who *wickedly contrive*

240 Their *Temple* to *destroy*, they'd *save alive*?

If 'twere not height of *madness* to prefer,
A black *Blasphemer* to a *Murderer*?
By these inspir'd and *Hell*, they louder cry,
No — Let *Barabbas* live, and *Jesus* die!

The *Governor* agen, his *Anger* mov'd
At their *wild Rage* — What *Crimes* had yet been prov'd,
What *Cause* of *Death* demands? While thus they strive,
They to *destroy*, he to *preserve* alive,
His *Lady* of an ancient *House* and *Name*,

250 Unblemish'd *Vertue*, and unspotted *Fame*, *

Matt. 27. 19.

To him, with hast on the Tribunal, sent
 If not too late, the Murthér to prevent,
 Of one he knew so just and innocent:
 For in a dreadful Visions mystick Scene,
 (Avert th' Ill-omens, Heav'n! what e'er they mean)
 She saw the Angry Skies begin to lowr;
 She saw the Clouds break in a fatal Show'r
 Of Fire and Blood; which in whole Rivers pour
 Upon a proud devoted City nigh;
 And heard a Voice, a dreadful Voice on high!
 "Remove from this curst Place, which to the Sword is given,
 "They Blood for Blood shall pay, their Fate's enroll'd in
 This trembling Pontius heard, and labours more,
 Tho' still in vain, t' acquit him, than before
 The Tide rolls high, and beats th' opposing shore.
 Proud Annas leads 'em on, who Moses's Chair
 Late fill'd, and did the sacred Ephod wear;
 Who furious thus began:
 "Shall a weak Woman's dreaming Fears prevail;
 Her Sentence stand, and Law and Justice fail?
 Is't thus the Romans rule, or can he be
 Their Friend, who saves their greatest Enemy?
 Who spares the Wretch whom we to Justice bring,
 Whom factious Crowds to oft have Hail'd, their King?
 For this was Cæsars Prefect hither sent;
 Did he for this obtain the Government?
 His Rebels thus to rescue, yet pretend,
 T' adorn his Province, and be Cæsars Friend?
 Well, let false Traytors whom they please enthrone,
 All other Kings, but Cæsar, we disown!
 Shock'd by this last Attack, tho' firm before,
 The wav'ring Roman now cou'd bear no more:
 He, prest, gave way to the impetuous Flood,
 A Traytors name wash'd off with guiltless Blood.
 Thus when fair Jordan do's his Banks o'er flow,
 Whether his double Spring o'ercharg'd with Snow,*
 From Neighb'ring Lebanon, or Lakes below,
 In Subterranean Vaults; thus strives a while
 The painful Husbandman with fruitless Toil:

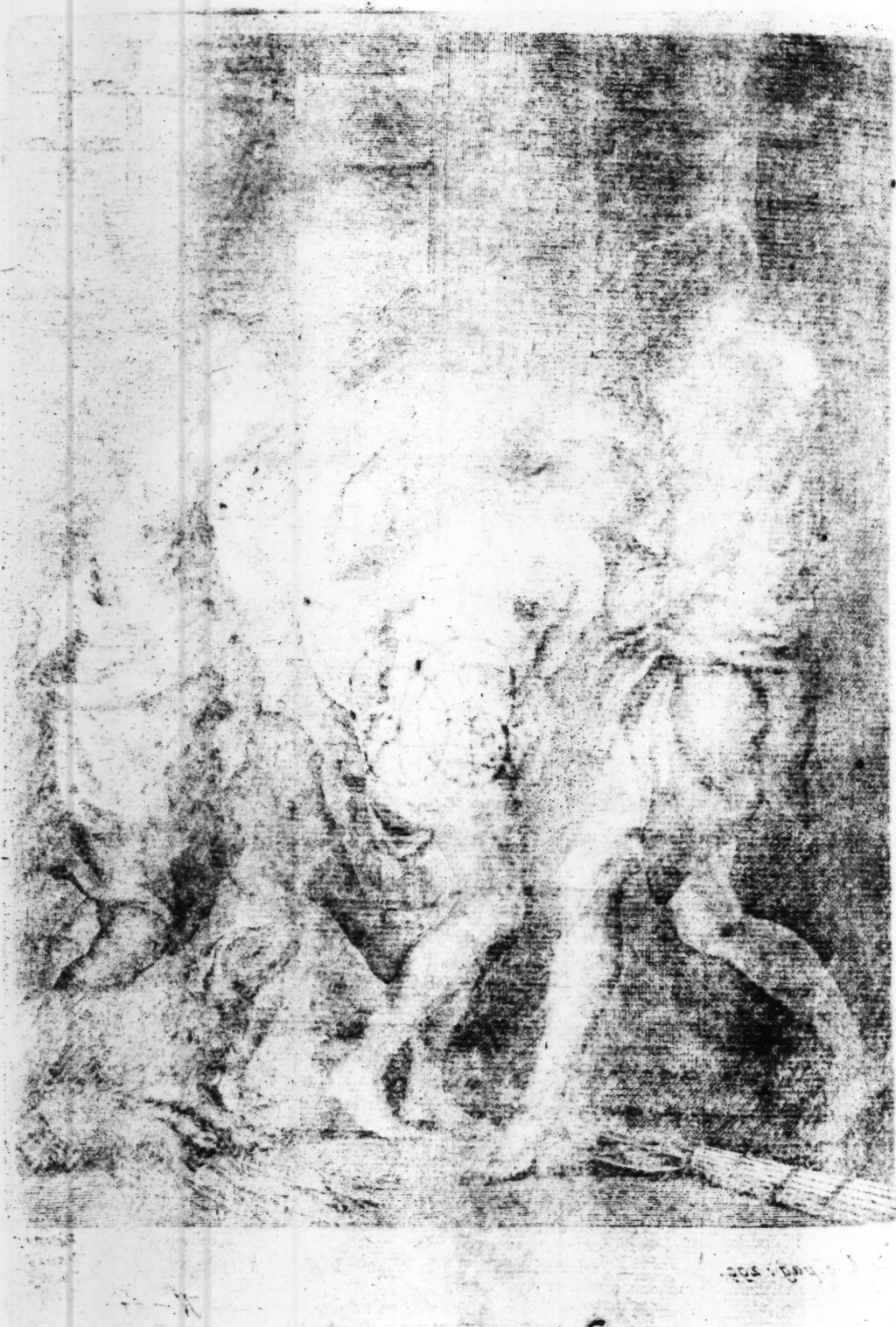
Do's



Book 9. pag. 299.

N^o 51

Act: 27
Scene: 5
Luc: 23
10: 19



299 Do's, to his *Fury Banks* and *Dams* oppose;
The *angry Stream*, thus *check'd* still *wilder* grows,
And over all at last *resists* flows:
Whilst he, for *Life*, to some near *Hillock* flies,
And back to th' *River* sadly turns his *Eyes*;
Sees all his *Stock* destroy'd in one *short Day*,
Sees all his *envy'd Riches* wash'd away;
And *Beasts* and *Men* and *floating Stacks* of *Corn*,
And *House* and *Homestead*, down the *Current* headlong born.

Thus *Pilate* yields, nor longer cou'd engage

300 The *stubborn Crowd*, yet thus his *fruitless Rage*
He vents: You've conquer'd — I no more deny
Your *wicked Wish* — The *Innocent* must die —
But know a *speedy Vengeance* will pursue,
And may it light, light heavy all on you!
For thus I wash my *Hands* of the *foul Guilt*;
Bear you his *Blood*, by you unjustly spilt:
Agreed, they answer all, we're all content
To bear the *Blood*, the *Guilt*, the *Punishment*;
We and our *Children* both. — *Wretches*, you shall,

Matt. 27. 24, 25.

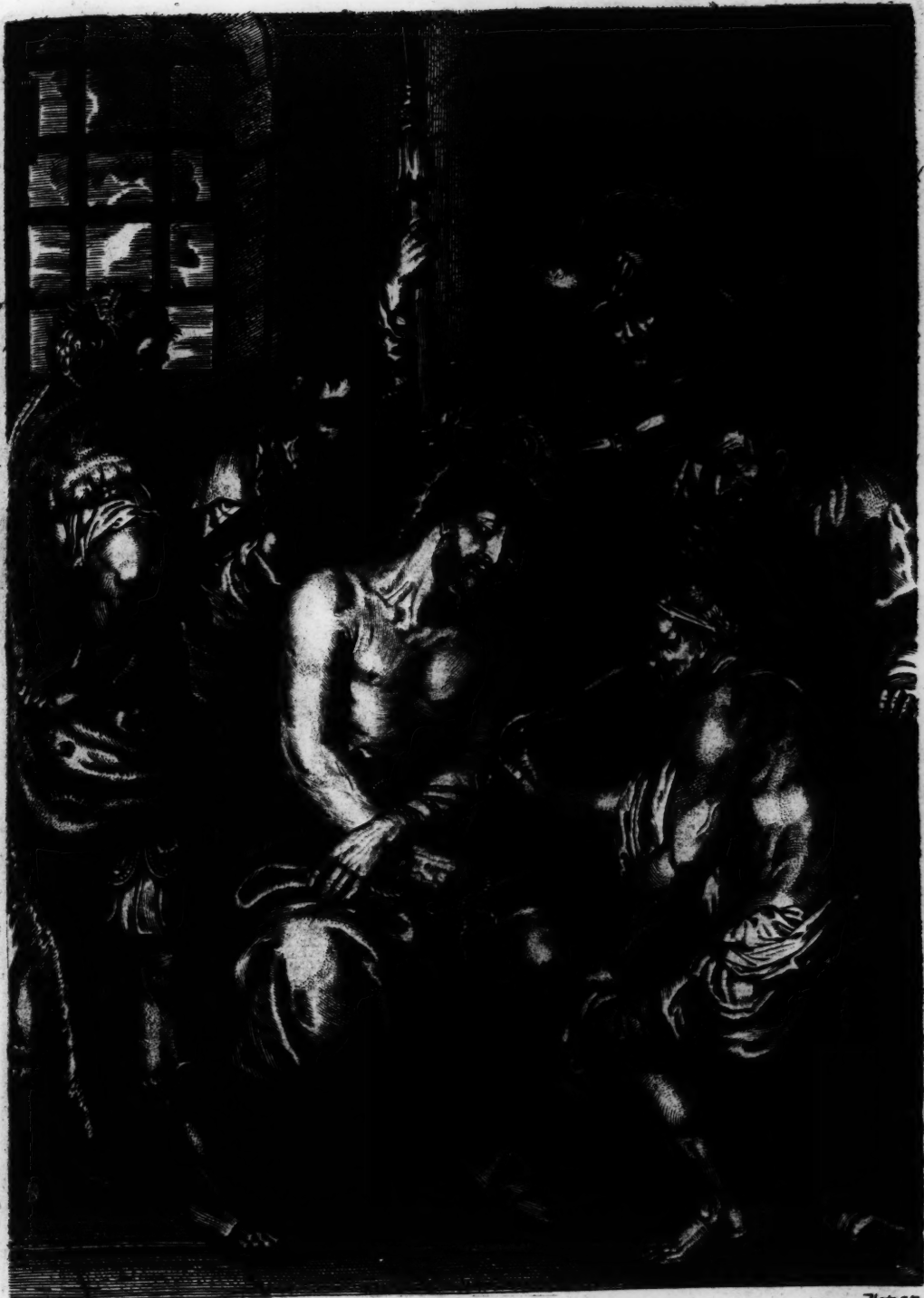
310 When your proud *Tow'rs* and boasted *Temple* fall
Beneath its *Weight*, when *Nemesis* divine,
Still sure tho' *slow*, shall perfect *Heav'n's* design
On you, and all your *curs'd devoted Line*;
Blood thro' your *Gates*, *Blood* thro' your *Streets* shall flow,
Faster than *Kidron* in the *Vale* below;
Destruction cros the *Stream*, triumphant stride,
And *Death* sit crown'd upon the *Crimson Tide*.

Nor *Wretches*! can your deepest *Suff'rings* pay,
For half the *horrid Crimes* of this *black Day*:

320 Whither, 'O whither, *Traitors* will you bring
Your own *Liege Lord*, your *Saviour* and your *King*?
How many *Wounds*, how many *Deaths* provide?
See where his *innocent Hands* are rudely ty'd
By the rough *Soldiers*! Where, at what they do,
The very *Marble* weeps far more than you?
What *Furrows* on his *Shoulders* deeply plough'd?
What *drops*, what *rivulets*, what *streams* of *Blood*?
How thro' the *Hall* repeated *strokes* resound,
Kind *Stripes*, for us they *Cure*, tho' him they *Wound*;

His Blood a strange Balsamic Pow'r has shown,
 It heals our fest'ring Wounds, but not his own;
 Whilst with profoundest Patience all he bears,
 And melts, or dyes his Executioners.
 O injur'd Heir of Heav'n! O Master spare
 Thy self, for 'tis too much for God to bear!
 Had we not better suffer endless Pain,
 Than thou all this? O break th' inglorious Chain!
 Like Samson snap those Girds thy Arms disgrace,
 And scatter Vengeance thro' the faithless Race;
 Keen Rays of Lightning-Glories round thy Head,
 And arm'd with Thunder, strike, or frown 'em dead!
 — Ah no! Too well he knew the Price he gave;
 Not thee their Death, but thine the World must save!
 And cou'd our Grief so far thy Pity move?
 How great thy Pity, and how large thy Love!
 Thy stronger Mercy, struggling Justice chains,
 Pity thy Pow'r, and Love thy Vengeance reins:
 All this thou'st done to gain thy Rebels Grace,
 Yet much much more's behind of thy sad Race: [and tore
 Scourg'd, mock'd, and crown'd with Thorns, which pierc'd }
 His sacred Head, his Body all o'er Gore;
 In Purple Robes, tho' drest in that before,
 Adorn'd, a Reed they for a Scepter bring,
 Then publicly expose and Hail him King.
 Longer the furious Rabble wou'd not stay,
 But their mock-Sovereign drag to Death away:
 Soon they the fatal Instrument prepare,
 Which on his Wounded Back compell'd to bear,
 He sinks and faints beneath th' unequal Load;
 Tho' he Gods only Son, himself a God.
 Th' accurs'd Cross for us he not refus'd,
 A Death, for Slaves and Villains only us'd: *
 He sinks and faints, as him they thus convey,
 To greater Pains, thro' the long dolorous way:
 Wash'd with his Tears and Blood —
 Thither by chance the Perjur'd Judas stray'd,
 The Wretch who basely had his Lord betray'd;
 By Chance, or rather by those Furies sent,
 Which first Mankind delude, and then torment:

He



Book 9: pag: 300.

N^o 52

*Mat: 27
Mar: 15
Io: 10*

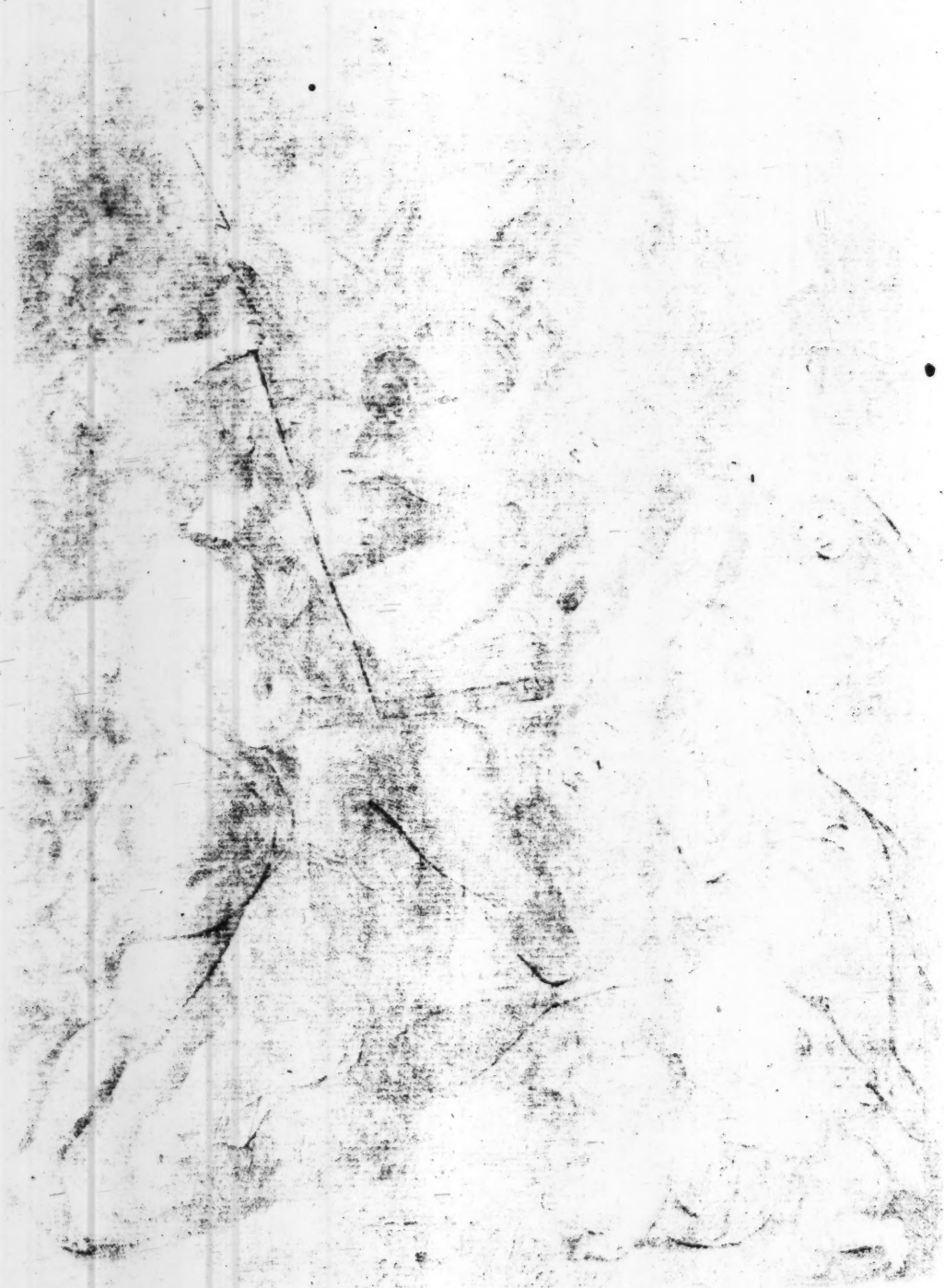




Book 9. pag: 300.

Nº 53

Mat: 27
Mar: 15
Luc: 23
Io: 10



- 370 He saw the Peoples Madness, heard their Cry,
He saw his Master bound, and doom'd to Die:
How wild the Thoughts his guilty Soul pursue?
How gladly wou'd he, what was done, undo?
Now all too late — What pain Reflection brings?
What Wounds, what Deaths, what Vultures, Rocks and Stings?
Hurry'd by these he to the Elders goes,
And at their Feet the fatal Price he throws;
The Price of Blood — Here, take he wildly said,
Take that, for which my Saviour I betray'd;
380 (Ah! mine no more) The Innocent and Good!
For which my guilty Soul, his guiltless Blood,
His Blood, worth infinitely more than Gold,
The Merchants you; was basely bought and sold.
With Smiles this Answer only him th' afford,
— A worthy Servant, fit for such a Lord!
Whom, if he thinks he wrongfully betray'd,
Look he to that, his Price was justly paid.
— Away the Wretched blindly rushes, where,
He's goaded on by Conscience and Despair:
390 To Heav'n he cannot look, his Guilt and Sin
Had clouded that, and he's all Hell within:
His furious Eyes, he gastly rolls around,
And when by chance the cheerful Sun he found,
Gilding the neighb'ring Hills, the cheerful Sun,
Which blushing on him rose, he thus begun:
"Perish, for ever, O thou bated Light,
"And sink, like me, in long eternal Night!
"Why dost thou yet thy beauteous Beams afford
"To that curst Place? There, there my injur'd Lord
400 "I lately Sold, and now lament in vain;
"My God, my Conscience sold for sordid Gain:
"That Conscience, Fame, and God I did esteem;
"Twas there my self I Damn'd, and Murther'd him;
"O whither shall a Miserable run?
"In Hell I'd gladly plunge, new Hells to shun;
"To shun my self, my Plague, my Hell, shall I,
"To my betray'd, my injur'd Master fly,
"Fall at his Feet, and for, and with him die?
"Perhaps I him to Pity may encline;

Matt. 27. 9.

"He

"He must be touch'd with Miseries like mine; 410
 "O he's all Goodness; go without delay,
 "He never yet a Suppliant turn'd away;
 "Nor will he Thee—No faithless Traitor, no!
 "Tis now too late, thou canst not, must not go:
 "No, I his cruel Mercy cannot bear,
 "His hottest Vengeance wou'd be less severe;
 "I feel, I feel I cannot, must not live,
 "Nor cou'd forgiven be, tho' he'd forgive.
 "Shall I then to far distant Regions go,
 "Endeav'ring to divert or cure my Woe, 420
 "Thro' burning Seas of Sand, or Hills of Snow?
 "Visit the Southern, or the frozen Pole,
 "Where Winds can carry, or where Waves can roll; *
 "Where the Ten Tribes, vast Seas and Desarts cross, *
 "In Climes unknown, and Heathen Lands are lost?
 "Bear me with speed, some courteous Whirl-wind bear,
 "If far away, I know nor care not where;
 "Ah! all in vain! my Guilt will haunt me there;
 "The Image of my Crimes will still pursue,
 "My Whips, my Racks, my Plague, my Hell renew; 430
 "Like Cain, a mark for every Murderer made;
 "And more than all my injur'd Master's Shade:
 "That only, that beyond my self I fear;
 "Guard me ye Fiends? For 'tis already here,
 "Bloody, yet pale, his loud-tongu'd Wounds gape wide;
 "O Earth! within thy hollow Caverns hide,
 "Within thy deepest Cell, thy darkest Room,
 "A Wretch, that envy's happier Dathan's doom.
 "Wider, ye gentle Furies! wider rear
 "This burning Breast! Let not your Vipers spare } 440
 "A tortur'd Heart; tho' Thousands gnawing there,
 "I yet want more—(In vain the Wretched call
 "On Heav'n or Hell!) they full and glutted crawl;
 "Yet still I live—Here take! O take me all!
 "Take me at once! But why this dull delay?
 "What Hope or Fear yet makes me lingring stay?
 "Die Traitor! Die! Be that resolv'd—But how?
 —No sooner said, when an unlucky Bough,

Thrust

Gen. 4. 13,
14

Numb. 16.
32, 33.

- Thrust from a blasted Elder's Trunk he spy'd,*
 450 On which with speed the fatal Knot he ty'd;
 Then clambring to the Top, despairing cry'd
 "Die Traytor, Die! the worst we then shall know;
 "Thus, thus let's leap into the Shades below,*
 —Then springs away, In Death his Ey-balls roll
 And laughing Fiends wait round to snatch his Soul.
 The while, the wicked Rout his steps pursue,
 And what his Treason left undone, they do,
 The Lord of Life to cruel Death convey,
 Sunk with his weight, and fainting in the way.
 460 As chanc'd a Traveller from Cyrene came,
 Friendless, obscure and mean, Simon his name;
 Him they with cruel Mercy, force to bear,
 Of the inglorious Load an equal share;
 "Each faithful Christians Lot, as well as his,
 "Thro' Grief to Joy, thro' Pain to endless Blifs:
 Bearing his Cross they their lov'd Lord attend;
 Whom now arriv'd near his sad Journey's end;
 Cover'd with Blood, fair Salem's Matrons see,
 As climbing to the top of Calvary:
 470 His Soul with Grief, with stripes his Body rent;
 They see and sigh, and his hard Fate lament:
 To him not unregarded, nor unknown,
 Who carries all our Sorrows as his own:
 Keep, Matrons, your mistaken Tears he cries,
 For your own Sorrows keep those flowing Eyes:
 Weep for your selves, and Children yet more dear!
 For see the Day, the dreadful Day is near;
 By Heav'n's just Wrath on your sad Nation brought,
 When barren Wombs a Blessing shall be thought:
 480 When tender Nature shall aside be thrown;
 Your Infants Lives destroy'd to save your own:
 When thro' your Gates fierce hostile Troops shall pour,
 And what you leave, the hungry Sword devour.
 He said, and now with Sweat, and Blood, and Pain,
 The top of fatal Golgotha they gain:
 A lothsom Scene of Murther and Despair,
 Fit for the Tragedies were acting there:
 With Sculls, and Bones, and putrid Limbs o'erspred,
 And all the gasty Ruins of the Dead: Here

Matt. 27. 32.

Luke 23. 28.

Id. Lib. 7.

Here disembowel'd Bodies all around, 490

With nauseous Gore had drench'd the thirsty Ground;

There half-torn Carcasses unbury'd lay,

To each ill-omen'd Bird a Feast by Day,

By Night, to greedy howling Wolves, a Prey.

Of his sad Lord our Lord disbarthen'd there,

As late, he That, Him now the Cross must bear;

His humble Robes from his fresh Wounds they tear,

And broach 'em all anew — His greatest Pride,

His careful Mothers Gift they can't divide,

John 19.24. But did by Lot, whose it shou'd be, decide:

Psal. 22.18.

Which part, their Fury wou'd no longer stay,

But the pure Victim on the Altar lay:

His spotless Hands they on the Wood distend,

And with huge Spikes unmercifully rend;

His Hands and Feet, with many a sounding stroke,

Nail'd to th' accurs'd Tree; deform'd and broke:

So wide the Wounds their rend' rest Muscles tore,

All over one, there was no room for more.

By these alone aloft ith' Air he's staid,*

On these the weight of all his Body laid;

Thro' these he must be Dying half a Day,

And bleed, by slow degrees, his spotless Soul away.

Him thus transfix'd at length they raise on high,

And with insulting Voices rend the Sky:

Him Priests and People with lewd Scoffs assail,

Matt. 27.42. And loud Salute — Great King of Jury Hail!

(For on the Cross, this Title o'er his Head,*

Matt. 27.37. So Pilate pleas'd, in various Tongues was read:)

"Hail, wondrous King! Will't thou not leave thy Throne? 520

"Descend from thence, thou shalt not reign alone;

"To all that's past, add but this Wonder more!

"Now save your self, who others sav'd before!

"So thee our King we gladly will receive

"So thee the promis'd Prophet yet believe.

All this, and more our Saviour mildly bears,

And prays for Mercy on his Murderers.

More must thou feel, O boundless suffering Love!

From the rude Crowd below, and those above;

Those Thieves, each mounted on his cursed Tree,

And 530

530 And groaning there — O how unlike to Thee?
Yet one *some* Tracks of Modesty retains,
Some Sign of Goodness in his Face remains,
His Crimes repents, and grieves amidst his Pains.
By th' other drawn to Vice, and newly made,
A short-liv'd Partner in the cursed Trade,
A Thief of noted Fame, a Villain he
Of ancient House, of Standing and Degree
For many a Year did Robbery profess,
Deep read in all the Arts of Wickedness:

540 Stood on his Honour and his well-born Race,
Nor by Repentance wou'd his Name disgrace,
Stern gloomy Galls hung lowering on his Face,
Amidst his Torments curs'd both God and Man;
And grinning, to our Saviour, thus began

"Hear'st thou their Taunt, and canst thou all endure?"

"We tortur'd here, and they beneath secure

"Thy boasted Power now, if thou canst display,

"And from these Pains thy self and us convey!

"Or that thou'rt Christ, thy Flatt'ers vainly say;

550 "Some Slave like us, or vile Impostor rather,

"Nor the Messiah thou, nor God thy Father,

To whom the other, from the distant side,

With Shame and decent Blushes thus reply'd

"Why nam'st thou God, whom yet thou dost not fear,

"Whose slow-pac'd Vengeance overtakes thee here!

Here for our Crimes we justly bleed, but He

Guiltless and pure, as foul and guilty We.

Then turning to our Lord his fainting Head,

With pen'ent Tears accosting, thus he said.

560 "O thou who even on the Cross dost Reign!

"I ask not rescue from my Shame and Pain,

"Justly endur'd — All my Petition is,

"When thou enthron'd above in boundless Bliss,

"Remember me, and my unworthy Pray'r!

"My guilty Soul wide wand'ring in the Air,

"To Abraham's Bosom let the Angels bear.

To whom with Love and Pity in his Eyes,

Amidst his Pains, our Lord thus mild replies

"Yes, my true Confessor! thou needst not fear!

R 1

"I'll

" I'll own thee there, since thou hast own'd me here ; 570
 " This happy Day thy Soul shall mount the Skies,
 " And with me ever reign in Paradise.
 The while, as chanc'd, malicious Fame convey'd,
 The cruel Tidings to the sacred Maid ;
 That by false Judas, to the Priests betray'd,
 Her lov'd mirac'lous Son was doom'd to die,
 And by the Soldiers dragg'd to Calvary :
 You tender Mothers who her Story read,
 Gueßs you, gueßs what she thought, and what she did !
 Tho' she to the Almighty Will resign'd, 580
 Scarce more than her, the most obedient Mind
 That waits above, yet Nature wou'd complain ;
 How strong the Struggle, how intense the Pain ?
 By this, from Street to Street, she's hurry'd on,
 Once more to embrace her lost lamented Son :
 Thus Philomel repeats her mournful Song,
 When robb'd, at once, of all her tender Young ;
 Does near the Place, where first she lost 'em, wait,
 And flutt'ring round the Tree lament their Fate,
 Or tho' of their Recovery she despair, 590
 With loud Complaints pursues the Ravis her.
 Thus the bless'd Maid on Love's swift Wings did fly,
 On Loves and Fears, to fatal Calvary ;
 Ah ! but too soon arriv'd, the Guards in vain
 Wou'd thrust her off, she presses in again :
 Thro' Glaives and Swords, and glitt'ring Halberts prest,
 And Groves of Deaths all pointed at her Breast ;
 So deep the Wounds imprinted there before,
 Arm'd with Despair, she now cou'd fear no more :
 Past the arm'd Crowd, and near the fatal Tree 600
 Arriv'd, with a loud Shriek she cry'd,--- 'Tis He ;
 Then dropt to Earth, nor cou'd she longer bear,
 Ah ! happy had she still continu'd there :
 With cruel Pity her the Guards revive,
 She Wakes and Sighs to find her self alive :
 Strait to th' accurs'd Wood does wildly run,
 On whose tall Top she saw her bleeding Son ;
 Then groveling on the Ground its Root embrace,
 And press it close to her disorder'd Face ;

His

610 His precious Blood mix with her precious Tears ;
 His Blood, which rather you'd believe were hers , }
 So mortal pale her lovely Face appears :
 Warm-trickling from her Heart as well as his,
 Which more than he himself she seem'd to miss :
 Ev'n on the Cross her Grief her Son did move,
 Nor cou'd he there unlearn his filial Love ;
 His heavy Eyes, with Pain, and dying Head,
 Once more he slowly rais'd, and thus he said.
 -- No more ! let each tumult'ous Thought be still,

620 Resign me all to my great Father's Will ;
 As I my self ! He'll still of you take care ;
 Behold your Son--- His faithful Friend was there ,
 Lamenting near his Cross ; of all the rest,
 Who late so much of Zeal and Love profess }
 He only came --- To whom he thus address.

John 19.26.

“ As e'er thou of my Bosom didst partake,
 “ Nor ev'n in this sad Hour thy Friend forsake ;
 “ E'er I to Heav'n my parting Breath resign,
 “ Behold thy Mother ! think her always thine !

27.

630 “ Of our true Friendship this dear Pledge receive ;
 “ The last that thou canst take or I can give.

She heard, and still the more resents her Loss ;
 Agen she kneels, agen embrac'd the Cross :
 Stunn'd with her Grief awhile she can't lament,
 Till Heav'n at last in Pity gave it vent ;
 When thus she mourns --- “ Is this the Kingdom given ?
 Is this the Throne for the great Fleir of Heav'n ?
 Thus, Prince ! do thee thy Subjects entertain ?
 And thus is the Messiah doom'd to Reign ?

640 For this did God's bright Messenger descend,
 For this the hymning heav'nly Host attend ,
 And hail thy Birth with Miracles ? O why
 Was this vain Pomp for one who thus must die ?
 Die like the worst of Men, of Deaths the worst,
 For Slaves alone design'd, abhorr'd, accurst ?
 With Joy, my Son ! I cou'd thy Herse attend,
 Hadst thou in Battle made a glorious End ;
 At least the Honour had the Grief allay'd,
 And o'er thy Tomb glad Israel's Praises pay'd

R r 2

Had

Luke 1.

Had made thee *live agen*; hadst thou but broke,
 Like *Sampson*, with thy *Death*, the *Heathen Yoke*.
 Too well, alas! too late the *Truth* I see
 Of aged *Simeon's mystic Prophecie*;
 Now thro' my *wounded Soul* the *Sword* does *glide*,
 And *pierce* the *Mother* thro' the *Sons* dear *Side*.
 Why is my *Grief* so *weak*, or why so *strong*?
 Why must I still a *hated Life* prolong?
 The *Strokes* of *Sorrow* are like *Lightning* found,
 To *blast* the *Soul*, but not the *Body* wound.

650

O take a *Life* your *cruel Pity* gave,
Barbarians take, unless my *Son's* you'd save!
 Or e'er his last *swift Sand* of *Life* is run,
 O join m' at least in *Death* to my *lov'd Son*!
 Might I once more *embrace* him, I'd not care,
 Tho' on another *Cross* you rais'd me there.

660

Thus the *Great Mother* mourn'd, the *Hills* around,
 And *hollow Vales* and distant *Plains* resound
 Her *loud Complaints*, the neighb'ring *Brooks* combin'd,
 And in the melancholy *Chorus* join'd;
 Nay the *mad Crowd* themselves, tho' now too late,
 Help her to *mourn* her *lamentable Fate*:
Eccbo'd the *Rocks*, the *fenceless Marbles* moan'd,
 And more, the very *Guards* around her groan'd;
 They groan'd and *wept*, but *rav'd* and *blush'd* withal,
 And rather thought they *Blood* than *Tears* let fall.

670

Mean while *prodigious Darknefs* clouds the *Day*,
 And frighted *Nature* mourns as much as *they*:
 The *conscious Sun* no longer now cou'd bear,
 Shuts his *bright Eye*, and leaves the *window'd Air*;
 Unnat'ral *Clouds* obscure his *radiant Face*,
 When near the midst of his *diurnal Race*:
 Th' amaz'd *Astrologer* looks on in vain, *
 Nor can the *Sight* by all his *Art* explain:
 He saw the *sickly Moon*, where wide away,
 Sh' attempted to supply the *Place* of *Day*!
 He saw th' *Eternal Chain* of *Causes* broke,
 And thus to the amaz'd *Spectators* spoke.

680

--- No more this *Knot* I'll struggle to untie;
 "Nature it self, or Nature's God must die."

From

Luke 23.
44

- 690 From baleful Caves remov'd from Joy to Light,
 Out-fallies Primitive-Substantial Night;
 As black as that which once on Egypt fell,
 As full of all th' Inhabitants of Hell:
 Thin glaring Ghosts glide by, loose Forms appear,
 Shrill Shrieks, deep Groans, and mournful Sounds they hear.
 Bellows the troubled Earth, in whose dark Womb
 Pent Whirlwinds fight, and from each silent Tomb
 Disturb'd in haste the dusty Tenants rise,
 Still all is dark, in vain they seek the Skies,
 700 Unless when they with twisted Lightnings glow,
 Ecchoing in Thunder to the Groans below:
 The World no more expects its wonted Light,
 "And guilty Nations fear Eternal Night.
 But most, Judea's curs'd devoted Land,
 Who now too late their Error understand:
 They knew to them these Prodigies were sent,
 They knew what all these dire Convulsions meant:
 And now as loud to Heav'n for Mercy cry,
 As late they did to Pilate, Crucifie.
 710 Matrons and Maids in solemn Order go,
 And trembling Youth, themselves they prostrate throw
 Before the Temple-Gates, high Heav'n's atone,
 To avert their Countries ruin and their own;
 In vain, for Heav'n it self was angry grown:
 The Altar shakes, the Ashes scatter'd lay,
 The Victim from the Temple breaks away,
 Or drops before the Stroke and bell-wing dies;
 In lowring Curls the Incense from the Skies,
 Rejected there, beats back to Earth again,
 720 As Clouds of Smoak beneath descending Rain,
 Deep hollow Groans from the Foundations came,
 From the high Roof shot streaks of angry Flame:
 The solid Pillars trembled, and inclin'd
 Their lofty Heads as Cedars in the Wind?
 Twice shook the rumbling Earth, and Thunders broke
 From the vast Gulf, and the third dismal Shock,
 With trebled Rage rent e'en the solid Rock,
 Down to the trembling Center rent the Vost,
 Discovering wide the sacred Oracle;

Vid. Wisdom
 of Solomon.

The

The Holy of Holie's, naked all it lies,
Expos'd profane and bare to vulgar Eyes ;
The Golden Lamps around exstinguish'd quite,
Or only yield a faint unnat'ral Light ;
More dreadful by successive Lightnings made ;
The Priests run frighted thro' the ghastly Shade.

730

The while, the Lamb of God expiring see,
Upon the Top of trembling Calvary:
A heavier weight than Death his Soul oppress'd,
And worse than mortal Pangs his tortur'd Breast ;
No more the beauteous Rays of Love Divine,
No more his Fathers Glories on him shine :

740

All dark and horrid like the Earth below,
Where Day forsook its Task and back did go ;
Then rais'd his Eyes, swimming in Death and Night,
As dying Tapers e'er they lose their Light ;
He look'd for his accusom'd winged Train ;
He look'd, alas ! for them and Heav'n in vain ;

No wonder Heav'n cou'd now no more be seen,
The Crimes of Earth were plac'd too thick between :

But finding there no Passage with his Eyes,
To reach it with his fainting Voice he tries,
And asks, as if himself he had mistaken,

750

My God, my God ! why hast thou me forsaken ?

High Heav'n, this heard, it heard the God complain,
Th' Eternal Father heard, and all his Train ;
The Father heard, unmov'd, his suff'ring Son,
By whose Eternal Councils all was done.

So did not all the glitt'ring Host above,
Ay happy there ! for there they sing and Love ;
They stop their Songs, their heav'nly Harps thrown by,
Or tun'd to some new louder Harmony :
At length each from his radiant Throne arose,
Their heav'nly Warmth to ruddy Vengeance glows ;
Like those fair Strangers Lot conducted in,
Who punish'd guilty Sodom's brutish Sin :

760

Amidst the rest a Fire-wing'd Seraph saw,
Of those at trembling Sinai gave the Law. *
He blew the Trumpet there—
Each stubborn Rebel did his Guilt confess ;

It

- 770 It shook the Mount, and shook the Wilderness;
Nor had he yet forgot the Sound, but flies
Thro' Worlds unknown and undiscover'd Skies;
Where er'st the Signal was to Battle given,
The highest Tow'r on all the Crystal Walls of Heav'n:
There with his utmost might he blew a Blast,
Which thro' interminable Spaces past;
Which Chaos mov'd, its frighted Surges fell,
Trembled the gasty Sanhedrim of Hell;
Whilst Heav'n's wing'd Watchers at the Signal run,
780 And almost leave their dread Commands undone: *
(Uriel before had left the sickly Sun.) *
Each wand'ring Orb stands still, or wildly rolls,
Forgetting both their Angles and their Poles:
So vast the Wreck of Heav'n, the Storm so high,
As Chaos had broke in upon the Sky;
The Spheres untun'd forgot their Harmony.
Arm! Arm! thro' every bright Battalion went;
The Adamantine Gates o' th' Firmament
Wide open thrown, with a stupendous Crack
790 More loud than Thunder, more the Poles they shake,
The Pomp of War discov'ring deep and wide,
Each Angel close t' his Brother Angel's side;
Turms, Cohorts, Legions, glitt'ring dreadful bright,
Arm'd Cap-a-pe in more than Lambent-Light.
Great Michael then himself was on the Guard,
The Mount of God his own peculiar Ward;
Where no Disturbance, Noise, Complaint or Cry;
But Peace and Joy roll on Eternally:
None since the Angels fell; but when from far,
800 He heard the harsh, unwonted Noise of VVar,
His Sword h' unlheaths, by some wise Angel made,
Of a portentous Comet's flaming Blade;
Condens'd his noble Form to Bulk and Sight; *
Is all himself, and gathers in his Might;
Indues his dreadful Arms and Helmet bright:
Th' Old Dragon's spoils the Crest, in Battle bold
Conquer'd and strip'd, how dreadful to behold!
The Claws all-horrid with Ethereal Gold.
Thus deck'd, among the foremost Ranks he flew,

Who

Who easily their glorious *Leader* knew ;
As on a *Cloud*, with *Thunder* charg'd, he rode
Above 'em all, and only not a *God*.

810

Thus, might we *Mortal* match with things *Divine* ;
Thus look'd our *Godlike Heroe* at the *Boyne* :
The same fair *Ardor* for the glorious *Prize*,
The same just *Anger* lightning in his *Eyes* :
Thus he appear'd, thus those who round him rode,
They all like *Heroes* fought, he like a *God*.

When thus prepar'd, they only wait the *Word*
To sally forth, and aid their injur'd *Lord* :

820

Th' accursed *City* into *Atoms* tear,
Nay scatter *Globe* and all in boundless *Fields* of *Air* !

This saw th' *All-seeing*, did their *Hast* resent,
And with an awful *Nod* shook the wide *Firmament* ;
One motion of his *Will* their *Rage* repress :

He look'd calm *Peace* into each warlike *Breast* :

Unveil'd the *Rolls* of *Fate*, and let 'em see,

The great, unknown, tremendous *Mystery* :

Unknown, (or *Anger* them so much did blind,

'Twas now forgot by every warlike *Mind*)

830

That 'twas before all *Worlds* resolv'd, on high,

The mighty *Maker* of the *World* must die :

Ith *Council* of the *Great Three-One* decreed,

A sinless *God* for sinful *Man* must bleed ;

His injur'd *Fathers Wrath* Atone and bear,

To keep injurious *Rebels* from despair ;

Compleat the *Numbers* of the heav'nly *Host*,

And fill those *Seats* th' *Apostate Angels* lost.

Silence profound awhile all *Heav'n* possesse,

Their *Wonder* was too big to be exprest :

840

Their *Arms* all dropt, their *Harps* agen they try,

New *Songs* are heard, and wonted *Harmony*.

Sweet *Muse* return, and hover on the *Wing*

Around thy bleeding *Love*, thy wounded *King* !

Go weep, as *Magdalen* before he dy'd,

Never such *Cause*, thy *Love is crucify'd* ;

Bath his wide *Wounds*, as that repenting *Fair*

His *Sacred Feet*, and dry them with thy *Hair* :

For all the *Follies* of thy youthful *Days*,

Mispent

See Lib. 6.
Init.



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N: 54

Mat: 27
Mar: 15
Is: 19

350 Mispent in mortal Beauties idle Praise,
 Robbing thy Saviour of his just estate;
 For all thy broken Pow'r to Heaven and Earth;
 For all thy Sloth, thy Vanity and Pride:
 See what they cost, thy Love is crucify'd;
 On the curs'd Tree he bands his Sacred Head,
 From his pale Cheeks each lovely Rose is fled,
 His Lips, his heavenly Eyes already dead,
 His swimming Eyes approaching Night did close,
 And all his Face deform'd with Tears and Blood.

360 In num'rous little Streams which trickled down
 From those curs'd Thorns which his soft Temple crown;
 Thence to his mangled Hands profusely flow,
 And join those mightier Streams that rise below,
 Which swelling wide make drunk the thirsty ground,
 Till all the guilty Earth is ting'd around.

Thus oft the wand'ring Swains by chance have spy'd,
 By Nature's Art in some tall Mountain side
 A ragged Rock, bedew'd with Water Diet,
 And sweating Crystal Drops at every Pore.

370 Each steals into the rock, and faster flow
 To meet large subterranean Streams below
 Whole Channel Pleasure both and Profit yields,
 Scattering Eternal Verdure round the Fields.

Hail, all you mystic Drops of precious Gore,
 Each of you singly worth a World and more
 Could your immortal Fountain want supplies,
 I'd quickly make a Deluge with my Eyes.

And now with Sweat and Blood exhaust and dry'd,
 And scorch'd with Pain, I thirst, he faintly cry'd.

380 For eager Wine the scoffing Soldiers run,
 And offer that; he tastes, and crys -- 'Tis done.
 'Tis done. -- His spotless Soul no longer strives,
 The God is dead, and Sinful Man revives;
 He bow'd his Head, receive my Soul, he cry'd,
 Dear Father! in thy Arms; He bow'd his Head and Dy'd.

Matth. 27.
 34

The End of the Ninth Book.

S F

NOTES

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST

BOOK IX.

9. **O** *What is Virtue but an empty Name?* I hope I need not tell the Reader that these Lines are only an Objection commonly brought against Providence, which is, I think, afterwards fully answered. As for that Exclamation, *What is Virtue &c.* 'Tis a common saying among the antient Heathens, and is ascribed to several Authors, tho I think the most fix it upon Hercules, as extorted from him, when Frying and Raving on Mount Oeta, by the extremity of his Pain; which if true, he's far from being as Heroical as he's represented, since 'tis not killing of Bulls and Bears, and Robbers, but inflexible Virtue, Patience, and Magnanimity, under the worst of Evils, that make a true Hero. However, as one of our own Writers pleasantly observes, 'tis most likely to be his Expression, because it looks so much like the Speech of a Madman.

117. *Of whose high Deeds Cumzan Grotto's rung.* That there was really some bottom in those which are called the Sibylline Oracles, relating to our Saviour, I see no room for any modest Man to doubt; tho it seems on the other side a clear Case, that vast heaps of Dogrel Greek has been forg'd in their Imitation, like those bastard Medals, so common in the World. The Christians could not feign that of Tully, which I think he applies to K. Ptolemy, of a King to come out of the Eastern Countries, any more, than several passages of the Sicelides Muse; which seem plain Transcripts of what the Old Prophets have left recorded concerning our Saviour; which, tho it should be granted, he might apply to the Son of Pollio; yet there's little doubt but he had 'em from the Sibyls, or some Tradition then current among the Heathens; tho he too, as well as Balaam, might be acted beyond himself; for in my judgment, he does here *majora canere*, as he has promis'd; and Virgil excells even Virgil, nothing being comparable to it in all his Works, not excepting the Prophecy of Marcellus; or if there's any thing finer in his divine *Aeneids*.

130. *Both the great Vulgar and the small.* Cowley's Thought, wherein he has much bettered that of Horace, *odi Præfatum vulgus & arcebo*.

152. *Their own Religious Rites.* See Josephus against Appion.

206 *This be our Families proud Rival Born.* This Herod was Grandson to Herod the Great. Vid. Lib. 2.

250. *Unblemish'd Virtue and unspotted Fame.* Ecclesiastical History tells us, she was a noble Roman, her Name Procula; afterwards Converted to the Christian Faith, and either a Saint or a Martyr.

287. *Whether his double Spring, o'ercharg'd with Snow.*] I believe there are indeed few great Rivers but have more than one Head, tho' the complement of the Country generally fixes 'em at one place. Every one has heard of two Heads assign'd to the River *Jordan*, *For*, and *Dan*, like our *Tame* and *Isis*; whence both their Names. It mayn't be unpleasant to give, once for all, a Description of this noble River, the chief of all *Palestine*, and its said, some of the best *Water* in the *World*. The Pilgrim gives the best account of its Rise and Progress that I've yet seen, *Lib. 2. Cap. 15. Anne leure de Casarea, &c.* "An hours Journey from *Casarea Philippi*, at the Foot of Mount *Libanus* (Fuller tells us, 'tis one particular Mount, more pleasant than all the rest, call'd *Paneas*;) arise two Springs of Water, one about half an hours Journey from the other. That to the East is called *For*, and the other more Northerly *Dan*. They soon make two small *Rivulets*, which running separate about a League and half, meet at the bottom of the fore-mentioned Town, joyning at once their Names and Waters; and from thence taking the new Name of *Jordan*. Thence running by several Villages and Countrys, and separating the Lands of *Trachonitis*, *Iturea*, and *Galilee*, it falls into a Valley, where it makes a Lake about 2 Leagues in Circuit, called *Moron* or *Mora*, (*Merom*, in Fuller,) by *Josephus* the *Semachonite Lake*; thence verging towards the East, enters the Sea of *Galilee*, between *Capernaum* and *Chorazin*, and passing thence, is at last engulft in the *Dead Sea*. He goes on, "But the *Turks* have a Tradition that *Jordan* will not mingle his blessed waters with that sinking Puddle, but at their very fall into the Lake sink down into a *Subterranean Abyss*, and rise agen at *Mecca*, where *Mahomet* was buried, in Honour (doubtless) of that great Prophet, where they form themselves into a Lake, whose Waters have the same Taste and Fish with *Jordan*. And this wise story the good Pilgrim thinks 'tis worth the while to confute out of the little Scripture he had, full as gravely as *Alexander Ross* does the *Alchoran* when 'twas translated into English, for fear any of his Countrymen shou'd turn *Mussulmen* upon the reading it; tho' for my part, if any of my Readers are inclined to my *Turkish Story* of *Jordan*, they are very welcom, since I shan't think it worth the while to use any Argument to confute it.

330. *His Sword a strange Balsamic Power, &c.*] This is founded on that Notion, that the Blood has of it self a sort of a *Balsamic Virtue* in't, which will close and heal all slight *Green wounds* without other Medicine, if no other accident happens.

362. *A Death for Slaves and Villains only us'd.*] *Tacitus* calls it *Servile supplicium*, a *Servile* sort of a Punishment, not to be inflicted on any *Roman* Citizen; and therefore we find in History, that *S. Paul*, who was a *Roman*, had the Benefit of that Liberty, and was *Beheaded*, while *S. Peter*, a *Jew*, was *Crucified*.

423. *Where Winds can carry, or where Waves can roll.*] I think 'tis a Verse of *Mr. Waller's*.

424. *Where the Ten Tribes, &c.*] There's a great Dispute whether the *Ten Tribes* were carry'd, which perhaps will never be decided; as the *Jews* say of any great difficulty, till *Elias* come. *Esdra*s says, they went over *Euphrates*, which was miraculously dry'd up for their Passage, and after a fair Walk for an year and an half, arrived at *Arfareth*, which some suppose to be *Tartary*; where also many of our *Moderns* think they have found 'em, there being a City named *Tabor* in that Country, as several of that Name in *Naphthali*; whence some of 'em were carried. Others tells us, that there are a sort of People among the *Tartars*, who run about the Fields, a certain day in the year, making great Lamentation, tho' they themselves have forgot the reason, and repeating with violent and dismal Ejaculations these Words, *Feru! Jeru! Salem! Jeru! Damas!* tho' they don't understand 'em; retaining still the Names of those Places, tho' they have lost the History. Others think the *Americans*, or at least some part of 'em, are the Posterity of the *Ten Tribes*, which is rendered not altogether improbable, from several *Jewish* Customs found amongst 'em. And what if those *Tartarians*, of whom we have discoursed *Lib. 3.* conducted by Satan, from their own Country

over to *America*, should be some of those very *Jews*, whom the Enemy of Man and Ape of God, might take a *pride* in leading to his *Canaan*, almost exactly in the same manner that *Moses* led their Forefathers out of *Egypt*. *A-cossa* has a strange Story that looks very much like this, from a Tradition of the *Americans*; "That their God *Vuziliputzli* commanded their Forefathers to "leave the Place where they then liv'd, promising, if they'd follow him, a "much more happy Country, by the Destruction of several Nations which possessed it. Accordingly they departed, carrying this their Idol with 'em in an "Ark of *Reeds*, which was supported by 4 of their Chief Priests, with whom he "Discours'd in secret, and reveal'd to them all along the different Successes "of their Journey, giving 'em Orders when to *March* and *Halt*, which "they were not to do without his Order. Wherever they came, they "Erected a *Tabernacle* for their God in the *midst of their Camp*, placing the "Ark upon an Altar. When they were tired with their Journey, and resolved to proceed no farther, their God destroy'd many of 'em in a dreadful "manner; continuing to Conduct 'em till he brought 'em to *Mexico*; thus he. I shall only add, that *Manasseh-Ben-Israel*, the modern *Jew*, tells us, "There "were lately found encompassed with several high Mountains in *America*, a *White "People*, with long *Beards*, whom he'd fain have the remainders of these *Ten Tribes*, and all *Natural Jews*.

449. Thrust from a blasted Elders Trunk be spy'd.] Some say 'twas a *Wild Fig-Tree*, but it's no great matter which of the two. *Surius* says, "That the *Jews* "have now a Church-yard or Burying-place, on that very piece of Ground, about the middle whereof, Tradition tells 'em, this *Tree* formerly stood: and adds, "That the *Jews* formerly Built a House there, and all of that Nation desire to be Buried near it: As indeed they'd have reason, were that odd fancy of theirs true, that the General Judgment must be in the *Valley of Jehosaphat*, and that all their Bones must tumble thither through the Bowels of the Earth, if they don't provide better Carriage; for which Reason, many of the richest of them, are said to get their Dust carried to *Jerusalem*, to save the trouble of so long a Journey.

447. Die Traitor die, be that resolv'd, but how?] This Verse, and that below it, *Thus, thus lets leap, &c.* any one may see are taken from *Virgil's*, *Sed moriamur aut;* and *Sic sic juvat ire sub umbras.* Concerning the latter of which, I can't help being of a different Judgment from a Person so Great, that it wou'd be immodestly for me to name him, at the same time I own I dissent from him. I say, I can't but think, that *Hemistich* as like *Virgil's*, even his famous *Tu Marcellus eris*, for it seems to me as full and handsom a Pause for a desperate Mind, which had run it self out of Breath with raving, as cou'd possibly be thought on, and that render'd more lively, strong and beautiful, by the Ingemination.

510. By these alone aloft in' Air be's stay'd.] I know many are of Opinion, that there was a sort of a *Suppedaneum*, a *Stay* or *Footstool* on the *Cross*, as a Rest to the Bodies of *Malefactors*; but others, and I think the most, being of another Mind, I had liberty of chusing which I pleas'd, especially the former Opinion being grounded on a false Supposition, that without some such support as this, the Body cou'd not hang in the *Air*, but wou'd tear out the Wounds by which 'twas fasten'd, and be born down by its own weight: Whereas we are assured of the contrary, both by considering the strength of the *Muscles* in those Parts, and accidental Examples of such as falling from on high, have been caught by the *Hand*, *Arm*, &c. by some *Tenter*, and remain'd a considerable time in that *Posture*; and by the manner of that horrible Punishment, at this time in use among the *Turks* and *Moors*, who throw *Condemn'd Persons* from an high *Tower* stuck full of *Hooks* and *Tenters*, which catching hold of the Body in its fall, retains it there, where the Wretches must hang till either the Wound kills 'em, or they are starved to Death. Now if the whole weight of a Man's Body (caught thus at disadvantage, and the fall besides,) can't tear itself off when thus gauch'd in the *Air*, how much less wou'd it do so when supported behind, and fastened

to evenly and proportionably, by the most strong and *musculous Parts* thereof?

§31. *Yet one [some Tracks of Modesty retains.]* 'Tis thought by many that this was no hardened *Villain*, but newly enter'd in his Trade. There's one passage in the History of these *Thieves*, which carries some difficulty in't: 'Tis said in *S. Matthew* and *S. Mark*, that the *Thieves*, in the *Plural Number*, *revil'd our Saviour*. But *S. Luke* gives the History as here related; *That one did it, and the other rebuk'd him*. Some say, that *both* did it at first, but one *Repented*, which is a probable *Solution*; but I think there's a better, that 'tis a common *Elliptical* way of Speaking, with the *Hebrews*. Thus *Saul* to *David*, *1 Sam. 18. 21. Thou shalt this day be my Son-in-Law* in one of the two. We render it undoubtedly according to the true Sence; but 'tis in the Original, by, or in the *Two*, a plain Instance of *two* us'd for *one*; as in the present Case. So 'tis written in the Prophets, *one* of the Prophets, and 20 other Instances. The bad *Thief* then *revil'd* our Saviour, the good *Thief* pray'd to him, and no doubt was immediately happy with him. Tho I can't think that *Thief* was good enough to be himself pray'd to, and have a Temple Built to his Name and Honour; yet such a Temple, *Surius* says, was Erected by the Empress *Helen* in the *Holy Land*.

§18. *For on the Cross this Title.* The piece of Wood whereon the Title was written, was one part of the *Cross*, called in *Greek* *Τίτλος*, from the *Latin* *Titulus*; as on the contrary, the writing itself containing the Persons real or supposed Crimes, the *Roman* Authors call by a *Greek* Name *Elogium*, tho as we take the Word now, it seems but an odd sort of an *Elogy*.

682. *Tb amaz'd Astrologer look'd on in Vain.* This is a story sufficiently known, and commonly receiv'd and believ'd; and tho I've no need of its being really true, yet *Valeat quantum valere potest*.

723. *The solid Pillars trembled.* See *Lib. 7.* at the beginning.

727. *Rent ev'n the solid Rock—Down to the trembling Center.* Its said the *Rocks* rent in General; therefore, as it shou'd seem more than one, *Walker* says, "That of Mount *Calvary*, whereon our Lord suffered, cleft asunder some 2 or 3 Foot, at the place where his *Cross* was fasten'd, quite from one side of the Hill to the other, to be seen at this day, gaping about an Hands breadth, and the depth of it not to be sounded. But the account the Pilgrim gives on't is very particular, and in these Words, "That what he saw of it was 6 Foot and 2 Fingers in length, and about 2 Foot in breadth; adding, that it not only reach'd down as far as the *Chappel* of *Adam*, which is in the hollow of the Rock, where he tells us, *Adam's Scull* was found; (whence the Mount called *Calvary*, if you'll believe it, tho one wou'd wonder by what *Ear-mark* they knew his Scull from another.) He goes on, "It reaches not only thither, but lower, to the *Chappel* of *Invention* of the the *Cross*, and thence, as he thinks, even down to *Hell*; its depth being unfathomable: thus he. And tho there is something of *Fable* mixt with what he, and other *Popish* Writers deliver, yet there may be something of Truth, tho the mischief is, 'tis discredited by such ill Company. And if this strange vast *Rift* in the solid *Rock*, be really true, as it appears to be by the Circumstances, methinks 'tis no contemptible corroborating Circumstance for the Truth of that part of the sacred History, and those dreadful Prodigies which the *Evangelists* mention.

767. *Of those at trembling Sinai gave the Law.* Which was given by the Disposition of Angels. As *S. Steph. Acts 7.*

780. *And almost leave their dread Commands undone.* *Vida*, from whom I took the Hint of this beautiful Digression, goes a great deal farther, and I think too far, saying of the Angels, *Opera imperfecta relinquunt*. Which I soften by the Word [*almost*].

781. *Uriel before, forsook the sickly Sun.* I think that's his Name, whom *Milton* makes the *Angel* of the *Sun*; the Name being very proper, signifying, *The Light of God*: Which he might be, and yet that good *Fathers* Fancy very agreeable, who call'd the *Sun* *Umbra Dei*; the *Shadow of God*. I say he had before forsaken it, for an obvious (*Poetical*) Reason, because 't was *Eclips'd*.

803. *Con-*

803. *Condens'd his noble Form to bulk and light.*] According to the *Platonists* Notion of the *Condensation* of the *Angelical Vehicle*, so as to make it visible; which seems to have been believed by most of the *Fathers*, who make *Angels* have a sort of *Bodies*, as indeed they must have when ever they appear, and are sensible not only to our *Sight*, but even to our grosser *Touch*; as when they laid hold on the *Hand* of *Lot*. Now *Lucretius's* Maxim will still hold, *Tangere enim & tangi sine corpore nulla potest res*; nothing can touch and be touch'd but *Body*: and perhaps this is the very *Essence* of *Body*, for *Tangibility* and *Impenetrability* seem to be one and the same. But after all, what can the *Deist* get by this, unless he could prove, these *Angels* were all *Body*, or so much as that these *Bodies* were *Permanent*; whereas, by all we can discover of 'em from *Scripture*, they appear rather *Ascensions* and *Airy*: and this we are sure, that the *Scripture* never calls 'em *Bodies*, tho it does *Spirits*, (which, whatever they are, can't be *Bodies*, unless black can be white;) and that, for the *Comfort* of every good *Man*, *Ministering Spirits* too, even since our *Saviour* sent forth to minister unto them who are heirs of *Salvation*. 1 *Heb.* 14.

855. *This Love is Crucif'd.*] From that famous *Ejaculation* of the *Father*, *"Ego qui crucifigor."*

875. *Each of you singly worth a World and more.*] The *Blood* of him who is *Infinite*, the *Blood* of *God*, as 'tis called in the *Scripture*, (which must get me off for that bold Thought a little lower, *The God is Dead*.) This *Blood*, I say, must have infinite *Merits*, and therefore extend beyond the value of any finite *Being*. The manner of whose *Death* see in the next 2 Lines.

884. *He bow'd his Head, receive my Soul he cry'd*

Dear Father in thine Arms, be bow'd his Head and dy'd.] *Vida* has done this incomparably well, and express'd almost as much in one Line as I have done in two; who thus at the end of his 5th Book, *Supremumque animum, ponens capiti, exhalavit.*

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Tenth BOOK.

After a Discourse of the pleasure of seeing Virtue triumphant, notwithstanding all Misfortunes, and an Invocation of the Blessed SPIRITS Assistance, for the happy Conclusion of the Work, Joseph of Arimathæa is introduced going to Pilate and boldly begging the Body of our Saviour, which being granted, he repairs to the Cross and takes it thence, after a Souldier had pierced the Side with a Spear, Blood and Water flowing out of the Wound; then bears it to his Garden, and lays it in his own Sepulchre, accompanied by the Blessed Virgin and other Friends. The Triumphs among the Devils at the Death of our Saviour: Lucifer's Speech on that occasion, ordering all the Devils to repair to Earth agen, and repossess their Oracles. While he's in the height of his Exultation, our Saviour enters Hell with a Guard of Angels, and all the Devils flying at his sight, and sinking into the Lake, carries with him to Paradise some of those Persons who were lost in the Universal Deluge. The Third Day, his Soul and Body being now agen united, and he rising from the Grave, Mary Magdalen, and other Women, go to the Sepulchre to Embalm him, but find him to be gone; and receive an account of his Resurrection, from a Vision of Angels, directing 'em to go and acquaint his Disciples with the News. Mary Magdalen stays and sees our Saviour himself, who orders her on the same Message; on which S. Peter and S. John run to the Sepulchre, and find the Body to be gone; but returning, can not gain lie of the rest, till our Saviour himself appears amongst them; S. Thomas being then absent, and still incredulous. Soon after, two others, to whom our Lord discovered himself at Emmaus come in, and relate the whole Story; which

which S. Thomas not yet believing, Jesus himself appears, and shewing him his Wounds, fully convinces him—Ordering all the Disciples to meet him at Tabor in Galilee, who going thither for that end, he first appears to 'em as they were Fishing on the Sea of Tiberias, where he tries S. Peter's Faith, and foretells his Martyrdom. Thence meeting many of his Followers on Mount Tabor, he orders 'em all to Jerusalem, there to take his last Farewel: Where being arriv'd, he takes them out to Bethany; and after his last Discourse and Promise to be with them to the End of the World, the Heavenly Host appear, and Sing an Anthem, being part of the 24th Psalm, while our Saviour is Ascending; who, just as he disappears from the Disciples, orders two Angels back to Mount Olivet, to comfort them with the Promise of his Return; who thereupon depart again with Joy to Jerusalem.

THE

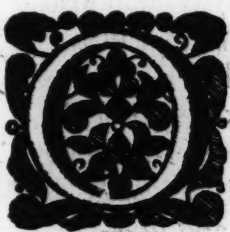
Tenth Book.

THE

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
AN
Heroic Poem.

BOOK X.

The RESURRECTION.



How refreshing is't, how dear a Sight,
When *Virtue* emerges out of *Clouds* and
Night!

To see her all her groveling *Foes* de-
spise,

To see the *Tyrant* fall and *Hero* rise!

True *Worth* survives the *Grave*, rude *Winds* the *Fruit*
May blast, but 'tis *immortal* in the *Root*.

Beat on *Affliction's Billows*! 'Tis in vain,

The *Rock* will still *impregnable* remain;

The *Storm* tho' fierce, will soon or late blow o'er,

10 And we with *Shouts* shall reach the happy *Shore*,

Where our great *Captain* is arriv'd before.

T t 2

Kind

Kind Spirit, who from the dark tumult'ous Wave
 Didst raise a beauteous World, O hear and save!
 Save and direct, direct our feeble Bark,
 As once thou didst the weary wand'ring Ark!
 Remove the Clouds, be all serene and fair
 Like thee, O gentle Blast of Heav'nly Air!
 Let this last Voyage no rough storms molest,
 Then, of our dear, long-wish'd-for Port possess, }
 We'd gladly Anchor in eternal Rest.

20

And now true Night in the disorder'd Skies,
 Prepares, at her appointed Hours, to rise;
 But wonders that her Task's perform'd before,
 Nay blacker Veils spread all the Æther o'er:
 Still high in gloomy Air the Bodies stood
 Expos'd, and Tortur'd on th' unlucky Wood;
 Tortur'd the Two, but from his spotless Breast,
 The Thirde bright Soul was fled to endless Rest:
 Nor longer cou'd the generous Joseph bear,
 To see his Friends sad mangled Reliques there;

30

Matt. 26. 56. But while far off his scatter'd Household fled,
 Their Faith and Courage with their Master Dead:
 With Nicodemus, his old prudent Friend,
 Affraid no more, do's from the Hill descend,
 Where sad Spectators near the Cross they were,
 Mark 15. 43. Boldly to beg the Body, and Inter,
 With silence, in his own new Sepulcher:

Vid. Lib. 1.
 ad fin.

There, if his just Request successful prove,
 To pay the last due Debt of Tears and Love:
 Thus who boast highest, first the Cause-forlake
 Thus Converts oft the best of Christians make
 With Pious haste they both to Pilate ran,
 To whom, undaunted, Joseph thus began.

40

Brave Roman, whom our Nations Spite and Rage,
 Now first did in an unjust Act engage:
 As noble Pontius wou'd be still thought free,
 And only Passive in their Cruelty;
 And bear to distant Ages, distant Lands
 His Fame, as clean and spotless as his Hands;
 T' his humble Suppliants let be restor'd,
 The breathless dear Remains of our lov'd Lord:

50

Nor



Nor will the *Priests* themselves, howe'er they rave,
Urge on their *Hatred*, e'en beyond the *Grave*;
He's cold and lifeless now, their *Fear* is o'er,
Nor can he *them* or *Cesar* injure more:
Grant then we for his *Body* may return,
Due *Honours* pay, at his sad *Fun'ral* mourn,
And sprinkle *Tears* and *Flow'rs* around his *Urn*.

The *Roman* thus—Witness each *sacred Pow'r*,

60 Witness the *common Love* we all adore,
Father of Men and Gods; with how much *Joy*
I'd him *restore*, how griev'd did him *destroy*;
Restore you your *whole Friend*, whom publick *Spite*
And *Rage*, have robb'd of our *etherial Light*:
Take what *remains*, I gladly that *restore*,
And take my *Grief* that I can give no *more*.

Vid. Lib. 6.

Their wish'd *Request* obtain'd, they hast away,
And but to give the *Donor* thanks cou'd stay:
The *Hill* surmounted soon, *abrupt* appear'd
70 No more, nor more the *Guards* around they fear'd:
Arm'd Troops and glitt'ring *Helmets*, dreadful bright,
Projecting far away their dazzling *Light*:

"Of *Murder'd Men* the low lamenting *Voice*,

"Mixt with the *Murderers* confused *Noise*

They heard, yet onward went with pious *hast*,

Thro' *Crouds* unarm'd or arm'd alike they past:

Till to the fatal *Scene* of *Death* arriv'd,

Where new *Barbarities* were still contriv'd;

Still new *Effects* of pop'lar *Rage* they found;

80 The mangled bleeding *Bodies* on the *Ground*:

A single *Death's* too little, they'd invent,

Beyond the *Cross* it self, a *Punishment*:

The *Bodies* must expos'd no longer stay,

T' unhallow their approaching *Paschal Day*,

And damp their *festal Joys*; new *Arts* they try,

And with new *Torments* make 'em more than *Dye*:

With pond'rous *Staves* and *Sledges* crush'd their *Bones*,

Ecchoes the *Mountain* with their *Strokes* and *Groans*.

The half-dead *Wretches* supplicate in vain

90 For some kind *Stab* to ease their ling'ring *Pain*:

Jesus alone had his meek *Soul* resign'd,

T t 2

And

Mark 15. 44. And spar'd their Cruelty; his Head reclin'd,
 On his torn Shoulders lay, enrag'd they cry'd,
 He had deceiv'd 'em, and too mildly Dy'd:
 Enrag'd, they such a disappointment found;
 They e'en the senseless Carcass gore and wound:
 A Soldier, blind with Fury, snatch'd a Spear,
 Which Death on its sharp Point in vain did wear,
 And darts it at his Side, out springs a flood
 John 19. 34. Of purest Limpid Water, join'd with Blood;
 Join'd, not confus'd, as thro' thin Crystal shine,
 The sparkling Drops of Gaza's noble Vine:
 True Types of those blest Streams which ever flow
 From Gods high Throne, to enrich the World below;
 Th' inestimable Sanctions of our Bliss,
 1 John 5. 6, Those Streams which glad the Churches Paradise;
 8. That sacred Laver, and that Banquet high,
 Where those who Bath and Feast shall never Die.
 While this transacting, Joseph thither came,
 And strait ascends the Tree — (Love knows no Shame;) 110
 Himself ascends, and from th' accursed Wood
 Takes his dead Friend, cover'd with Wounds and Blood,
 And to his own fair Garden sadly bore,
 Where oft his lov'd Disciples met before;
 Then, near the Tomb lay down their precious Load,
 The wond'rous Reliques of a suffering God.
 Hither, bright Heav'nly Youths, O hither bring, *
 The Glories of your own eternal Spring!
 Of ev'ry Flow'r that in fair Eden grows,
 The dying Hero's funeral Pomp compose,
 Mix'd with Engaddi's Spice, and Sharon's Rose; * } 120
 And when you all your Sweets have round him spread, }
 Tho' ne'er till this sad Hour, a Tear you shed,
 Weep, O Immortals! Weep! your Lord is Dead. }
 Or if you still refuse your courteous Aid,
 We'll ask no more, for see the Heav'nly Maid;
 The Virgin-Mother can that Office do,
 With as much Grace and Purity as you.
 On the hard Rock behold her seated there!
 Whilst all her sad Companions rend the Air
 With loud Laments, the Hills repeat their Cries, 130

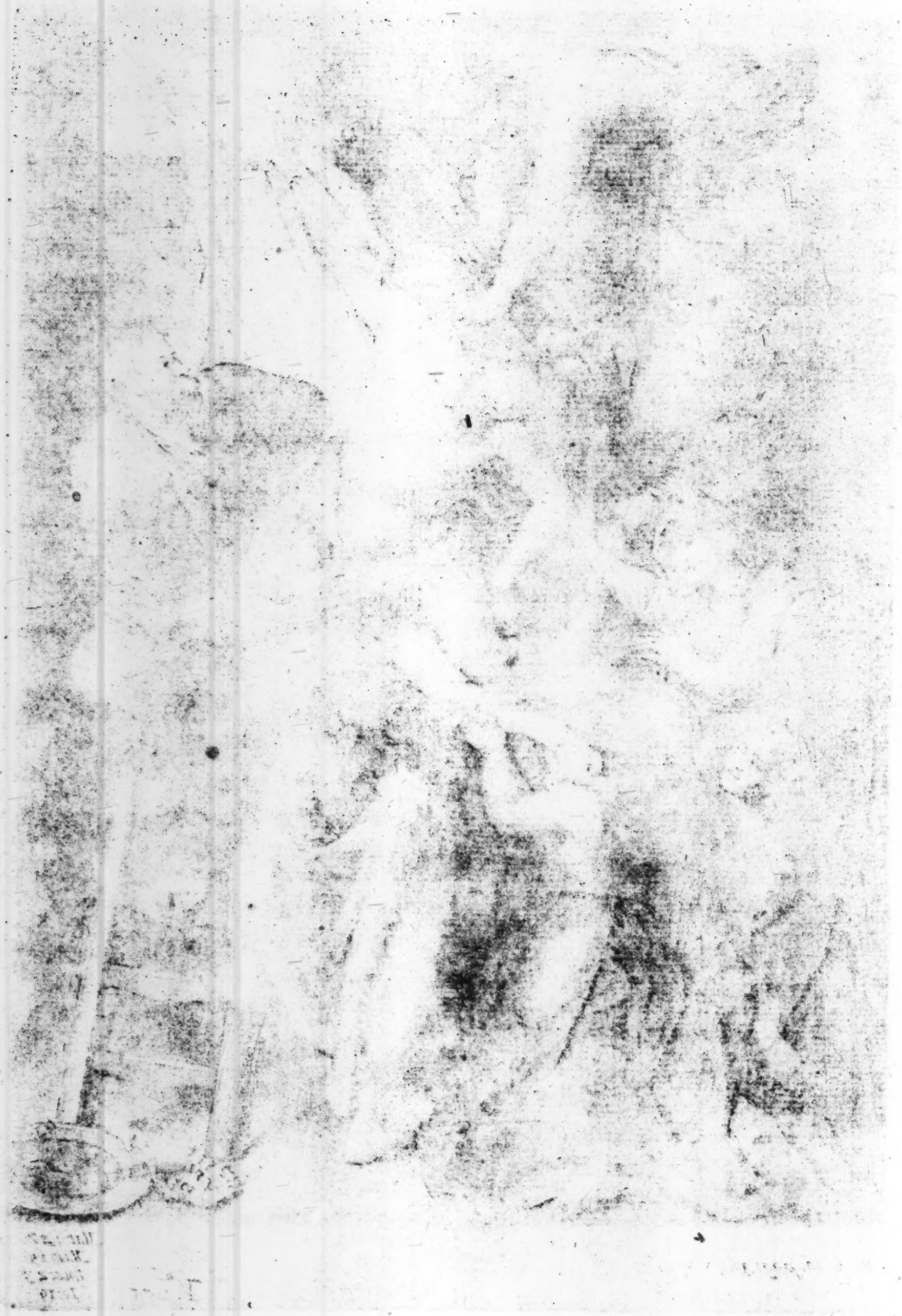
She



Book 10. pag: 324

Nº 55

Mat: 27
Mar: 15
Luc: 23
Jo: 19





Book 10. pag: 325

*Mat: 27
Mar: 16
Luc: 23
Jo: 19*

Nº 56



- She only *silent*, her exhausted *Eyes*,
 Have not one precious *Drop*, one single *Tear*;
 Her *Grief* so decent, shou'd she but appear
 In *Publick*, all the *World* wou'd *Mourning* wear. *
 Silent, and still, as deepest *Waters* flow,
 What *Breast* but hers cou'd hold the mighty *Woe*?
 She saw his *Soul* from his pale *Body* fled,
 She saw her *Hope*, her *Life*, her *Saviour* dead;
 140 Her wond'rous *Son*, no *Pangs* at his first *Breath*, *
 But ah! they're more than doubl'd at his *Death*:
 In her sad *Arms*, he all a-*Carcass* lies,
 Deaths heavy *Iron Slumber* seals his *Eyes*;
 His *Eyes* fast clos'd, altho' his *Wounds* gape wide,
 Those *Wounds* which rend his *Feet*, his *Hands*, his *Side*;
 She *Kisses* both, while her *Companions* tear,
 With loud *Complaints*, their *Garments* and their *Hair*;
 Scarce are they by the *Men* at length restrain'd,
 Who not their own unruly *Tears* command:
 150 To his pale *Corps* the last due *Honours* pay,
 And in the *Marble Vault* lamenting lay;
 And dewy *Night* descending, leave the *Tomb*,
 Conducting safely the great *Mourner* home.
 Mean while the *World* a gen'ral *Grief* exprest,
 All *Natures Family* in *Mourning* drest:
 Silent and sad, or in soft *Sighs* complain'd,
 Nay *Heav'n* it self scarce undisturb'd remain'd:
 In *Hell* alone was *Joy* and curst *Delight*,
 Our *Happiness* their *Woe*, our *Day* their *Night*:
 160 Scarce such wild general *Revels* there were known,
 When their black *Prince* did the first *Man* dethrone,
 And almost made a second *World* their own:
 The *Pandemonium* fills, the *Iron Gate* *
 Is throng'd with many a *Sooty Potentate*:
 Blasphemous *Moloch*, *Satan*, *Belial*, *Baal*,
 And lustful *Asmodai*, part go, part crawl
 On long *Serpentine Folds*, as erst they fell; *
 Now drest in all the ugly *Forms* of *Hell*:
 High in the midst, dire *Lucifer* ascends
 170 His glowing *Throne*, a frightful *Guard* of *Fiends*
 Flock round, the boldest *Spirits* who with him fell,
 And

Gen. 3.
 Milton's
 Paradise lost.

And make a *Pomp* worthy the *Prince of Hell*:
 Some *Signs* of what he was he still retain'd,
 A few weak *Rays* of gloomy *Light* remain'd;
 Which a faint glimm'ring sort of *Twilight* made,
 I th' ugly *Horror* of th' *infernal Shade*:
 His *Pow'r* not less, tho' by high *Heav'n* confin'd,
 And strong eternal *Chains* the *Rebel* bind;
 Were he let loose, and no new *Thunder* hurl'd,
 He'd quickly into *Atoms* crush the *World*, 180
 As now he is, his haughty *Eyes* express
 The highest *Ill*, *Majestick Wickedness*;
 Great without *Good*, as *Earthly Tyrants* are,
 Who *Hells* black *Brand*, not *Heav'n's* bright *Image* wear;
 Most *Servile*, yet *Imperious*, *Proud*, yet *Base*,
 A wicked *Joy* glares thro' his *dark Face*;
Transports he do's amidst his *Torments* feel,
 And shows some mighty *mischiefs* on the *Wheel*:
 " Thus the *French Lucifer*, his dear *Allie*,
 " Who still maintains his *War* against the *Sky*,
 " Thus great appears, in *Blood* and *Murders* crown'd;
 " As many black *Destroyers* wait around
 " His *Pestilential Throne*, for *Orders* wait,
 " To scatter *Mischief* and *unerring Fate*.
 Thus he, thus *Hells* proud *King* in *Flames* array'd,
 Who having all his own *sad World* survey'd,
 He thus began —

Dominions, Thrones and Pow'rs!

Possessors once of half *Heav'n's* *Crystal Tow'rs*,
 Which had *Fate* smil'd, long since had all been *ours*: } 200
 And *Fate*, not *Valour* crush'd us, for we're still
Unconquer'd in our own *Almighty Will*;
 What since against its *Tyranny* we've done,
 You know it, and we need not *Blush* to own;
 How we that *sordid Piece* of *dirty Clay*,
 Whom our more *high-born Minds* disdain'd t' obey;
 For whom the *beauteous World* above was made,
 A *Heav'n* to our *uncomfortable Shade*,
 Have, by an easie *Stratagem*, betray'd: }
 Rom. 9. 14. Did our *hard Foe's* wife *Workmanship* disgrace,
 And in one *Moment* *Murder'd* all their *Race*: 210

'Tis

- 'Tis true they *Mercy* found, tho' we had *none*,
 Who scorn like *Man*, to *kneel* and *lick* his *Throne*;
 No—Since so bravely once we took the *Field*,
 Now, for another *Heav'n* we wou'd not *yield*;
 Who, more than *half* his *World* e'er since *possest*,
 He the poor *Jews*, and we had all the *rest*;
 More *Priests*, more *Oracles*; nay even there,
 In his lov'd *Land*, ours was the *largest share*;
 220 To us his own proud *Kings* for *Counsel* come,
 And *Endor* speaks when *sacred Shilo's* dumb.
 'Tis true, his *dreaming Prophets* did foretel,
 In many a mystick *Type* and *Oracle*,
 The *ruines* of the *World* agen shou'd *rise*,
 Th' *eternal Word* descending from the *Sky's*
 In mortal *Form*—Ours was too *mean* and *base*;
 A *Curse* on him and all that *sordid Race*!
 To drive us from our *Conquer'd Kingdoms*, where
 We *sally* out, and *tast* the *lightsom Air*,
 230 From these *sad Realms*; nay, tho' we cannot fear
 A further *Blow*, *pursue* and *chain* us here:
Revolving deep, I *guess* that *Age* was *near*;
 And when the late great *Hebrew Prophet* came,
 Whose *Birth*, whole *Life*, whose *Miracles* and *Fame*
 Have fill'd the *World*, from whom our *Legions* fled
 At his *dread Word*, his *Word* which rais'd the *Dead*;
 Chas'd every *stubborn Pain*, and strong *Disease*,
 Rebuk'd the *Winds*, and still'd the *raging Seas*;
 When he did thus to th' *wond'ring World* appear,
 240 I for our *State* almost began to *fear*;
 To *fear* our *Empire* now was *doom'd* to *fall*;
 Him *Saviour*, him the *Jews* *Messiah* call,
 And wou'd have *Crown'd* their *King*—Him first I *try'd*,
 You know th' *Event*, with all the *Baits* of *Pride*;
 All that the *Earth*, of *Wealth* or *Pleasure*, yields,
 Rich *Afric's* *Sands*, or *Europe's* fertile *Fields*;
 Luxurious *Asia's* tempting *Charms* were shown,*
 And all the hidden *Sweets* of *Worlds* unknown:
 Whatever *Nature* made of *Fair* and *Good*;
 250 But all in *vain*, *Impregnable* he stood:
 Not so his *Friend*, whom *Fear* or *Gold* o'erpow'rs.

1 Sam. 28.8.

See Lib. 3.

Judas.

At

At first *Affault* — (Th' *High Priest* before was *ours*)
 The *Wretch* who late came here, like those above;
 We *Traytors* hate, tho' we the *Treason* love —
 How e'er at length we're *safe*, our *Fear* is o'er;
 The mighty *Prince* will drive us now no more!
 I saw the *Heir* of *Heav'n* expos'd on high,
 The *Cross* his *Throne*, I saw th' *Immortal* Die;
 For such his *Flatt'ers* call'd him — Now they run
 To *shelt'ring Shades*, and flie, like us, the *Sun*;
 Tho' little need — He fled himself from them —
 And angry *Heav'n* on our *Jerusalem*
 Look'd *Frowning* down; e'en let it now *Frown* on,
 What's *past* is *Fate*, the mighty *Work* is done;
 Our *Conquerer* now may mourn his *Conquer'd* Son:
 On all the tort'ring *World* may *Vengeance* take,
 At which we'll *smile*, but can't what's *past* *unmake*;
 That only is *beyond* his boasted *Pow'r*,
 Too feeble to recall one *fleeting* *Hour*:
Losers may *speak* — Let the *Creation* low'r;
 Let *Thunder* rend the *Poles*, the *Center* *shake*,
 And sink us deeper in our *dreadful* *Lake*;
 Yet still we'll *Revel* here; let *Envy* stay
 Her eating *Cares*, and know no *Grief* to day!
 E'en She shall *smile*, her greatest *Foe* is *Dead*;
 Let *bashful* *Error* raise her *Hydra-head*,
 She and my own dear *Discord*, lately fled
 From the great *Prophet's* *Words* and *Heav'nly* *Air*!
 Let 'em with all their *snakey* *Train* prepare
 For *Earth* agen, and our new *Conquests* tell
 To every *holy* *Fane* and *Oracle*;
 To all the *Demons* that in *Æther* rove,
 From *Delphos* sacred *Rock* to wile *Dodona's* *Grove*. *
 Tell 'em --- But there his *Speech* abruptly ends;
Confus'd, he from his *Iron* *Throne* descends:
 For wide away thro' his own *dark* *som* *Cell*,
 He saw *strange* *Light*, he saw an *Heav'n* in *Hell*;
 The *Walls*, the *Gates* are down, and *Death* and *Sin*, *
 Thro' the new *horrid* *Breach*, came *tumbling* in;
 Their *Conqueror* after who the *Blow* had given;
 'Twas he himself, th' *Illustrious* *Heir* of *Heav'n*,

260

270

280

290

Jesus

Jesus the God —

- 'Twas he--- A Guard of warlike Angels stands
Around with kindled Thunders in their Hands:
Tho' more his Sight the Rebels did surprize,
He wears far fiercer Thunders in his Eyes:
Too well his Eyes, too well his Arm they knew,
They oft before had seen and felt 'em too:
First did their trembling King the Firm forsake,
300 And headlong ~~he~~ plunges in the ~~horrid~~ Lake; *
Innumerable Regions after run,
New Hells they seek, the Lamb's fierce Wrath to shun;
At once they fall, and from the Rivage steep,
Strike thro' the Bosom of th' unbounded Deep:
Ith' rolling liquid Flame wide Circles make,
Soft murmurs the black boyling Brimstone Lake.
So when from the fair Banks of Silver Pae,
Far off, a Flight of trembling Mallards know,
The Royal Eagle their unequal Foe;
310 Darting like his own Thunder thro' the Air,
They, carri'd on the swifter Wings of Fear,
Strike headlong thro' the Stream, and disappear.
The Fiends on Earth too felt the fatal Blow,
And quickly sympathize with those below;
And, as of old from Heav'n's high Wall they fall,
Now drop from each forsaken Oracle;
Thick as Autumnal Leaves the Valleys spread,
E'er shiv'ring Winter shows its palsy'd Head:
Lamenting Sounds are heard, they take their flight;
320 Wide-wandering in their own Eternal Night:
Thus does at last the Woman's Off-spring tread,
Triumphant, o'er the hissing Serpent's Head: Gen. 3. 15.
And thus Captivity he Captive led.
The guilty trembling Jaylors puts to flight,
Exposing their dark Cells to hated Light; *
From the old greedy Lion wrests his Prey,
Which long condemn'd in thole sad Mansions lay;
And with him back reduc'd to cheeful Day,
How welcom their Deliverer appears;
330 To the old Pris'ners of Two thousand Years, *
Who in the Universal Deluge fell,
U u Thro'

Thro' gaping *Earth's* wide Ruins swept to *Hell*:
 The *Graves* first *Fruits*, a joyful Troop they rise,
 Regain the now almost forgotten Skies,
 And wait their *Saviour* into *Paradise*.

With him agen, *Sweet Muse*, to *Earth* return,
 Where his *sad Death* his *Friends*, mistaken, mourn;
 His *Death* who cannot die, or if before,
 He his *Clay-house* forlook, can die no more:

His *Body* now *Spiritual* and refin'd,
 A fit *Companion* for so pure a *Mind*;
 Active and agile, prest and ready 't stands,
 As swift as *Thought* 't obey the *Soul's* commands;
 Like that it moves, and in a moment flies,
 From *East* to *West*, from *Earth* to *Paradise*.*

This knew not they, who yet lamenting were,
 And lost in *stupor Sorrow* and *Despair*,
 Forgot the *Promise* of his *sure return*,

And, without either *Faith* or *Hope* they mourn;
 Sad was the *Feast* to them, no cheerful *Ray*:

It wore, as *sad the Night* that clos'd the *Day*:

With kinder *Omens*, the *third Morn* appears,

The happy *Morning* doom'd to dry their *Tears*.

"Kind *Phosphor* bring the *Day*, why this *Delay*,

"*Jesus* is rising -- *Phosphor* bring the *Day*!

Hast his *dull Steeds*, for if he longer stay,

Another *Sun* will rise, a *Sun* so bright,

The *World* no more will need his weaker *Light*.

Earlier than he fair *Magdalena* rose,

And to the *Tomb* with *Spice* and *Unguents* goes,

Him to embalm who no *Corruption* knew;

The same officious *kindness* thither drew

Her weeping *Friends*, who tho' their *Fear* was strong,

Their *Love* was more; *sad Tales* the *Way* prolong,

As cheerful shorten, tho' at last they come

To th' steep *Ascent*, the *Garden* and the *Tomb*,

Not far removed before, but a new *Fear*,

And crowding anxious *Thoughts* surpriz'd 'em here:

Not yet secure the doubtful *Jews* they heard,

As *Guilt* is still suspicious, plac'd a *Guard*

Around the *Sepulchre*, a *Seal* secur'd

The

The pond'rous Stone their mighty Foe immur'd;
Nor think yet safe or deep enough he lies,
For they too heard, he the third Day wou'd rise,
Whole pow'ful Word had others rais'd; nor yet,
Can they the wond'rous Lazarus forget,
Or Naim's twice-born Youth. --- Their Fear not vain.

Nor longer Hades cou'd his Soul retain:

A Conqu'ror thence he rose, where late he fell,

380 And drags in Triumph after Death and Hell:

He did, he came --- All Nature must obey

Its Sovereign Lord; he will'd the Stone away: *

Tho' all around officious Angels stay'd,

For Pomp, not Service there, nor needs their Aid.

Jesus is risen, Triumphal Anthems sing:

Thus from dead Winter mounts the sprightly Spring;

Thus does the Sun from Night's black Shades return,

And thus the single Bird wings from th' Arabian Urns *

Jesus is risen; he'll the World restore;

390 Awake ye Dead! dull Sinners sleep no more!

In Pleasures soft Enchantments slumb'ring deep,

Or Sleep no more, or else for ever sleep!

But tho' himself he's gone, his tender care

Still left two bright Attendant Angels there;

Those early pious Pilgrims to console,

Who with mistaken Tears his Loss condole:

Their trembling Feet no sooner had they set

I'th' Garden Walks, but they new Wonders met;

The Earth too trembled where so late he lay,

400 And Nature's self seem'd more affraid than they:

And lo! the beauteous bashful Clouds divide,

And rev'rently stand off on either side;

As at th' approach of Earthly Majesty,

A living Lane is made till all the Pomp go by:

And lo! a heavenly Youth does downward move,

The loveliest Form in all the Realms of Love;

From the Caves mouth he rolls the mighty Stone,

From whence before our conq'ring Lord was gone,

He rolls it, and triumphant sits thereon:

410 The Roman Guards, nor were they us'd to fear,

Their Stations held, till the bright Form was near;

Mat. 28. 1.

Mat. 28. 4.

Matth. 28.
5, 6, 7, 8.
Mark 16. 5,
6, 7.
Luke 24. 5,
6, 7.

Fain, impious ! wou'd *resistance* make, and fain
They would have drawn their *Swords*, but *strove* in vain
Against th' *unequal* *Foe*, in vain they rear'd
Their *useless* *Piles*, suspended in the *Air* ;
Their *Hands*, their *Souls* disarm'd they quickly found,
They *fall*, their *Armour* clanks against the *Ground* :
To the soft *Sex* more calmly did appear,

Dress'd in a *milder* and less *warlike* *Air*,
The heav'nly *Youth* --- You have no need to *fear* : 420

We in your *Cause* engage with all our *Pow'rs* ;

I know you seek your *suffring* *Lord* and ours ;

Too late ; alas ! You seek him here, he *said*,

Him who for *ever* *lives*, among the *Dead*.

Dry your vain *Tears*, nor longer him deplore,

Your mighty *Saviour* *lives* to die no more !

'Tis the *third* *Day*, he *promis'd* then to *rise* ;

Nor cou'd *deceive* --- Look in and trust your *Eyes* !

See where he by your selves was *laid*, see there

The *Linnen*, and the empty *Sepulchre* : 430

Be you the first *Apostles*, quickly go,

And to th' *Eleven* the happy *Tidings* show.

With *Joy* and mingled *Fear* they *hast* away ;

All but fair *Magdalen*, resolv'd to stay,

If possible her much lov'd *Lord* to find,

And with his *presence* ease her *anxious* *Mind* ;

Her *Mind*, which struggling *Thoughts* like *Earthquakes* move,

Tortur'd at once with *Hope*, and *Doubt*, and *Love* ;

An *Angel's* *witness* she cou'd scarce receive,

'Twas too good *News* she thought, nor dar'd believe. 440

Musing she fix'd her *Eyes* upon the *Ground*,

Till wak'd by ' sudden *Noise*, and turning round,

She *saw*, or thought she *saw*, the *Gard'ner* near,

And thus abrupt with many a *Sigh* and *Tear*

Accosts him --- Sir, if you've *born* him hence,

John 10. 15. The poor *Remains* of *murder'd* *Innocence* ;

My last just *Tears* and *Sighs* are yet *unpaid*,

O tell, of *Pity* tell me where he's *laid* ;

Where I -- The *God* himself no more cou'd *bear*,

'Twas *He* himself ; bright *shone* th' *enlighten'd* *Air* ; 450

Around his *Sacred* *Head*, the *God* she *knew*,

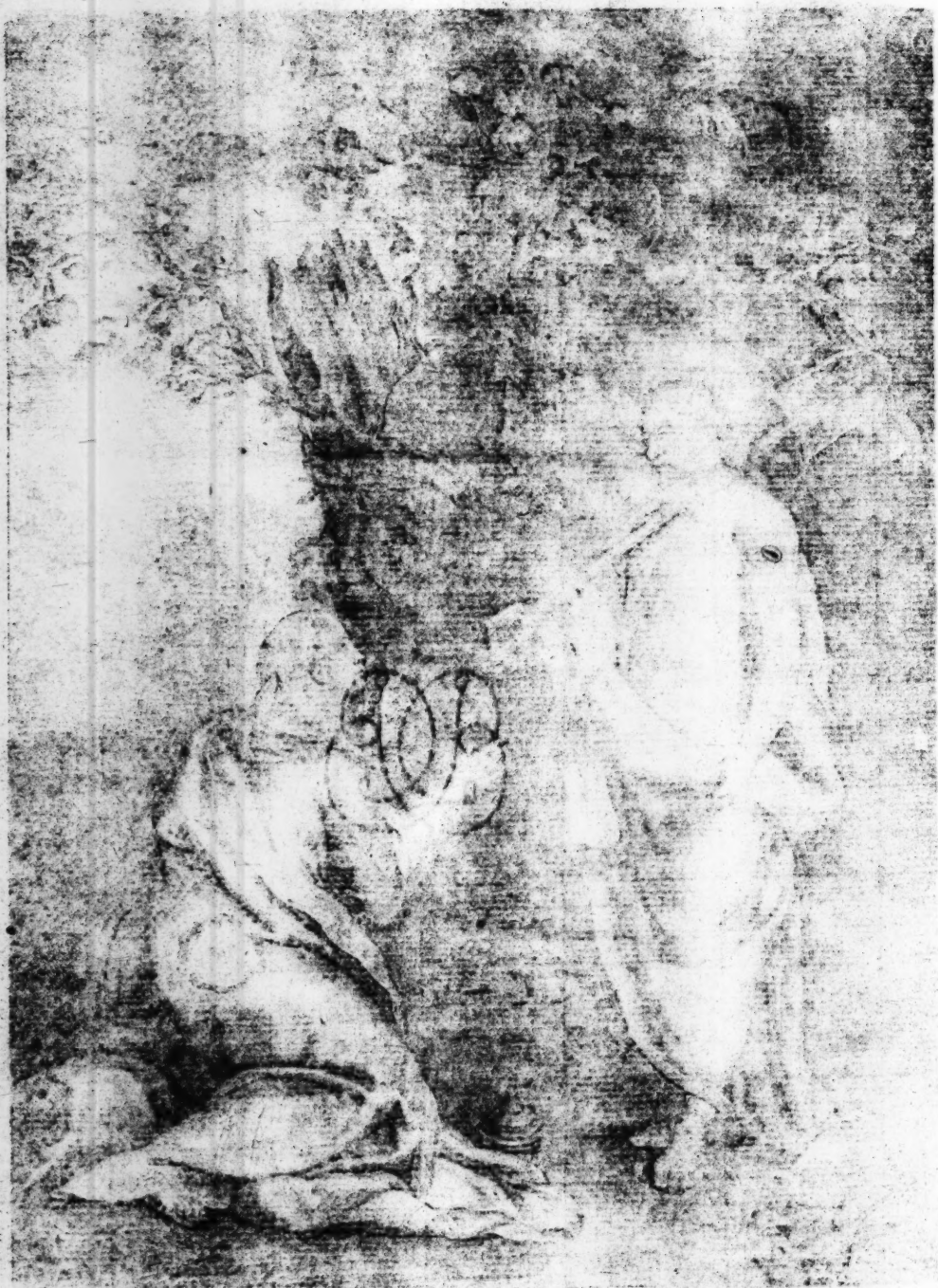
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*Mat: 28
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Book 10. pag. 332.

N.º 57

*Mat. 28
Mar. 16
Luc. 24
Jo. 20*



no. 100
fig. 10
p. 10

- And at his Feet her self in *Transports* threw ;
 The crowding Joy's too vast to be exprest :
 Master --- She cries, and spoke in Looks the rest :
 He mild repels her with his radiant Eyes,
 And adds-- There's yet no time for *Extasies*.
 To his dear Brethren, still he held 'em dear,
 Tho' poorly sunk in *Unbelief* and *Fear* ;
 He bids her strait the happy Tidings bear,
 460 Then glides unseen away in trackless Air.
 She came and told, th' *Apostles* ne'er the more
 Believe, incredulous as she before ;
 Day-dreams, by sickly female Fancies made
 They thought it all, or some delusive Shade ;
 And yet alarm'd with the repeated News,
 Their Wonder-pay where they their Faith refuse.
 The lov'd Disciple did attention lend,
 The most concern'd as he was most his Friend
 Cephas with him, who rais'd from his late fall,
 470 In Faith and Courage now outstrips them all :
 Thus broken Bones, by skilful Artists drest
 And set agen, grow stronger than the rest :
 This his warm Zeal, and that his Friendship bear
 In a few Moments to the Sepulchre ;
 Ent'ring surpriz'd, they nothing there cou'd find,
 Nothing, besides the Linnen left behind ;
 The Spice with which the Jews embalm their dead,
 And blood-stain'd Napkin from his Sacred Head
 In decent Folds laid by, asunder plac'd,
 480 A work confessing, neither Fear nor Hast :
 They saw believing, now no longer mourn
 His Death, but joyful to the rest return ;
 Return with speed, but gain no credit there,
 For all was fill'd with Terror and Despair ;
 Black sullen Grief hung o'er 'em, all was Night,
 Without one smiling Gleam of Hope or Light :
 Their Sun was set, can they too much deplore ?
 Was set in Death's dark Shades to rise no more. *
 The Doors were shut, left the malicious Jews,
 490 Shou'd them, as late they did their Lord, accuse
 Of Crimes unknown, all still and silent were,

John 19.49.
23. 5.

No

No Sounds but Sighs, which gently mov'd the Air;
 No Light, but one weak Tapers glimm'ring Ray,
 And that too hid, lest that shou'd them betray.

When Loe! the God himself, (mirac'lous Sight!)
 The God himself, in his own Lambent light
 Adorn'd, 'ith' midst appears, his Shape, his Dress,
 His more than mortal Meen, the God confess;
 Divinely did he look, divinely move,
 His Voice divine, 'twas only Peace and Love;
 His wond'rous Voice, which Light and Life convey'd,
 Like that first Word by which the World he made:
 Thorough their secret Soul 'twas swiftly sent,
 And struck new Beams of Joy where e'er it went;
 Then mildly chides their Unbelief and Fear,
 Such kind Reproofs who would not gladly hear?
 Shows 'em those glorious Wounds, the Nails and Spear
 Had lately made, and further to compleat

500

Luk. 24.43.

Their Faith, of their poor Fare he deigns to eat:
 Thus banish'd all their Sorrows, all their Tears;
 Once more salutes with Peace, and disappears.
 Thomas as chanc'd was absent, whether Fear,
 Or only Bus'ness, 'twas detain'd him there;
 How great his Loss the while, ("scarce less they lose
 "Who kindly bid, ungratefully refuse
 "To meet their Saviour at the Churches Feast")

510

In vain he is assur'd by all the rest
 Of the glad Tidings; him they entertain,
 With the late Visions wond'rous Scenes in vain,
 Him doubting Cephas chides, and does declare,
 With Warmth and Zeal, what all cou'd witness there:

520

No more, he cries, he did, he did appear,
 I saw him, with these Eyes I saw him here,
 Here in this Place, where if my Sense is true,
 He as distinctly spake, as I to you:
 We saw, we heard him all--- You must forgive,
 If what's incredible I can't believe,
 Says the weak Saint; but whilst he thus replies,
 In rushes Cleophas, a glad surprize
 Which seal'd his Lips, spoke loudly in his Eyes:
 His Feet awhile his Breath and Voice outran,

530

When

When both recover'd were, he thus began.

He *lives*, he *lives* -- Grief vanish! Cares away!
Our much lov'd Master lives --- This happy Day,
We saw him both --- He can confirm the same!
And his Companion shows who with him came;
Who did with Vows the Sacred Truths attest:
And thus, by all desir'd, relates the rest.

As toft 'twixt less'ning Hope and faithful Fear,
540 And weary grown with those sad Objects here,

Which but reviv'd our loss; we did forsake
This guilty Town, and a short Journey make
To neighb'ring Emmaus --- You know it all,
Seated beneath an easie Mountains fall;
When we almost had reach'd the Goal design'd,
Scarce half our little Journey now behind;
To Ba'al-Perazim come we thence descry,
To th' left the House of aged Zachary,
The Baptists happy Stre; no sooner seen,

550 But new tormenting Thoughts came stealing in!

What attestation this great Prophet gave
Our greater Lord by Jordans Sacred Wave;
How neither cou'd their shining Virtues save:
Both just and good, and Innocent in vain,
By Herod this, and that by Pilate slain.
With various Talk we thus beguill'd th' Ascent,
Meas'ring each step with Tears-- As on we went
An unknown Trav'ler join'd us, whom we guest,
Some Profelyte returning from the Feast;

560 At whole approach in vain we dry'd our Eyes,
Since faster still new stubborn Streams arise;

He saw, and thus began -- If 'twere not rude,
A Stranger, in your private Thoughts t' intrude;
I'd ask from whence this Tide of Passion flows,
Which does, against your Will it self disclose,
Since Sorrow when divided, weaker grows?

Stranger indeed! my Sighing Friend replies,
Who have not heard the Cause, from all our Eyes
Was this just Tribute drawn --- And can it be?

570 Know you not yet our Elders Cruelty,
And our great Master's Fate? such Wonders shewn,

To

Luke 24.13.

To what dark Corner is his Name unknown,
 In our Jerusalem? such none before
 No Man could e'er perform --- We thought him more;
 Thought him the wondrous promis'd Prince foretold,
 So oft in holy Oracles of old:
 The great *Messiah* he, the *Christ* of God,
 To bruise the Nations with his Iron Rod;
 And if not *He*, sure *Israel* ne'r will find,
 A Prince more just, to nobler Deeds inclin'd;
 More mild and good, and merciful and kind.
 But Ah! by our false flatt'ring hopes misled,
 Too late we're undeceiv'd, and mourn him dead.
 Judge if we've Reason! --- He'd no longer bear
 Our *Blasphemies*, but thus reprov'd, severe:

580

Mistaken Men! your Minds immerst in Night,*
 Without one cheerful Beam of heavenly Light!
 And was not this by the Divine foresight
 Known, and dispos'd for many Ages since;
 Was not *Messiah* still a suff'ring Prince
 Describ'd? Did not this Truth the Prophets tell,
 In many a mystic Type and Oracle?
 That the *Eternal Father* did ordain,
 His Son to suffer first, and then to Reign;
 Why else from faithful *Abraham's* Bosom, why
 Was his lov'd only *Isaac* drawn to die?
 Why was he offer'd too on *Calvary*? *
 What meant the *Paschal Lamb*, and wherefore dies
 Th' innocent Herd, a daily Sacrifice?

590

Num. 21. 8.

The Brazen Serpent *Moses* did prepare,
 Nail'd to the Pole, and lifted high 'ith' Air;

600

Which ease to every wounded Wretch did give,
 They turn their half-clos'd Eyes, and look and live.

Psal. 22. 16.

What that? What many a mighty Shadow more,
 What all the Wounds the Royal Prophet bore;

Isai. 53.

What Truths dark folded in the *Psalms* and *Lam*;
 What wond'rous Visions lofty *Esay* saw,

Th' Evangelizing Prophet, full and clear;
 Scarce Prophecies, but Histories you hear,

When he is read; now *Jesse's* noble Stem,

610

And then the Prince of Peace's Diadem;

And

OT

And Purple Royal Robes deciph'ring plain,
Not bought from Tyre, but dy'd in nobler Grain,
His own pure Blood, abus'd, contemn'd, betray'd,
For all Mankind a sinless Victim made;
Thus see him there triumphing ! see him come
From Bozra's lofty Rock a bleeding Conqueror home !

Isai. 63. 1.

While thus he spake, Truth's warm and chearful Ray
Glides thro' our ravish'd Souls, our Grief or Way
620 We now no longer mind, nor stooping Day,
Which e'er it does to th' under-World descend,
Conducts us to our little Journy's end:
He wou'd have further gone, we both intreat,
He'd not disdain our humble Country Seat
That Night to grace, and our poor Fare to eat :
He mildly grants, we enter'd and refresh'd
Our weary Limbs with grateful Food and Rest :
Such Cates as our small Village did afford,
Were spread upon the Hospitable Board ;
630 We seated too, he blest and brake the Bread,
When lo, the envious Cloud o'th' sudden fled,
Discov'ring well-known Glories round his Head :
Jesus ! 'twas He --- Our lost lamented Lord :
Thrown at his Feet, we trembled and ador'd :
For our officious Kindness he'd not stay,
But glides unseen in secret Shades away.

You happy Souls ! who feed on Angels Fare,
No wonder if you meet your Master there :
Let Prodigals and Swine on Husks be fed,
640 Jesus will still be known in breaking Bread.

But all in vain they these new Wonders tell,
The Didymean still's an Infidel :
Argues and asks --- Why yet he never stay'd,
But always vanish'd like a fleeting Shade ?
No, he's resolv'd --- Nothing shall him persuade,
But Demonstration evident and clear :
Unless, says he, my self I saw him here ;
Saw with these Eyes those Wounds of which he dy'd,
And with these Hands touch'd e'en his Hand and Side ;
650 I still shall think you but your selves deceive
Or me, and neither can nor will believe :

X x

He

- He said, --- They wondring, once agen behold
 The Room all delug'd with *Ethereal Gold*:
 Clear Waves of *Glory* gild th' *illumin'd Air*,
 A Flood of *Lambent Light*, and *Jesus* there:
 His *Sacred Wounds* the *Source* from whence it flow'd,
 Prodigal now of *Light*, as once of *Blood*.
 All kneel'd, adoring, -- *Thomas* only stands,
 John. 20. 27 Till forth he gently reach'd his wounded *Hands*,
 And shows the *Nails* rude *Prints*, which yet abide 660
 In glorious *Scars*; shows him his *mangled Side*:
 Lets him e'en all his own bold wish receive,
 And mildly asks him, if he'll yet believe?
 Low at his *Feet* himself he throws t' adore--
 My *Lord*! My *God*! nor had he room for more,
 He ravish'd, cries, -- him gently *Jesus* rais'd,
 And blest, tho' more their nobler *Faith* he prais'd.
 Who to the *Churches* witness credit give,
 Without their *Sences* grosser *Aid* believe,
 Nor shall that want: he bids 'em all repair 670
 With speed to *Galilee*, and meet him there.
 On *Tabor's* holy *Mount*, where once before, *
 Math. 28. 7. The blest above did their blest *Lord* adore:
 Gives him his *Sacred Word* agen t' appear,
 Strengthen their *Faith*, and show new *Wonders* here.
 In *Peace* and *Joy* they from the *Feast* return
 To meet their *Lord*, whom now no more they mourn,
 Nor idly wait, no more by *Wonders* fed;
 With honest *Pain* they earn their welcom *Bread*. *
 As chanc'd upon a dark and silent *Night*, 680
 Good *Peter* his *Companions* did invite
 The heedless *Fish* in *Flaxen-Toils* to take,
 Royal *Tiberias*! on thy neighb'ring *Lake*:
 John 21. 3. They go, to fruitless *Pain* themselves expose,
 Till the next melancholy *Morn* arose;
 Whose *Light* did on the sounding *Shore* disclose
 A *Person* of a *Stature*, *Face* and *Dress*
 Unknown-- He bales, and asks 'em what success
 The *Night* had brought? They *Sighing*, None reply'd;
 Be ruled by me then, *Mates*, for once, he cry'd,
 And try the *Right*, for that's the luckier *Side*! 690

Where,

- Where, if I not mistake, a Shoal remain,
Which soon will richly recompence your Pain;
His kind Advice they follow strait, and caught,
As once before, a vast, a wond'rous Draught;
Not their united Strength cou'd lift it o'er,
Compell'd to drag their num'rous Prey ashore;
When now their Net with much ado, they'd tow'd,
Their little Bark half sunk beneath the Load,
700 Nearer the Land; the lov'd Disciple cries
'Tis He, 'tis He -- So sharp are Friendships Eyes:
'Tis our lov'd Lord -- Th' Alarm good Peter takes,
And cross the Waves a wond'rous Voyage makes;
The liquid Marble solid Footsteps gave,
He runs, nor dips his Feet beneath the Wave. *
He first arrives upon the Oazy shore,
And humbly does his well-known Lord adore:
He first, the other Ten not far behind,
Who ready on the Sand a Banquet find;
710 By some officious Angel there 'twas laid,
To show their Master did not need their Aid;
Stretch'd on the Beach they here themselves refresh,
With Joy they eat, and the kind Giver blest.
And now when their mirac'lous Feast was o'er,
Refresh'd by that, but by their Master more,
They gaz'd, for Fear their Eyes shou'd them deceive,
And Joy wou'd hardly let 'em yet believe.
Chiefly good Cephas, who so oft deny'd
That Lord, for whom we wou'd have oftner dy'd:
720 Whose honest Zeal so far his Faith outran;
To whom, severely mild, the God began;
The God yet veil'd 'ich' humble Form of Man:
Thou whose warm Zeal cou'd Death's worst shape out-
And without sinking tread the slipp'ry Wave; (brave,
Say as thou wou'd'st thy Heart to Heav'n approve,
If more than these thou dost thy Master love?
To whom he thus —
Nor dare I, who so little Love have shown,
Or question theirs, or once commend my own;
830 But how I love, let me no Witness be,
For Lord! thou know'st, and I appeal to Thee!

John 21.15.

Then *Feed my Lambs!* our Saviour strait reply'd,
 In Pastures green by some still Water's side:
 The self-same Question was repeated o'er,
 And had the self-same Answer as before;
 Nor must these two without a Third suffice,
 For thrice he must be try'd, who thrice denies:
 Who tortur'd with ingenuous Grief and Pain
 Thus to be question'd, thus returns again.

O why, thou who so well dost all things know,
 Must I a Task so cruel undergo? 740

How much I love, let me no Witness be,
 For, Lord, thou know'st, and I appeal to Thee!
 Then feed my Lambs! our Saviour strait reply'd,
 In Pastures green, by some still Water's side:
 Now, while thou may'st, defend the sacred Fold,
 For Time apace rolls on, and thou grow'st old:

Some Lustres since thy Youth was firm and strong,
 And thou thy self all Vigorous and Young;
 Then free as Air, thy self alone could'st bind, 750

And Men as soon might track the wand'ring Wind:
 But when old Age with palsy'd steps draws near,
 And warns thee thou must stay no longer here;
 Then the rude Soldier shall with churlish Bands,
 Secure thy wither'd Arms and trembling Hands,
 And thee unto that fatal Place convey,
 Whence struggling Nature fain wou'd shrink away:

I warn thee well, nor unprovided be,
 But when I call, prepare to follow me!
 He said, nor longer on the Shore wou'd stay, 760
 But to fair Tabor's Mountain leads the way: *

There to a numerous Troop of Friends appears,
 Confirms their Faith, and dissipates their Fears:
 Instructs in his blest'd Law each wav'ring Mind,
 And warns of all the Dangers yet behind;

Assures of constant Aid against their Foes,
 Assures once more, e'er he to his Father goes,
 He'll visit them; e'er him high Heav'n receive,
 Till the last Day, then take his final Leave.
 With Peace dismiss'd, their steps they backward bend, 770
 And at fair Sohma their Lord attend;

For

- For his approach their pious Minds prepare,
 With ardent Wishes, holy Hymns and Pray'r:
 While this blest Work the Infant Church employs,
 He comes, and with him all his Train of Joys;
 Then, with his little Troop of happy Friends,
 Forsakes the Town, the neighb'ring Hill ascends,
 The lovely Bethany! for ever leaves
 Thee, sweet Gethsemane! from both receives
- 780 Still new supplies to fill his humble Train;
 Till from the Top they saw the distant Plain,
 O'er whose smooth Bosom murmur'ing Kidron ran;
 When thus the Saviour of the world began.
 My Father calls, and I must shortly go,—
 Farewel, you dear Companions of my Woe!
 Me Heav'n must till the last Great Day receive,
 Peace is the Legacy I with you leave:
 -- Be that the Mark of mine! by that alone
 My little Flock shall from the World be known:
- 790 Galleys as Doves, but wise as Serpents too;
 As my great Father me, so send I you:
 All Pow'r in Heav'n and Earth his Word secures
 To his lov'd suff'ring Son—The same be yours: *
 To Censure those who my soft Yoke refuse,
 And both in Earth and Heav'n to bind and loose!
 Go then to what e'er distant Corners hurl'd,
 Go in my Name and Proselyte the World! *
 Mine and my Father's Name, for we are One,
 And that blest Spirit's from him and from the Son
- 800 Eternally proceeding; boldly go,
 As far as Land is fix'd, or Waters flow;
 Till utmost East your Lord their Saviour style,
 Till utmost West, "e'en Albion's stubborn Isle; *
 Where still new Worlds shall wait you yet conceal'd,
 In Times revolving Race to be reveal'd:
 Those who your Words believe, and mine obey,
 Let Sacred Water wash their Sins away;
 Those happy Souls who thus for Heav'n prepare,
 Shall, when I come Triumphant, enter there;
- 810 While those who Mercy scorn, ah hapless Race!
 For whom I dy'd in vain, and purchas'd Grace

Matth. 1.
18.

Mark 16.
15.

See Lib. 7.

Matth. 23.
19.

From

From my forgiving Father, those must go,
 The choice their own, to endless Worlds of Woe:
 Nor will I you without Credentials send,
 Angels shall guard, and Miracles attend,
 Which shall the stubborn World so far surprize,
 They must believe, if they'll believe their Eyes:
 For when the blessed Paraclete shall fall,
 And with high Pow'r from Heav'n inspire you all;
 (Nor, if at fam'd Jerusalem you stay
 And wait his Pleasure, will he long delay :)
 What Signs, what mighty Wonders shall you do?
 How much shall you your selves be chang'd from you?
 All Tongues, and more than all, at Babel known,
 Shall then be yours, familiar as your own:
 You shall the Thoughts of many Hearts reveal;
 Your Touch, your Word, your very Shade shall heal;
 Those Fiends late driv'n from some false Oracle,
 Yet here, shall envy those who lower sell,
 And from your Words seek shelter e'en in Hell,
 Nor only They themselves shall conquer'd find,
 But every Ill with which they plague Mankind:
 Th' auxiliary Mischiefs they employ,
 To make e'en Nature Nature's self destroy:
 Blue Poisons harmless thro' your Veins shall flow,
 Vipers and Asps innoxious Worms shall grow,
 In Teeth or Sting, no dreadful Venom found,
 E'en he whose Eyes shoot Death so proudly crown'd;
 Tam'd by your Touch, disarm'd, shall brush the Ground,
 Nor of your Safety when I'm gone, despair,
 I'll still be with you, for I'm every where:
 Be with you to protect, sustain, defend,
 Till this frail World, but not my kindness end;
 Till each reviving Dust forfakes its Urn,
 And in the Clouds you see your Lord return.
 He said, when lo! a trembling Purple Light,
 The Olive-bearing Mountains proudest height
 Began to gild, and as it farther spread,
 Each lofty Cedar bends his leafy Head,
 Each humble Palm below too seem'd to fear,
 And all confess'd something Divine was near:

Acts 3, 4,
9, 10, &c.

Mark 16.
18.

Acts 5. 15.

Soft

Soft Music's heard from a far distant Cloud
 Descending slow, still more distinct and loud,
 As by Degrees it still approach'd more nigh;
 Then warlike Trumpets eccho round the Sky,
 Triumphal Notes and Sounds of Victory;
 Mixt with the melting Harp, and these among
 Was plainly heard some Noble Festal Song:
 Alternatively thus they sung and play'd,
 860 The Words a King, the Tune an Angel made.

The Angels below.

PRepare! Prépare you glitt'ring Orbs above!
 At decent distance roll away!
 Let onely purest Ether stay!
 Let envious Clouds remove!
 All the bright Guards his Way prepare!
 Sweep with your Purple Wings the Air!
 The King of Glory's entring there!

The Angels above.

870 **S**AY you! for surely you must know,
 Say you who keep perpetual Guard below,
 What God, what Hero is't you bring,
 What wond'rous King?

The Angels below.

TIS He who lately Triumph'd o'er the Grave;
 Who drags the King of Pride along,
 With ease the stronger binds the Strong,
 And Death and Hell his Slave!
 Whom all the heav'nly Warriors sing,
 Their Trophies to his Footstool bring;
 The Conq'ring God, the wond'rous King!

While thus they Hymning wait, he mounts alone, *
 880 Nor needs their Pow'r, he's greater of his own;
 All impious Doubts for ever to prevent,

Ascending

Psaln 24.7,
 8, 10:

Lift up your
 Heads, O ye
 Gates, and
 be ye lift up,
 ye Everlast-
 ing Doors,
 and the King
 of Glory shall
 come in.

Who is this
 King of
 Glory?

It is the
 Lord, strong
 and mighty,
 even the
 Lord migh-
 ty in Battle.

The Lord of
 Hosts, he is
 the King of
 Glory.

Ascending slow, and stopping as he went ;
Till, when he our dull Earth's attraction leaves,
Him there, for State, a radiant Cloud receives :
Swifter than Thought did his bright Chariot move,
And bore him to th' expecting Crowd above :
Innumerable Hosts their Leader wait,
Drawn out before Heav'n's Adamantine Gate ;
From East to West their glitt'ring Squadrons shine,
And cross the Gulph compos'd a glorious Line :
He comes --- At his approach a Shout is giv'n,
A Shout which shook th' Eternal Walls of Heav'n :
Not all the Pomp of this Triumphal Show,
How much, much more than we poor Mortals know,
Made him forget those Friends he left below ;
With Joy and Wonder rapt he left 'em there,
They kneel, and after gaze in trackless Air :
But e'er the Everlasting Gates divide,
And Him from them, not them from Him deny'd ;
In Glory plac'd by his great Father's Side,
One Look he gave, which wond'ring Love exprest,
And sends two Angels down to tell the rest :
Tell 'em their Lord who did to Heav'n ascend,
Commands they should their fruitless gazing end ;
Nor gaze in vain, nor Him as vainly mourn,
Whom in the Clouds they'd see agen return
To judge the trembling World, nor judge alone,
They all th' Assessors on his mighty Throne :
When the last Fire to Atoms shou'd disperse,
This beauteous Poem of the Universe ;
*Which heav'nly Art far lovelier will restore, **
When Death and Time it self shall be no more.

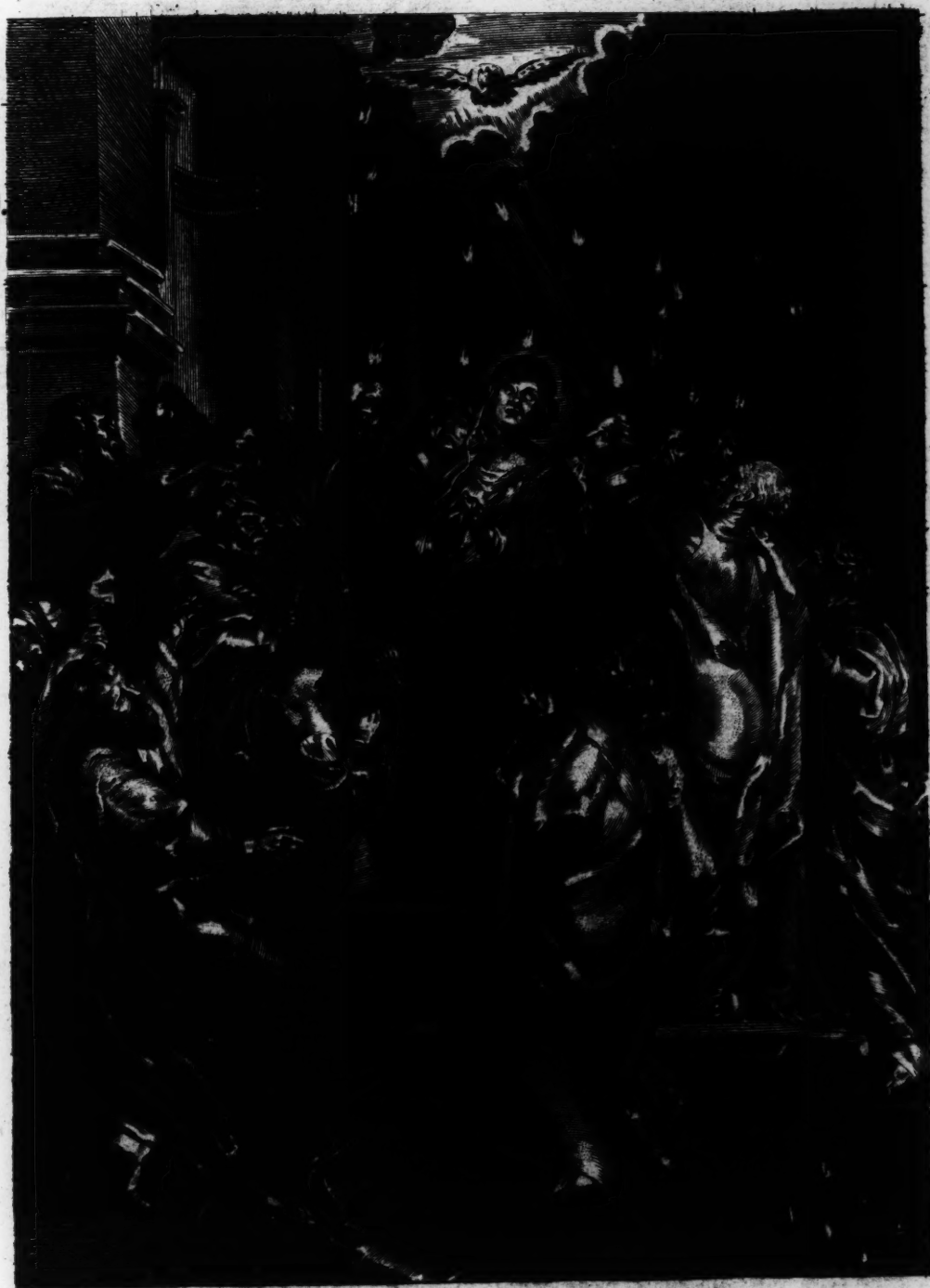
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Aas I. II.

THE END.



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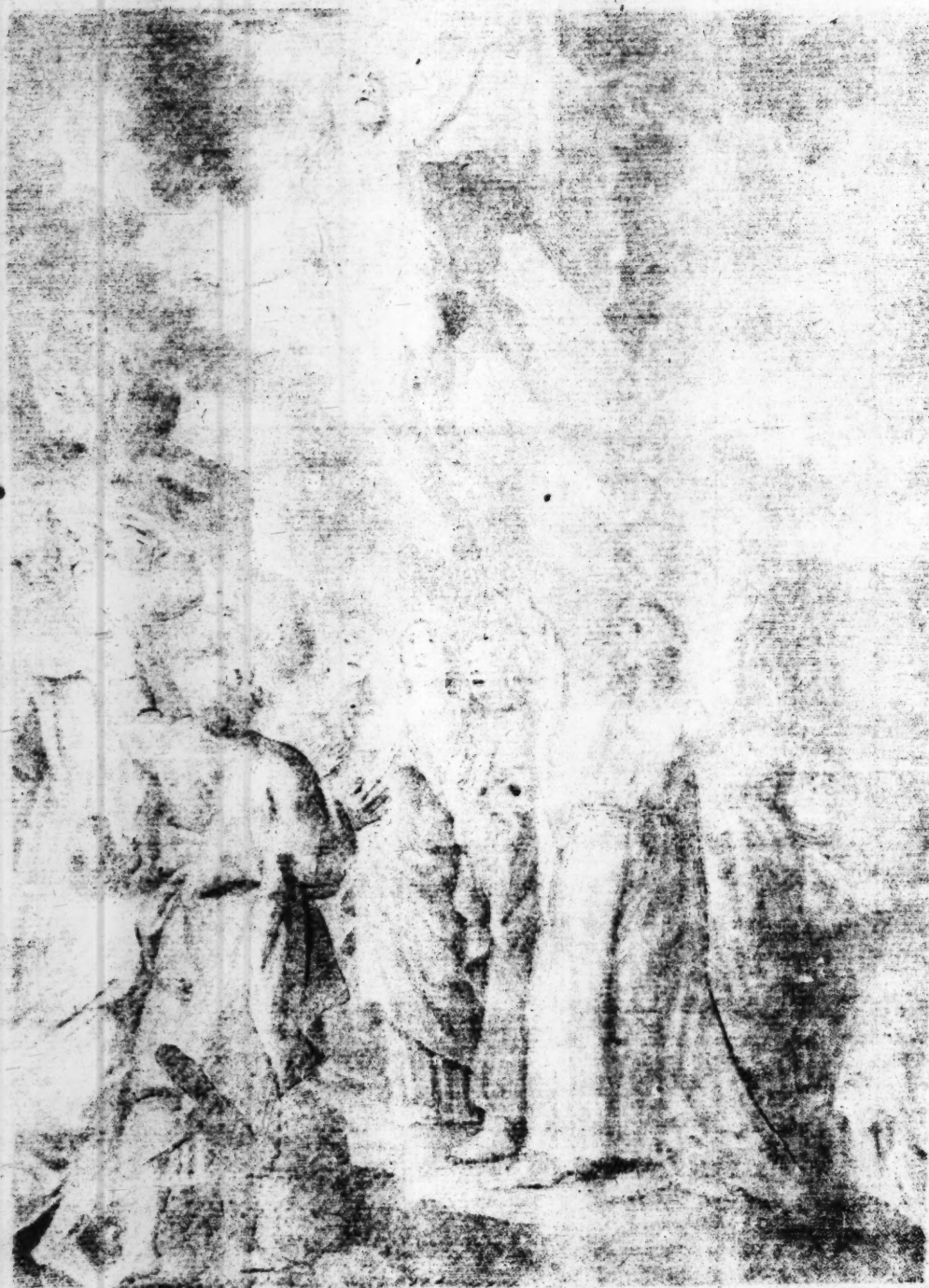
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10.10.10
10.10.10

10.10.10

10.10.10

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK X.

133. *SHou'd she but appear—In Public, all the World wou'd Mourning wear.]*
Something like that Thought of Mr. Cowley's:

*Ab charming Maid! let not ill Fortune see
 The Livery that thy Sorrow wears,
 Or know the Beauty of thy tears,
 Lest she shou'd come and Dress herself as thee.*

139. *No Pangs at his miraculous Birth.]* So 'twas generally conceiv'd and believ'd, by most of the *Antients*, which is enough to vindicate the Propriety of the Expression.

163. *The Pandæmonium fills.]* Every one that has read *Milton* may remember 'tis his *Word*.

167. *In long Serpentine Folds.]* See *Milton's* admirable Description of the *Devils* turning into *Serpents*, in his *Paradise Lost*: This, and much that follows, supposing his *Notions* there.

247. *Luxurious Asia's tempting Charms have shown.]* The Liberty of *Concubinage*; the Pleasantry, and Riches, and Manners of those Countrys, sufficiently warrant the Epithet I here give the *Asiatics*.

283. *From Delphos's sacred Rock to Wise Dodona's Grove.]* *Delphos*, says the Scholiast upon *Homer*, was first called the *Parnassian Grove*, then *Pythos*, afterwards *Delphis*. *Strabo* says, the City was called *Delphos*, the Temple *Pytho*, and the Priest *Pythia*; tho *Ptolomy* and *Erasmus*, make *Pythia* and *Delphos* two Cities distinct from each other: *Dionysius* seems to make *Delphos* the proper Name of the Serpent *Python*, whom *Apollo* kill'd in the neighbouring Country. V. 442. *ἡ Δελφὸς*—*Δελφῶν*, &c. Where is the Spire, or *Trem* of the Dragon *Delphis*? *Homer* calls this City *Πυθῶνι κρηναίῳ*, *Stony* or *Rocky Pytho*; and accordingly, 'tis here stil'd *Delphos sacred Rock*. For *Dodona's Grove*, as famous for Oracles of Old, as a *Book* since writ by that Name, has been thought for *Prophecies*, it was so-called from the Country wherein it was seated. Its Name, learned Men generally agree, to be derived from *Dodanim*, the Fourth Son of *Javan*; (whence the *Idæans*;) as he of *Japhet*, the Greek *Ἰάφετ*. Here was the City of *Dodone*, and the Temple of *Jupiter Dodonæus*, plac'd, its probable, in that famous Grove of the same Name; tho some lessen this Grove into a single Oak: So the Poet, *ἐν δρυὶς ὑψιπύκνῳ ὄρεϊ*, &c. to require an answer from the Oak of *Jupiter*. In this

Y y

Tres,

Tree, or Trees, where it seems hung a parcel of Brazen Vessels, or sort of Bells, which made a noise when mov'd by the Wind; and perhaps this was all the Vocality of that famous Oracle; tho' we are not to question, but the Attendants on the Temple, very well understood that Language.

300. *And headlong he plunges in the broad Lake.*] I know not whether I had need inform my Reader, that I chuse to make the Cadency of this Verse thus abrupt, to express my Sence the more lively; as I've done Lib 3. in that, *On Surges tumultuous agen we rise.* In imitation of many such in *Virgil*; and that of *Cowley* among others, in which he himself instances;

Down a steep Precipice, deep, adown he casts 'em all.

330. *To the old Prisoners of 2000 Years—Who in the Universal Deluge fell, &c.*] This is according to the Notion of many of the Antients, that the dark Place in 1 S. Peter 3. 20. *Concerning the Spirits in Prison who were disobedient in the days of Noah, &c.* relates to those who were lost in the Universal Deluge; and that some of these our Saviour brought back with him, after an actual Descent into Hell; having there spoiled Principalities and Powers. Many of our own Divines have been thus far of this Opinion, that they thought Christ did actually Descend into Hell, tho' now I think most are of another mind, and believe, with great probability, that only a Descent into the Grave, or the State of the Dead, which the famous controverted Hades signifies, was thereby intended. However since our Church leaves this undecided in her Article *de Descensu*, I am, I think, at liberty to take that Sence which I look on as most Poetical. But however, 'tis easie to shew, that even that Notion of those, *Lost in the Deluge, &c.* is far enough from Popery. The Papists place all good Men here before our Saviour's Death, which afterwards they changed into a Purgatory. I only place bad Men there formerly. They require a Divine Faith; whereas I'll be content with a Poetical. Nor can I think I am any more oblig'd to make good the actual Reality and Truth of that Notion, than for what follows in the next Verse; *Thro' gaping Earths wide Ruins sweep'd to Hell.* Which alludes to the Hypothesis asserted in Mr. Burnet's ingenious Theory.

382. *He will'd the Stone away.*] I'm sure, the Papists can never prove he came through it, tho' he might remove it for a moment, and let it return to its place, as soon as he had quitted the Sepulchre. He raised himself; *Surrexit, non suscitatus est*, as one of the Fathers; and this by his own power. *Destroy this Temple,* says he, *and I will raise it again:* Therefore he must be God, or else, as one of the greatest Men in the World observes, "He had not been so much as a modest Man; because he would have arrogated to himself what did not really belong to him: or had express'd himself in such a manner, as he knew would be, and was, taken in such a Sence by those who heard him, as that they must conclude him God. As for the Angels rolling away the Stone, 'twas for the sake of the Women, not for him, who cou'd not want Power to remove that, when he had before, by his own Power, been raised from the Dead.

388. *And thus the single Bird wings from th' Arabian Urn.*] This is *Vida's* Simile of the Phoenix, which he thus prosecutes very beautifully in his sixth Book.

*Talis ubi turpe irrepfit senium, unicus ales
Congessitq; sibi ramis felicibus altum
Summo in colle rogam, posuitque in morte senectam;
Continuè novus exoritur, nitidusq; juvenis
Effulget cristis, & versicoloribus alis:
Innumera circum Volucres mirantur euntem;
Ille suos adit Aethiopes, Indosq; revisit.*

415. *Their useless Piles suspended in the Air.*] Piles were a sort of heavy Darts, or Favellins, us'd by the Romans.

417. *They*

417. *They fall, their Armour clanks against the Ground.*] I think 'tis Cowley's Verse, in the Fall of Nabash when kill'd by Jonathan.

488. *Was set in Death's dark shades to rise no more.*] So it seems they all thought, for 'twas a long time ere they believ'd the Resurrection, tho they had repeated and credible Testimonies of it from Eye-witnesses; much less can we suppose they did so when it depended on Faith only.

586. *Mistaken Men, your minds immerst in Night.*] O Fools and flow of Heart, &c. Our Saviour calls 'em.

597. *Why was he offer'd too, near Calvary.*] Old Tradition says, as has been already observ'd, that Adam's Skull or Head, was found about this Mountain, whence some derive its Hebrew Name *Golgotha*; and in Latin *Calvary*: Nay Surius is so certain of it, that he gives it as at least highly probable, that our Saviour's Blood, when upon the Cross, descending by the Cleft which the Earthquake caus'd, did run down and wash this very Skull of Adam, as it lay below, near the bottom of the Mountain. A little more probable it is, that it derives its Name from its shape, being a round bare Rock, at distance appearing like a Skull; or at least, from the many unburied Skulls and Bones, there found; this being the place of Publick Execution. Now 'tis certain, Isaac was Offered near Calvary, for that it self is one of the Mountains in the Land of Moriah; and 'twas upon one of these where he was Offered: and perhaps our Saviour was promised of Old, to come, or appear, in that very place. For whereas we render the *Jehova* Fireb, in Gen. 22. 14. *In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.* It will bear another Sence; *In the mount shall the Lord be seen.* This Mount, either Mount Moriah itself, on which, part of the City and Temple was Built, (*Vid. Joseph.*) and where our Lord, the true *Jehova*, so frequently appeared; or perhaps on Mount Calvary itself, where this great Antitype of Isaac was offered.

679. *With honest Pains they earn their welcom Bread.*] The Apostles were not yet sent abroad to Convert the World, as they were after the Descent of the Holy Ghost; and so kept to their old Employ: But when they left those, to undertake more eminently the Cure of Souls, heavy enough of it self without any additional weight, then we don't find S. Peter a Fishing any more, unless, as our Saviour said, to catch men: And S. Paul tells the Corinthians, *That the Lord himself had ordained, that those who preach'd the Gospel, should live of the Gospel.* By which Lord, I suppose, is meant our Saviour, in those Words of his, *The workman is worthy of his hire.*

705. *He runs, nor dips his Feet beneath the Wave.*] The meaning of this place I think is not clear in History, whether S. Peter walk'd upon the Waves, as once before, or only waded to Land; the former Sence was more noble, for that reason I chose it. As for his walking without dipping his Feet, I'm sadder in my History than Virgil in his Hyperbole, that I mean of Camilla.

Ille vel intacta segetis, &c.

Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis

Ferret iter, celeres nec tingerat aquore Plantas.

761. *But to fair Tabor's Mountain leads the way.*] *Vid. S. Matt. 28. 16.* where 'tis said, *The Apostles went to a mountain which he had appointed*; and this probably was either Tabor, or that of the Beatitudes, because somewhere in Galilee, and near the Lake.

793. *The same be yours.*] So says our Saviour; *All power is given to me in Heaven and Earth.* And again, *As the Father hath sent me, so send I you.* Not the same Power in Degree, but the same sort of Spiritual Power, that of binding and loosing; *Whatsoever ye shall bind on Earth, shall be bound in Heaven, &c.* That is, God himself ratifies those Censures and Absolutions, which his Church rightfully disposes; this Power not being given so much as to the Seventy, much less to all Christians, but to the Eleven only. 28 S. Matt. 16. *The Eleven Disciples went away into Galilee, and Jesus spake unto them saying, All power is given me, &c.*

797. *Go in my Name, and profelyte the World.*] I think the Word *profelyte* comes nearer the *μαθηταὶ* in the Original, than that by which we translate it. Now the Custom of making *Profelytes* among the Jews, all know, was to admit whole Families together, not make the *Father* an *Israelite*, and leave the *Child* an *Heathen*.

803. *Ev'n Albion's stubborn Isle.*] Mr Cowley's Thought and Words, at the End of *David's Vision*.

818. *For when the Holy Paraclete shall fall.*] The sence of the Word *Παρακλητος*, is disputed among the Learned. Some think it means an *Advocate*, others a *Counsellor*, &c. And it may very well mean both: However what e'er is intended by it, the Word I use will reach it.

824. *All Tongues, and more than all at Babel known.*] The Philologists have with good success, prov'd the gradual *Degeneracy* of one *Language* into another, from the *Phenician*, down to *Latin*, *Greek*, and all, or most of the present *European Languages*.

838. *E'en be whose Eyes shot Death, so proudly Crown'd.*] The *Basilisk*, which, as some of the Naturalists, moves *erect*, and has something not unlike a *Crown* on its Head; which I take from that of St. Mark 16. 18. *ὁ οὖτος ἀσφίξῃ*. You shall take up, touch, or handle *Serpents*; as was actually perform'd in the Case of St. Paul at *Malta*, *Acts* 28. 5.

879. *While thus they Hymning wait, he mounts alone.*] The Readers must not expect I shou'd take any more Notice of our Saviours *Footsteps*, which the Papists say he left in the *solid Rock* at his *Ascension*, than they find in the *Evangelists* themselves; in none of whom the least *Track* of 'em is to be discovered: But those who have put out another Edition of the *Gospel*, with many *Additions*, and as they think, *Amendments*, will tell you, "That there's a Chappel built over the very place of the *Ascension*, whose top is open to Heaven, since, as much as they build at *Days* is thrown down at *Nights*, on purpose that all the pious *Pilgrims* who see this opening may think of our Lords *Ascend*: And that within the Gate of this Church, on the right hand, where our Saviours sacred *Footsteps* are to be seen imprinted in the *living Rock*, as 't had been in *soft Wax*: That one of these *Footsteps* the *Turks* had taken up, and carried away to their chief *Mosque*, where 'tis to this day at the foot of their *Mufty's Chair*, honoured with their *Lamps*, sprinkled every day with *sweet Waters*, and adorn'd with pretty *Flowers*. Thus *Surinus* as he pretends from unfailing *Catholic Tradition*; of all which the Reader is at liberty to believe if he pleases as little as I do.

911. *Which Heav'nly Art far lovelier will restore.*] Whether or no this *ἀνομοιωσις*, *redintegration* or *renovation* of the *World*, shall be really performed in that sence wherein I suppose it, as I've said in other Cases, does not much affect me in relation to my *Poem*, since 'tis at least *probable*: For all know that *this*, and the *Doctrines* depending upon it, had the consent of most of the ancient *Fathers*; and I believe 'twill be difficult to find any who opposed it before *Dionysius*, who was not of the best *Antiquity*; this being the Judgment not only of old *Papias*, who might be as *Wise* as he was *Good* for all *Eusebius*, but indeed of *Irenæus*, *Justin Martyr*, *Tertullian*, and I believe all others for the two or three first Centuries: Nay it appears from *S. Jerom* himself, that 'twas in his time generally and almost *universally* receiv'd, because he acknowledges he should bring a great *Clamor* on himself by speaking against it. That there may be such a *renovation*, is also the avow'd Judgment of two very ingenious Men at present in our Church; One the famous *Theorist*, the other Mr. *Norris*, on the Sermon upon the *Mount*, and that *Beatitude*, "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the Earth: Which he takes, as Mr. *Walker* also does, "for that *new Heaven*, and *new Earth*, spoke of in 21st. of the *Apocal.* Now this they do, and Print in *Prose*, as the Learned Mr. *Méde* has done at large before 'em; much more then may I in *Verse* assume the same liberty. Nor can I pass the *ἀνομοιωσις* *νέστη* "the *Restitution* of all things, mention'd "by St. *Peter*, *Acts* 3. 21. Which, says he, God has promised by all his holy *Prophets* since the *World* began; which seems not to refer to the *Times* of *Christianity* only

only, in the state wherein it now is, since this *Restitution* or *Renovation* is not to be "until Jesus Christ was sent again from Heaven, who before had been preach'd unto 'em. When the *Times* of *Refreshing* should come, which are all spoken of as *Future*, and which 'twou'd sound very harsh to restrain to the *Destruction* of the *Jewish Temple, City, Policy and Nation*, which seems but an odd sort of a *Refreshment*. Besides, this is not only to be a *Renovation* of good Men, but of all the World, *all things*: Behold I make *all things new*, says our Saviour, and a *new Heaven* and *new Earth* is promised, which in the *Hebrew Phrase*, is equivalent to a *new system* of all *Visibles*, and 'tis said, *Rom. 8*. Not only *we our selves* the *Christians* and good Men, "But the whole *Creation* groaneth for this *happy Change*, "where the *expectation* of the *Creature* is sufficiently distinguished from the *mansion* of the *Son of God*. Further, it seems to me, that by the *new Heaven* and *new Earth* so often mention'd in all the holy Prophets, can't be meant the *state* of the Church *triumphant* in *Glory*; for 'tis not said "Men shall be taken up to God, but the *Tabernacle* of God shall be with Men; not the *Jerusalem* "shall be carried up to Heaven, but *Jerusalem* shall descend down from Heaven. Nor seems it to relate to the Church *Militant* here upon Earth, in any past, or the present Age, since the Church has scarce ever yet come up to that *Glory* there describ'd, tho' we shou'd take it in a *metaphorical Sense*; granting but any manner of *Proportion* between that and what's signify'd by it. Nor can I imagine that *Satan* can ever yet, with any *Propriety*, be said to have been bound a *Thousand Years*, or *One* either; since, after *Heathen Idolatry* ceas'd, he was still as hard at Work, and perhaps more perniciously, to the Church I mean, in hammering out *Schisms* and *Heresies*, and *Popery*, and *Mahometanism* than ever he was before. Besides, this is describ'd, as not to come to pass till after *Babylon* is fallen, who seems now to sit as a *Queen* and rejoices that her *deadly Wound* is *healed*: From all which, I see not well how the conclusion can be avoided; That this *happy State* is yet to come; This dear desirable State of *Piety, Friendship, and Spiritual, Heavenly Pleasures*, even on this *Earth*, whereon *Virtue* has so long been miserable. However thus far we are certain, that *Christ* shall reign till he has put all his *Enemies* under his Feet, tho' in what manner does not I think so much concern us; nor is that any *fundamental Article* of Faith, &c. Yet in general, I'm sure every good Christian will joyn with me in our Saviours own Words, "*Thy Kingdom come!*" Nor will refuse to use those of our Church; "That the Kingdom of Gods dear Son may come quickly, and that "all his *Enemies* being made his *Footstool*, he, who is Lord of Lords, and King "of Kings, may reign to all the Ends of the Earth!"

Make hast my Beloved! and be thou like to a Roe or a young Hart upon the Mountains of Spices!

Veni cito, Domine Jesu. Amen.

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